Mc9x

SPENCER (Edmund). **The Faerie Queene,** disposed in XII. Bookes. Fashioning twelve Morall Vertues.

Numerous woodcut chapter-headings.

Sm. folio, *old calf.* *London, printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes,* 1609.

*** The First Folio Edition and the first to contain the "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie; which both for Forme and matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the Faerie Queene."

Langbaine says that Shakespeare took the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing" from the "Faerie Queen," and Dr. Furness reprints a portion of it as the source of the plot of King Lear.

It is also cited by Hunter in his "New Illustrations" of As You Life It, and The Merry Wives of Windsor; and by Douce in his "Illustrations" of All's Well that Ends Well, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, and Hamlet.

Work
On
Wood
Love
Ding
Life
Nell Rose Wheeler
Charles Van Cise Wheeler

THE FAERIE QVEENE,

DISPOSED INTO XII. BOOKES,

Fashioning twelue Morall Vertues.

AT LONDON.
¶ Printed by H. L. for MATHEW LOWN

TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTY AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE, RENOVNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE and IRELAND and of VIRGINIA, DEFENDOVR of the Faith &c. Her most humble seruant, *Edmund Spencer doth in all humilitie dedicate, present and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her*

FAME.

IUQ02250

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

Of Holineſſe.

1

LO, I the man, whoſe Muſe whilom did maſk,
As time her taught, in lowely Shepheards
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter taſk, (weeds,
For trũpets ſtern to change mine oate reeds,
And ſing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;
Whoſe praiſes hauing ſlept in ſilence long,
Mee, all too meane, the ſacred Muſe areeds
To blazon broad, amongſt her learned throng:
Fierce warres, and faithfull loues, ſhall moralize my ſong.

2

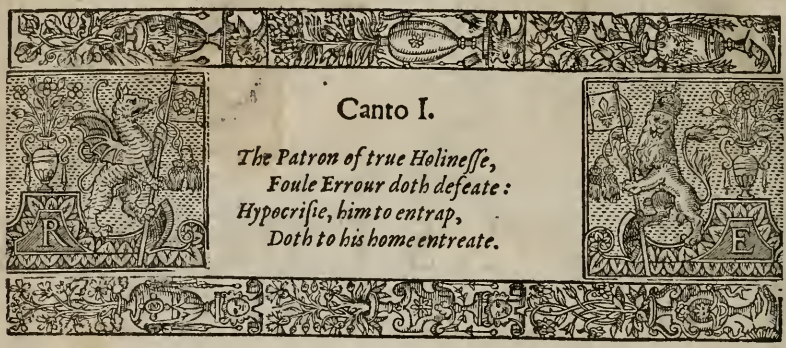
Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlaſting ſcrine
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden ſtill,
Of Faerie Knights, and faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Whom that moſt noble Briton Prince ſo long
Sought through the world, and ſuffered ſo much ill,
That I muſt rue his vndeſerved wrong:
O! helpe thou my weake wit, and ſharpen my dull tongue.

3

And thou moſt dreaded impe of higheſt *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* ſonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good Knight ſo cunningly didſt roue,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous ſpoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, ô Goddeſſe heauenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maieſtie divine,
Great Lady of the greateſt Iſle, whoſe light
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth ſhine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raiſe my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to heare, vouchſafe, ô dreareſt dread a-while.



Canto I.

The Patron of true Holineſſe,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocriſie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreate.

1

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and ſiluer ſhield,
wherin old dints of deep woũds did remain
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:
His angry ſteede did chide his foming bit;
As much diſdaining to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly Knight he ſeem'd, and faire did ſit,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fit.

2

But on his breaſt a bloudy Croſſe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweet ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:
Vpon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoueraigne hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did ſeeme too ſolemne ſad:
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydrad.

3

Vpon a great adventure he was bond,
That greateſt *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greateſt glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To win him worſhip, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he moſt did craue;
And euer as he rode, his heart did earn
To proue his puiſſance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearn.

4

A louely Lady rode him faire beſide,
Vpon a lowely Aſſe more white then ſnowe;
Yet ſhee much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,
And over all a black ſtole ſhee did throwe,
As one that inly mourn'd: ſo was ſhe ſad,
And heauie ſat vpon her palfrey ſlowe;
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her in a line a milke white lamb ſhe lad.

5

So pure an Innocent, as that ſame lamb,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore;
And by deſcent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their ſceptres ſtretcht from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
And all the world in their ſubiection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore
Forewaſted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this Knight from far compeld.

6

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lazie ſeem'd in beeing euer laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they paſt,
The day with cloudes was ſuddaine overcaſt,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous ſtorme of raine
Did powre into his Lemans lap ſo faſt,
That euery wight to ſhrowd it did conſtraine,
And this faire couple eke to ſhroud themſelues were faine.

7

Enforc't to ſeeke ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhadie groue not farre away they ſpide,
That promiſt ayde the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoſe lofty trees, yclad with ſommers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them ſeemes; ſo in they entred arre.

8

And forth they paſſe, with pleaſure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birds ſweet harmony,
Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſts dred,
Seem'd in their ſong to ſcorne the cruell ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and hie,
The ſayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, ſole king of forreſts all,
The Aſpine, good for ſtaues, the Cypreſſe funerall.

The

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrhe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storme is overblowne,
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

11

At last, resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse speare he gaue.

12

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe yee too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without showe: therefore your hardy stroke
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darknes for to wade.

13

Yea, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though now too late
To wish you back returne with foule disgrace;
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.

14

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

15

And, as shee lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughts vpwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill fauoured:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile
Armed to point, sought back to turne againe;
For, light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to stay:
There-with enrag'd shee loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who, nought agast, his mighty hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

18

Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd;
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gather'd round,
And all at once her beastly body raiz'd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne around,
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:
God help the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, shew what you bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

20

There-with she spewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyson horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forc't him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turne him back:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride aboue the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And ouerflowe each Plaine and lowely dale:
But when his later ebbe gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceiu'd to shrinke,
Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of Serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foule, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legges did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best;
A cloude of combrous gnars doe him molest,
All striuing to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthy sin
He reft her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of coale black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

25

Her scattred broode, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gath'red themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but they beeing there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst,
Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Hauing all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnes burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend: (tend.
His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should con-

27

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc't from farre,
Approcht in haste to greet his victorie;
And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lie:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your strength on a strong enemie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passeth forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowely bent,
Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30

Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe;
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did knowe
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alass,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

31

But, if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
And home-bred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said hee) I chiefely doe enquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature liues so long a space.

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderneſſe
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for, what so strong,
But wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then

33

Then with the Sunne, take Sir your timely reſt,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night (they ſay) giues counſell beſt.
Right well Sir Knight ye haue adviſed bin
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wiſely to adviſe: now day is ſpent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
For this ſame night. The Knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowely Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forreſts ſide,
Farre from reſort of people, that did paſs
In trauell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy Chappell edifide,
Wherein the Hermite duly wont to ſay
His holy things each morne and euentide:
Thereby a Cryſtall ſtreame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35

Arriued there, the litle houſe they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Reſt is their feaſt, and all things at their will;
The nobleſt mind the beſt contentment has.
With faire diſcourſe the euening ſo they paſs:
For, that old man of pleaſing words had ſtore,
And well could file his tongue as ſmooth as glaſs;
He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore
He ſtrow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them faſt,
And the ſad humour loading their eye liddes,
As meſſenger of *Morpheus* on them caſt
Sweet ſlumbring deaw, the which to ſleep them biddes.
Vnto their lodgings then his gueſts he riddes:
Where when all drown'd in deadly ſleepe he findes,
Hee to his ſtudie goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and arts of ſundry kindes,
Hee ſeekes out mightie charmes, to trouble ſleepy mindes.

37

Then chuſing out few words moſt horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verſes frame;
With which, and other ſpells like terrible,
He bad awake black *Plutoes* griſly Dame,
And curſed heauen, and ſpake reprochefull ſhame
Of higheſt God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darkneſſe and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38

And forth hee call'd out of deep darkneſſe dread
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Fluttring about his euer damned head,
Awaite whereto their ſeruice he applies,
To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt two,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a meſſage to,
The other by him ſelfe ſtaide other worke to do.

39

Hee, making ſpeedy way through ſperſed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To *Morpheus* houſe doth haſtily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteep
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peep,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteep
In ſilver deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles ſad Night ouer him her mantle black doth ſpred.

40

Whoſe double gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one faire fram'd of burniſht Yuory:
The other, all with ſiluer ouercaſt;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to baniſh Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle ſleep.
By them the Spright doth paſſe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
In drowſie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

41

And more, to lull him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtreame from high rock tumbling downe,
And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the ſowne
Of ſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwowne:
No other noiſe, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As ſtill are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but careleſſe Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall ſilence, farre from enemies.

42

The meſſenger approching to him ſpake;
But his waſte words return'd to him in vaine:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thruſt, and puſht with paine,
Whereat he gan to ſtretch: but he againe
Shooke him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeake.
As one then in a dreame, whoſe drier braine
Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weake,
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence breake.

43

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lumpiſh head, with blame
Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* ſent,
He that the ſtubborne Sprites can wiſely tame,
He bids thee to him ſend for his intent
A fit falſe dreame, that can delude the ſleepers ſent.

44

The God obayde, and calling forth ſtraight way
A diuerſe dreame out of his priſon darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoide of carefull carke,
Whoſe ſenſes all were ſtraight benumb'd and ſtarke.
He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearfull Larke,
And on his little wings the dreame he bore
In haſte vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could haue rauisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

46

Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, voide of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature borne without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with visage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did earry vnder feigned hew.

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the Knight in slumber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliss and wicked ioy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that false winged boy
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48

And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)
Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene
To be the chastest flewer, that ay did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King:
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen iõ Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crownd.

49

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He starting vp, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder black stole hiding her baited hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment, and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

50

All cleane dismaid to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought t'haue slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He staid his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wise,
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

52

Your owne deere sake forc'te mee at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome; There she stopt with teares:
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

53

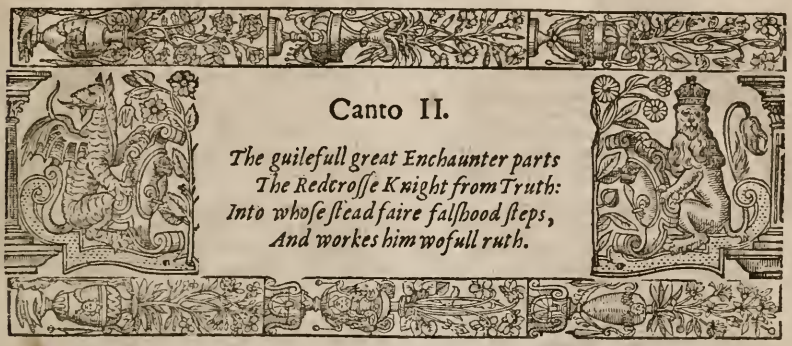
Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
Whilst you in careless sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet sith n'vntruth hee knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you grew.

54

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needless smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
Her mournefull plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please;
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he back return'd againe.



Canto II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcroſſe Knight from Truth:
Into whoſe ſtead faire falſhood ſteps,
And workes him wofull ruth.

1

By this, the Northern wagoner had ſet
His ſeuenfold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In haſte was climbing vp the Eaſterne hill,
Full enuious that night ſo long his roome did fill;

2

When thoſe accurſed meſſengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maiſter, and gan tell
Their bootleſſe paines, and ill ſucceeding night:
Who, all in rage to ſee his skilfull might
Deluded ſo, gan threaten hellish paine
And ſad *Proſerpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he ſawe his threatning was but vaine,
He caſt about, and ſearcht his balefull bookes againe.

3

Eftſoones he tooke that miſcreated faire,
And that falſe other Spright, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and luſty-hed
His wanton dayes that euer looſely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thoſe two he tooke; and in a ſecret bed,
Couer'd with darkneſſe and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

4

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haſte
Vnto his gueſt, who after troublous ſights
And dreames, gan now to take more ſound repaſt,
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one agaſt with fiends or damned ſprights,
And to him calls, Riſe, riſe vnhappy Swaine,
That heere wex old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themſelues in *Venus* ſhamefull chaine;
Come, ſee where your falſe Lady doth her honour ſtaine.

5

All in amaze he ſuddenly vp ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoone him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and lewd embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with iealous fire,
The eye of reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would haue ſlaine them in his furious ire;
But hardly was reſtreined of that aged Sire.

6

Returning to his bed in torment great;
And bitter anguiſh of his guiltie ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſte his inward gall with deepe deſpight,
Yrkeſome of life, and too long lingring night.
At laſt faire *Heſperus* in higheſt skie
Had ſpent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The Dwarfe him brought his ſteed: ſo both away do flie.

7

Now when the roſy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithons* ſaffron bed;
Had ſpred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan* diſcouered,
The royall virgin ſhooke off drowſy-hed,
And riſing forth out of her baſer bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan ſhe waile and weepe, to ſee that wofull ſtowre.

8

And after him ſhe rode with ſo much ſpeede
As her ſlowe beaſt could make; but all in vaine:
For him ſo far had borne his light-foot ſteed,
Pricked with wrath and fierce fierce diſdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitleſſe paine;
Yet ſhe her weary limbes would neuer reſt,
But euery hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did ſearch, ſore gricued in her gentle breſt,
He ſo vngently left her, whom ſhe loued beſt.

9

But ſubtile *Archimago*, when his gueſts
He ſaw diuided into double parts,
And *Vna* wandring in woods and forreſts,
Th'end of his drift, he praiſd his diueliſh arts,
That had ſuch might ouer true meaning harts;
Yet reſts not ſo, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further ſmarts:
For her he hated as the hiſſing ſnake,
And in her many troubles did moſt pleaſure take.

10

He then deuiſde himſelfe how to diſguiſe;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and ſhapes in ſeeming wiſe,
As euer *Proteus* to himſelfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, ſometime a fiſh in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himſelfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, & might of Magick ſpell?

11

But now ſeem'd beſt, the perſon to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled gueſt:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And ſilver ſhield: vpon his coward breſt
A bloudy croſſe; and on his craven creſt
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diuerſly:
Full iolly knight he ſeemde, and well addreſt,
And when he ſate vpon his courſer free,
Saint George himſelfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

12

But he, the knight, whoſe ſemblance he did beare,
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and iealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him aſtray.
At laſt him chaunc't to meet vpon the way
A faithleſſe Sarazin, all arm'd to point,
In whoſe great ſhield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: Full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in ſcarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich aſſay,
And like a *Perſian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crownes and owches garniſhed,
The which her lauiſh louers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was ouerſpred
With tinſell trappings, woven like a waue,
Whoſe bridle rung with golden bells, and boſſes braue.

14

With faire diſport and courting dalliance
She entertaind her lover all the way:
But when ſhe ſaw the knight his ſpeare aduance,
She ſoone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addreſſe him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth ſpurred faſt: adowne his courſers ſide
The red bloud, trickling, ſtaind the way as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Red-croſſe* when him he ſpide,
Spurring ſo hote with rage diſpighteous,
Gan fairely couch his ſpeare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their ſteeds doe ſtagger, and amazed ſtand,
And eke themſelues too rudely rigorous,
Aſtonied with the ſtroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeelded land.

16

As when two rammes, ſtird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Doe meet, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenſeleſſe as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So ſtoode theſe twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both ſtaring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* ſore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his ſword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puiſſaunce enuies,
And through their iron ſides with cruelties
Does ſeeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flaſhing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning ſhields,
And ſtreames of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18

Curſe on that Croſſe (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddeſt bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now aſſured ſit,
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his creſt
With rigour ſo outragious he ſmit,
That a large ſhare it hew'd out of the reſt,
And glauncing down his ſhield, frō blame him fairely bleſt.

19

Who therеat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſpark
Of natiue vertue gan eftſoones reuiue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtrooke, that it the ſteele did riue,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kiſs,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghoſt did ſtriue
With the fraile fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whither the ſoules doe flie of men, that liue amiſs.

20

The Lady, when ſhe ſaw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily gan ſcowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* ſhield, ſigne of the conquerour.
Her ſoone he ouertooke, and bad to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread, her to diſmay.

Shee

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to showe
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse lowe,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious showe,
Did much enmoue his stouthe roïcke heart,
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddein ouerthrowe
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O, what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My deerest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24

His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hinde.

25

At last, it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,
The vndeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth;
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he fayning seemely mirth,
And she coy lookes: so, Dainty they say maketh derth.

28

Long time they thus together trauelled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

29

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
For the coole shadow thither hast'ly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire seemely pleasance each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, ô spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happned to me here,
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

32

At last, when-as the dreadfull passion
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then

33

Then groning deep, Nor damned ghoſt, quoth he,
Nor guileſull ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeake;
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
Wretched man, wretched tree; whoſe nature weake,
A cruell witch her curſed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And ſcorching Sunne does dry my ſecret vaines:
For, though a tree I ſeeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whoſe miſchieuous arts
Art thou miſſhaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who ſtriueth to ſuppreſſe.
The author then, ſay'd he, of all my ſmarts,
Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe ſorcereſſe,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchedneſſe.

35

In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
Firſt kindled in my breſt; it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his ſide;
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Dueſſa* hide.

36

Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand;
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre:
So, both to battell fierce arraunged are;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my ſpeare: ſuch is the dy of warre:
His Lady, left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

37

So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
Th'one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeed,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;
A Roſy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.
Frælliſſa was as faire, as faire mote bee:
And euer falſe *Dueſſa* ſeemd as faire as ſhee.

38

The wicked witch now ſeeing all this while
The doubtfull ballance equally to ſway,
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreight way
A foggy miſt, that ouer-caſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her diſgrace:
Then was ſhe faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39

Then cride ſhe out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,
Whoſe borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens ſight;
O leaue her ſoone, or let her ſoone be ſlaine.
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
Eftſoones I thought her ſuch, as ſhe me told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,
The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to treen mould.

40

Thenceforth I took *Dueſſa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time:
Ne euer wiſt, but that ſhe was the ſame;
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunc't to ſee her in her proper hew,
Bathing her ſelfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did view,
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41

Her neather parts miſſhapen, monſtruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not ſee:
But they did ſeeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans ſhape man would beleeue to be.
Thenceforth from her moſt beaſtly companie
I gan reframe, in minde to ſlip away,
Soone as appeard ſafe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not aſſur'd decay,
I ſawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to ſtray.

42

The diueliſh hag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in ſleepy night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did beſmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight:
Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
And by my wretched Louers ſide me pight;
Where now incloſde in wooden wals full faſt,
Baniſht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waſte.

43

But how long time, ſayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this miſformed houſe to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this cruill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;
That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell.
O! how, ſayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may reſtore vou to your wonted well?
Time and ſuffiſed fates to former kind
Shall vs reſtore: noue elſe from hence may vs vnbinde.

44

The falſe *Dueſſa*, now *Fideſſa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the liuing tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her

45

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And paind himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwoune. Her eyhds blew
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too ſimple and too true,
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her loue,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Deuotions mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour vilde.

1

NOught is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cõpaſſion of mind,
Thẽ beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes
Sy Envies ſnares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
I, whether lately throgh her brightnes blind,
Or through allegeance and faſt fealtie,
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,
Feele my heart peare't with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pittie I could die.

2

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For fairеſt *Vnaes* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my fraile eyes theſe lines with teares doe ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhee through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in deſpaire
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches ſhare.

3

Yet ſhee moſt faithfull Lady all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitary maid
Farre from all peoples preaſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtraid,
To ſeeke her knight; who, ſubtilly betraid
Through that late viſion, which th'Enchaũter wrought,
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Through woods and waſtneſſe wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4

One day, nigh weary of the irkeſome way,
From her vnhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſſe her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens ſight:
From her faire head her fillet ſhe vndight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen ſhined bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhadie place:
Did neuer mortall eye behold ſuch heauenly grace.

5

It fortuned, out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corſe:
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,
His bloody rage aſſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

6

In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As hee her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong?
Whoſe yeelded pride, and proude ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compaſſion,
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.

7

The Lyon Lord of euery beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And nighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pitty of my ſad eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pitty calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her straied Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10

Long she thus trauelled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;
Till that at length she found the troden grass,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To vvhom approching, she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Lady she before did view,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,
As if her life vpon the wager lay;
And home she came, where as her mother blind
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of gastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beades she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Aboue the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleep did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauie load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage seuerall,
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hee was to weet a stout and sturdie theefe,
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18

And all that he by tight or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of *Corceca* slowe,
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings,
And now he to her brought part of his stollen things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to aduise,
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling breast,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppreſt.

Him

20

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who ſtraight him rent in thouſand peeces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath: the thirſtie land
Drunke vp his life; his corſe left on the ſtrand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor ſeeme to vnderſtand
The heauie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, leaſt to themſelues the like miſhappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world diſcouered has,
Vp *Vna* roſe, vp roſe the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward paſs,
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to ſeeke,
With paines farre paſſing that long wandring *Greeke*,
That for his loue refuſed deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still ſeeking him, that from her ſtill did flie,
Then furtheſt from her hope, when moſt ſhee weened nie.

22

Soone as ſhee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there ſlaine,
For anguiſh great they gan to rend their haire,
And beat their breaſts, and naked fleſh to teare.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the cauſer of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accuſing of diſhoneſtie,
That was the flowre of faith and chaſtitie;
And ſtill amidſt her rayling, ſhe did pray,
That plagues, and miſchiefs, and long miſery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endleſſe errour ſhe might euer ſtray.

24

But when ſhee ſaw her prayers nought preuaile,
She back returned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way, as ſhee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes emboſt,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boſt,
But ſubtill *Archimago*, that *Vna* ſought
By traines into new troubles to haue toſt:
Of that old woman tydings he beſought,
If that of luch a Lady ſhe could tellen ought.

25

There-with ſhe gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and raile, and rend her haire,
Saying, that harlot ſhee too lately knew,
That cauſd her ſhed ſo many a bitter teare,
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her feare:
Much ſeemed he to mone her hapleſſe chaunce,
And after, for that Lady did inquere;
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchaunted ſteed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd ſlowe,
And that wilde Champion wayting her beſide:
Whom ſeeing ſuch, for dread he durſt not ſhowe
Himſelfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Vnto an hill; from whence when ſhe him ſpide,
By his like ſeeming ſhield, her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh, ſhe wiſt it was the ſame,
And with faire fearefull humbleſſe towards him ſhe came.

27

And weeping ſaid, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue yee been thus long out of my ſight?
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that yee diſpleaſen might,
That ſhould as death vnto my deare heart light:
For ſince mine eye your ioyous ſight did miſs,
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerleſſe night,
And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
But welcome now my light, and ſhining lamp of bliſs.

28

Hee thereto meeting, ſaid, My deareſt Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I ſo much ſhould ſhame,
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued ſtill,
And choſe in Faery Court of meere good will,
Where nobleſt knights were to be found on earth:
The earth ſhall ſooner leaue her kindely skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And ſooth to ſay, why I left you ſo long,
Was for to ſeeke adventure in ſtrange place,
Where *Archimago* ſaid a felon ſtrong
To many Knights did daily worke diſgrace;
But knight he now ſhall neuer more deface:
Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye pleaſe
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My faithfull ſeruice, that by land and ſeas
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appeaſe.

30

His louely words her ſeem'd due recompence
Of all her paſſed paines: one louing howre
For many yeeres of ſorrow can diſpence:
A dram of ſweet is worth a pound of ſowre:
She had forgot, how many a wofull ſtowre
For him ſhe late endur'd; ſhee ſpeakes no more
Of paſt: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her ſtands her knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft ſouſt in ſwelling *Tethys* ſaltiſh teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has eſpide,
His cheerfull whiſtle merrily doth ſound. (round:
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-

32

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her Knight she found;
And eke th'enchaunter ioyous seemd no lesse
Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground
His ship farre come from watrie wilderneſſe;
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told, her all that fell in iourney as she went.

33

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurr'd his chaufféd side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

34

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,
And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurnd his horse with iron heele.

35

But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And, had his staggering steed not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reaue his life,
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that slew *Sans foy* with bloudy knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
Life from *Sans foy* thou took'st, *Sans loy* shall frō thee take.

37

There-with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Vna* cride, ô hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand,
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
For he is one the trueſt Knight aliue,
Though conquered now he lie on lowely land,
And whil'st him fortune fauourd, faire did thriue
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not depriue.

38

Her pittious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

39

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckleſſe sire,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe, to wound my friend amiss?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay;

40

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that ſierce Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41

But her fierce seruaunt, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, when as his soueraigne Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Haue reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, & forth his sword he drawes.

42

O then too weake and feeble was the force
Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
Eftsoones he pierced through his chaufféd chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And launc't his Lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne breſt.

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawleſſe victors will?
Her faithfull gard remoou'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yeelded prey to saue or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)
Beares her away vpon his courser light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And

44

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And pittious plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More milde in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto IIII.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa guides the faithfull knight:
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy doth chalenge him to fight.

1

YOng knight, what euer that dost arms profess
And through long labors hunt'st after fame,
Beware of fraude, beware of fickleness,
In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy hart remoue:
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

2

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had borne,
Called *Fidess'*, and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her trauaild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauailed.

3

Great troupes of people trauail'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pace:
For she is weary of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on so weake foundation euer sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That euery breath of heauen shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still, to all, the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Malueni*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side
With rich array and costly Arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their feeble amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High aboue all, a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peereles pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers fiery waine,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
Proude of such glory and advauncement vaine,
While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, enflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdaine,
And sitting high; for lowely shee did hate:
Lo, vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine,
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face shee often viewed faine,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For shee was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

11

Of gricsly *Pluto* shee the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her peereles worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did shee swell:
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she clamed for her Sire,
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
For, to the highest shee did still aspire,
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be:
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name,
Made roome, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To proue the wide report of her great Maiestie.

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise
Themselues to setten forth to strangers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some pranke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
But to *Duess'* each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire curtesie to shew;
For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd,
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddaine vpriseth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse broad doth blaze:
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seem'd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
And strowe to match, in royall rich array,
Great *Iunoes* golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasse-paued way
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applide:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish *Idleneſſe*, the nurse of sin;
Vpon a flothfull Asse he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red:
For, of deuotion hee had little care,
Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once vphold his heauie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the waine was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For euery worke hee chalenged essoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grieuous maladie;
For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,
With which he swallowed vp excessiue feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
Hee spewed vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For, other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an Ivie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he some-what still did eate,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarse vpholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke vnable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldom knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcasse blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of iealousie)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie?

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new-fanglenesse:
For, he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioy'd weake wemens hearts to tempt and proue
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochefull paine
Of that foule euill, which all men reprooue,
That rots the marrowe, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And vnto hell himselfe for money sold;
Accursed vsury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished euermore;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode,
Vpon a rauenous Wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vpties
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

32

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did vſe:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So euery good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and ſpightfull poyſon ſpues
From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
Such one vile *Envie* was, that firſt in rowe did ſit.

33

And him beſide rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew and ſeeming dead;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage, when choler in him ſweld.

34

His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnadviſed raſhneſſe woxen wood;
For, of his hands he had no gouernment,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But, when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecaſt,
How many miſchieues ſhould enſue his heedleſſe haſt.

35

Full many miſchiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours tuſty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All theſe, and many euills moe haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the laſt of this vngodly tire.

36

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode *Satan*, with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the lazie teame,
So oft as *Sloth* ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for ioy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculs & bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

37

So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelues to ſport;
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady faire,
The foule *Dueſſa*, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good Knight would not ſo nigh repaire,
Him ſelfe eſtranging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeem'd far vnfit for warlike ſwaine.

38

So hauing ſolaced themſelues a ſpace,
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant Knight in armes ycled,
And heathniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red,
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
He ſeem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nouriſh bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

39

Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſtaine *Sansfoy*
He eſpide with that ſame Faery champions Page,
Bewraying him, that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that ſame envious gage
Of Victors glory from him ſnatcht away:
But th'Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdaind to loſe the meed hee wonne in fray,
And him re'ncountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40

There-with they gan to hurlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darraine,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwords on hie,
That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commaunded them their furie to refraine,
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the mortow next it fight.

41

Ah deareſt Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreant Knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhamefull treaſon, who through guile hath ſlaine
The proweſt knight that euer field did fight,
Euen ſtout *Sansfoy* (O! who can then refraine?)
Whoſe ſhield he bears re'nverſt, the more to heap diſdaine.

42

And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His deareſt loue the faire *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harueſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand ſhall dearly well requight,
So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour ſhowe.
Him little anſwerd th'angry Elfin knight;
He neuer meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right.

43

But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledge
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they paſſe in ioy and iollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſiue *Gluttony*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to reſt them call.

Now

44

Now, when as darkſome night had all diſplaid
Her coale black curtaine ouer brighteſt ſky,
The warlike youths on daintie couches laid,
Did chace away ſweet ſleep from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on meanes of hoped victory.
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden maſe
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Vp-roſe *Dueſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent paſe.

45

Whom broade awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next deareſt to *Sans foy*,
Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new ioy,
Ioyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and cheualrie;
Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I flie.

46

With gentle words he can her fairely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learne that little ſweet
Oft tempred is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For, ſince my breſt was launc'twith louely dart
Of deare *Sans foy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue waſted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his ſake haue felt full many an heauie ſtowre.

47

At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull graue.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And euer ſince hath kept in darkſome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans foy* I gaue.

48

But ſince faire ſunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowde,
And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,
Vnder your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowde,
From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers praiſe, to you eke longs his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright
Be vnreueng'd, that calls to you aboue
Frō wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſſe moue.

49

Thereto ſaid he, faire Dame be nought diſmaid
For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent peril be affraid;
For, needleſſe feare did neuer vantage none,
And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall paines are paſt,
Though grieued ghoſt for vengeance deep doe grone:
He liues, that ſhall him pay his duties laſt,
And guilty Elfin bloud ſhall ſacrifice in haſt.

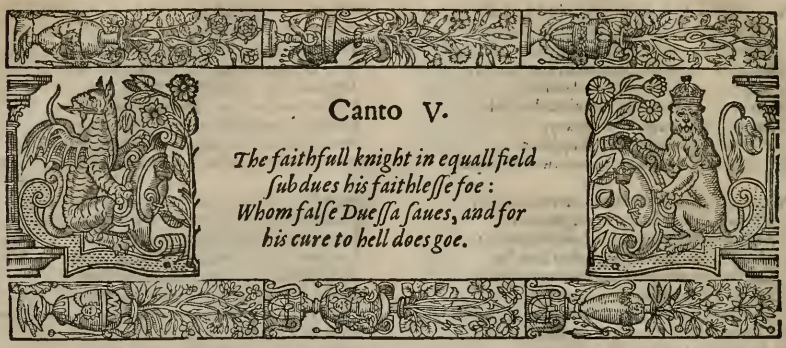
50

O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth ſhe)
Of Fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer be,
Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?
Yea, but (quoth ſhe) he beares a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (anſwerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherſe.

51

But faire *Fideſſa*, ſithence Fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and reſt awhile
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe ſubdue,
And with *Sansfoyes* dead dowry you endue.
Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
With proude foes ſight my ſorrow to renue:
Where euer yet I be, my ſecret aide
Shall followe you. So paſſing forth, ſhee him obaide.

Canto



Canto V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
ſubdues his faithleſſe foe:
Whom falſe Dueſſa ſaues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

1

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:
Such reſtleſſe paſſion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,
Deuiſing, how that doughty turnament
With greateſt honour he atchieuen might;
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

2

At laſt, the golden Orientall gate
Of greateſt heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* freſh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his deawie haire:
And hurles his gliſtring beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiu'd, ſtraight way
He ſtarted vp, and did himſelfe prepare,
In ſun-bright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights may fall.
There many Minſtrales maken melody,
To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And ſtoutly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
And dainty ſpices fetcht from furtheſt *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage priuily:
And in the wine a ſolemne oath they bind
T'obſerue the ſacred lawes of armes that are aſſign'd.

5

At laſt, forth comes that farre renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely maieſtie;
Shee is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,
And placed vnder ſtately Canapee,
The warlike feates of both thoſe knights to ſee.
On th'other ſide, in all mens open view
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his ſhield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both thoſe the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6

A ſhrilling trumpet ſounded from on hie,
And vnto battaile bad themſelues addreſſe:
Their ſhining ſhields about their wriſts they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe bleſſe,
The inſtruments of wrath and heauineſſe:
With greedy force each other doth aſſaile,
And ſtrike ſo fiercely, that they doe impreſſe
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred maile;
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

7

The Sarazin was ſtout, and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:
And doubled ſtrokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for praiſe and honour he did fight.
Both ſtriken ſtrike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their ſhields forth flieth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe, ſhew marks of eithers might.

8

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right:
As when a Griffon, ſeized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull raine rend away:
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heauens affray:
The wiſe Soothſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

So

9

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would driue his foe:
The cruell ſteele ſo greedily doth bite
In tender fleſh, that ſtreames of bloud downe flowe,
With which the armes, that earſt ſo bright did ſhowe
Into a pure vermillion now are dide:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape ſo wide,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

10

At laſt, the Paynim chaunſt to caſt his eye,
His ſuddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,
Vpon his brothers ſhield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And ſaid, Ah wretched ſonne of wofull ſire,
Doeſt thou ſit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,
Whil'ſt heere thy ſhield is hanged for victors hire,
And ſluggiſh german doeſt thy forces ſlake,
To after-ſend his foe, that him may ouertake?

11

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And ſoone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guilty ghoſt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield haue quit from dying foe.
There-with vpon his creſt he ſtrooke him ſo,
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The falſe *Dueſſa*, Thine the ſhield, and I, and all.

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie ſpeake,
Out of his ſwowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and Ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt aveng'd to be,
And with ſo'exceeding furie at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoope vpon his knee;
Had he not ſtooped ſo, he ſhould haue clouen bee.

13

And to him ſaid, Goe now proude Miſcreant,
Thy ſelfe thy meſſage doe to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe, ſay his foe thy ſhield with his doth beare.
There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue ſlaine; when loe, a darkſome clowde
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vaniſht is. The Elfe him calls alowde,
But anſwer none receiues: the darknes him does ſhrowde.

14

In haſte *Dueſſa* from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſaid, O proweſt knight,
That euer Lady to her loue did choſe,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloody vengeance; lo, th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloude of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conqueſt yours, I yours, the ſhield, and glory yours.

15

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedie eye
He ſought all round about, his thirſtie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithleſſe enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtands amazed, how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the trumpets, Triumph ſound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmitie.

16

Where-with he goeth to that ſoveraigne Queene;
And falling her before on lowely knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſeruice ſeene:
Which ſhee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduauncing his gay chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in ſumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To ſalue his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyle they waſhen his wounds wide,
And ſoftly can embalme on euery ſide.
And all the while, moſt heauenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Dueſſa* wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traueller that ſtraies
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring waies,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in falſe griefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full ſore, and ſheddeth tender teares:
The fooliſh man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is ſwallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19

So wept *Dueſſa* vntill eventide,
That ſhining lamps in *Ioues* high houſe were light:
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th'Heathen knight
In ſlumbring ſwoune nigh voyd of vitall ſpright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight,
To waile his wofull caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the Eaſterne coaſt of heauen makes ſpeedy way.

23

Where grieſly *Night*, with viſage deadly ſad,
That *Phœbus* cheerefull face durſt neuer view,
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkeſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charet ſtood,
Already harneſſed for iourney new;
And coleblack ſteeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their ruſtie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who

21

Who when ſhe ſaw *Dueſſa* ſunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels ſhining cleare,
Shee greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
(For neuer did ſuch brightneſſe there appeare)
And would haue back retired to her Caue,
Vntill the witches ſpeech ſhe gan to heare,
Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the meſſage which I haue.

22

Shee ſtaid, and foorth *Dueſſa* gan proceed,
O thou moſt ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of Gods cæleſtiall,
Which waſt begot in *Demogorgons* hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world vnmade,
Why ſuffredſt thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin ſword, moſt ſhamefully betraide?
Lo, where the ſtout *Sans ioy* doth ſleepe in deadly ſhade.

23

And, him before, I ſaw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans foy* ſhrinke vnderneath his ſpeare;
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aueugles* ſonnes ſo euill heare?
Or who ſhall not great *Nights* drad children ſcorne,
When two of three her Nephews are ſo foule forlorne?

24

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darkneſſe Queene,
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or elſe goe them auenge, and let be ſeene
That dreaded *Night* in brighteſt day hath place,
And can the children of faire *Light* deface.
Her feeling ſpeeches ſome compaſſion moued
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued
Till then: and euermore ſhe hated, neuer loued.

25

And ſaid, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good ſucceſſes, which their foes enſue:
But who can turne the ſtreame of deſtinie,
Or breake the chaine of ſtrong neceſſitie,
Which faſt is tide to *Ioues* eternall ſeate?
The ſonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I ſee,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others loſſe, is bad excheat.

26

Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all;
For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans foy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath ſpilt.
But what art thou, that tell'ſt of Nephewes kilt?
I that doe ſeeme not I, *Dueſſa* am,
(Quoth ſhee) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;
Dueſſa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27

Then bowing downe her aged backe, ſhe kiſt
The wicked witch, ſaying: In that faire face,
The falſe reſemblance of Deceit, I wiſt,
Did cloſely lurke; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
It carried, that I ſcarce in darkſome place
Could it diſcerne, though I the mother be
Of Falſhood, and root of *Dueſſaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue long'd to ſee,
And now haue ſeene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28

Then to her iron wagon ſhe betakes,
And with her beares the foule welfauourd witch:
Through mirkſome aire her ready way ſhe makes.
Her twyfold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne euer ſtampe,
Vnleſſe ſhe chaunc't their ſtubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, ſoming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29

So well they ſped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward ſenſe, and natiue ſtrength,
Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,
And ſight of men, ſince his late luckleſſe fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congealed,
They binden vp ſo wiſely as they may,
And handle ſoftly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, cloſe in night concealed.

30

And all the while ſhee ſtood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer ceaſe to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted ſound,
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griefly looke them much diſmay;
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly Owle,
With drearie ſhriekes did alſo her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foule.

31

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
And brought the heauie corſe with eaſie paſe
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
By that ſame hole, an entrance, darke and baſe
With ſmoake and ſulphure hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature neuer paſt,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braſt,
And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men agaſt.

32

By that ſame way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with ruſty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* houſe are come biliue:
Which paſſing through, on euery ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtonie eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

They

33

They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34

Before the threshold, dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand Adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, vntill daies enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For, shee in hell and heauen had power equally.

35

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirstie *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemn'd to endlesse sloth by law,
And fiftie sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad *Aesculapius* farre apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

37

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foaming Bore;
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused,
Her loue shee turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accused,
And with her iealous termes, his open eares abused.

38

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes agast,
Both charet swift and huntsman ouercast.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste
Scattred on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolitus* was left no moniment.

39

His cruell stepdame seeing what was done,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing his rash Sire, began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the reliques of his smart
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

40

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne
When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reviue,
And fates expired could renue againe,
Of endlesse life he might him nor depriue,
But vnto hell did thrust him downe aliue,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
And slake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

41

There auncient *Night* arriving, did alight
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whom hauing softly disarraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,
Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

42

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou temptest mee in vaine,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renue.
Is not enough, that thrust from heauen due
Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest mee to eeke? Can *Night* defray
The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day?

43

Not so (quoth shee) but sith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of euerlasting *Night*?
Goe to then, ô thou farre renowmed sonne
Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

44

Her words preuaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the Leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phœbus* pure
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure,

45

The falſe *Dueſſa* leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to ſtately Palace of dame Pride;
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Faerie knight
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had ſpide,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

46

A ruefull ſight, as could be ſeene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetiſe*,
Through waſtefull Pride, and wanton Riotiſe,
They were by law of that proude Tyrannеſſe
Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercileſſe,
Where they ſhould liue in woe, and die in wretchednеſſe.

47

There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celeſtiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There alſo was king *Cræſus*, that enhaunſt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
And proude *Antiochus*, the which advaunc't
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altars daunc't.

48

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Ninus* farre did paſs
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid:
There alſo was that mightie Monarch laid
Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiue ſire did foule vpbraid,
And would as *Ammons* ſonne be magnifide,
Till ſcornd of God and man a ſhamefull death he dide.

49

All theſe together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkaſes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.
And in another corner wide were ſtrowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:
Great *Romulus* the Grandſire of them all,
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſterne *Marius*,
High *Cæſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50

Amongſt theſe mighty men, were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whoſe ſides transfixt
With ſonnes owne blade, her foule reproches ſpoke;
Faire *Sthenobœa*, that her ſelfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
Of Aſpes ſting her ſelfe did ſtoutly kill:
And thouſands moe the like, that did that dungeon fill.

51

Beſides the endleſſe routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falls,
Through wicked pride, and waſted wealthes decay.
But moſt of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Conſumed had their goods, and thriftleſſe howres,
And laſtly throwne themſelues into theſe heauy ſtowres.

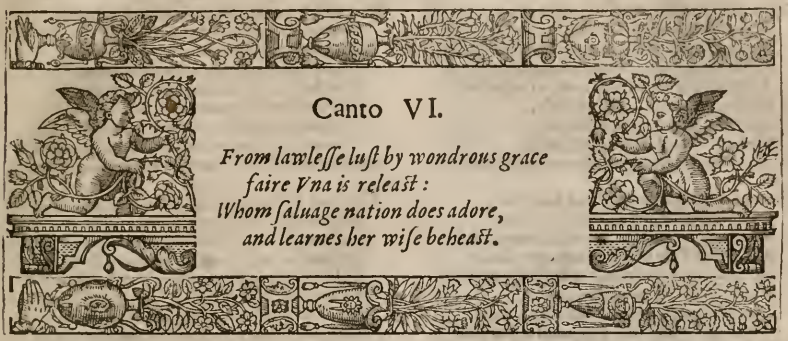
52

Whoſe caſe when as the carefull Dwarfe had told,
And made enſample of their mournefull ſight
Vnto his Maiſter, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early roſe, and ere that dawning light
Diſcouered had the world to heauen wide,
He by a priuie Poſterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be ſpide:
For, doubtleſſe death enſewd, if any him deſcride.

53

Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall
Of murdred men which therein ſtrowed lay,
Without remorſe, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princeſſe pride did fall
And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſide
Forth riding vnderneath the caſtell wall,
A dunghill of dead carkaſes he ſpide,
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Pride*.

Canto



Canto VI.

From lawleſſe luſt by wondrous grace
faire Vna is releaſt:
Whom ſaluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wiſe beheaſt.

1

AS when a ſhip, that flies faire vnder ſaile,
An hidden rocke eſcaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet it dout ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happy overſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and cares
The dreadleſſe courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing eſcap't ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

2

Yet ſad hee was that his too haſty ſpeed,
The faire *Duessa* had forc't him leaue behind;
And yet more ſad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
Her truth had ſtaind with treaſon ſo vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne ſelfe ſake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to ſeeke, ne euer would forſake,
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sanſloy* did ouertake.

3

Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,
Led her away into a forreſt wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to luſtfull heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vaſſall of his pleaſures vild.
Yet firſt hee caſt by treatie, and by traines,
Her to perſwade, that ſtubborne fort to yield:
For, greater conqueſt of hard loue he gaines,
That works it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

4

With fawning words hee courted her awhile,
And looking louely, and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant hart did tempt with diuers guile:
But words, and lookes, and ſighes ſhe did abhore,
As rock of Diamond, ſtedfaſt euermore.
Yet for to feed his firie luſtfull eye,
He ſnatcht the veile, that hung her face before;
Then gan her beauty ſhine, as brighteſt ſky,
And burnt his beaſtly hart t'efforce her chaſtitie.

5

So when hee ſaw his flatt'ring arts to faile,
And ſubtile engines bet from batterie,
With greedy force he gan the fort aſſaile,
Whereof hee weend poſſeſſed ſoone to bee,
And with rich ſpoile of ranſackt chaſtitie.
Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance iuſt ſo long withhold,
And hurle not flaſhing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

6

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortleſſe,
Does throw out thrilling ſhriekes, & ſhrieking cryes,
The laſt vaine help of womens great diſtreſſe,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten ſtarres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying ſo moſt ſhamefull ſight,
His bluſhing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for ſhame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuiſe to quit a thrall from ſuch a plight?

7

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her ſelfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her ſhrill out-cryes and ſhriekes ſo loud did bray,
That all the woods and forreſts did reſound;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old *Sylvanus* ſlept in ſhady arbour ſound:

8

Who, when they heard that pittious ſtrained voice,
In haſte forſooke their rurall merriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noiſe,
To weet what wight ſo loudly did lament.
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpide,
A rude, miſſhapen, monſtrous rablement,
Whoſe like he neuer ſaw, he durſt not bide,
But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away gan ride.

9

The wilde Wood-gods, arriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outragious foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pitty her vnhappy state,
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

10

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
A silly Lamb farre from the flock does take,
Of whom hee meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in euery lim
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

11

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The saluage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horrour all aside doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obay.

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pitty and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowely Plaine,
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faine.

13

Their hearts shee gheſſeth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time;
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a Shepheards rime,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Doe worship her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crownd.

14

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring;
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
And with an Iuie twine his waste is girt about.

15

Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
Or *Cybels* frantick rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrour rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne faire *Driope* now he thinks not faire,
And *Pholoe* foule, when her to this he doth compare.

16

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Syluanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see:
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
But misseth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

17

By view of her hee ginneth to reuiue
His ancient loue, and deareſt *Cypariſſe*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how hee slew with glaunсing dart amiss
A gentle Hind, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly bliss;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

18

The vvooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*
Flock all about to see her louely face:
But when they viewed haue her heauenly grace,
They envie her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* scorne their wooddy kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19

Glad of such luck, the luckleſse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that saluage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootleſse zeale she did restraine
From her owne worship, they her Asse wold worship faine.

20

It fortuned a noble warlike Knight
By iust occasion to that forreſt came,
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild farre lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he little did delight.

A Sa-

21

A Satyres ſonne, yborne in forreſt wilde,
By ſtrange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a Lady milde,
Faire *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in ſacred bands of wedlock tide
To *Therion*, a looſe vnruly ſwaine;
Who had more ioy to range the forreſt wide,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſt with buſie paine,
Then ſerue his Ladies loue, and waſte in pleaſures vaine.

22

The forlorne maid did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerue her turne,
And ſeeke her ſpouſe, that from her ſtill does flie,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunc't her wandring for to finde,
And kindling coales of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyall links of wedlock did vnbinde,
And made her perſon thrall vnto his beaſtly kinde.

23

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his ſenſuall deſire,
Till that with timely fruite her belly ſweld,
And bore a boy vnto that ſalvage ſire:
Then home he ſuffred her for to retire,
For raunſome leauing him the late borne childe;
VVhom till to riper yeeres he gan aſpire,
He nourſled vp in life and manners wilde,
Emongſt wilde beaſts & woods, from lawes of men exilde.

24

For,all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To baniſh cowardize and baſtard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,
And from the ſhe Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;
And the Robucks in flight to overtake,
That euery beaſt for feare of him did flie and quake.

25

Thereby ſo fearleſſe, and ſo fell he grew,
That his owne ſire and maiſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduiſe,
The angry beaſts not raſhly to deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon ſtoupe to him in lowely wiſe,
(A leſſon hard) and make the Libbard ſtearne
Leaue roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26

And for to make his powre approued more,
VVilde beaſts in iron yokes he would compell;
The ſpotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale ſwift, and the Tigre cruell;
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them conſtraine in equall teame to draw.
Such ioy he had, their ſtubborne harts to quell,
And ſturdie courage tame with dreadfull awe,
That his beheaſt they feared, as proud tyrants lawe.

27

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to ſee her little ſonne;
And chaunc't vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſports, and cruell paſtime done,
When after him a Lyoneſſe did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did loude requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon vvhelps ſhe ſaw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childiſh feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning back, gan faſt to flie away,
Vntill with loue revok't from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perſwaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words gan ſay;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of mee leaue off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus vvith death, is no fit toy,
Goe find ſome other play-fellowes, mine own ſweet boy.

29

In theſe, and like delights of bloudy game
He trained was, till riper yeeres he raught;
And there abode, whilſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that foreſt, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Deſir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,
And farre abroad for ſtrange adventures ſought:
In which his might was neuer overthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

30

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures ſpent,
Vnto thoſe natiue vvoods for to repaire,
To ſee his Sire and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he vnwares the faireſt *Vna* found,
Strange Lady, in ſo ſtrange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her ſat around,
True ſacred lore, which from her ſweet lips did redound.

31

He wondred at her wiſedome heauenly rare,
VVhoſe like in womens wit he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her ſad ſorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which ſuch troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, ſo hurtleſſe, and ſo true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her diſcipline of faith and vertie.

32

But ſhee, all vow'd vnto the *Redcroſſe* Knight,
His wandring peril cloſely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguiſh did torment,
And all her wit in ſecret counſels ſpent,
How to eſcape. At laſt, in priuie wiſe
To *Satyrane* ſhee ſhewed her intent;
VVho glad to gaine ſuch fauour, gan deuiſe,
How with that penſiue Maid he beſt might thence ariſe.

33

So, on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To doe their ſeruice to *Sylvanus* old,
The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
He led away with courage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recouer her againe:
In vaine he ſeekes, that hauing cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the Plaine.

34

The better part now of the lingring day,
They trauaild had, when as they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haſte to ride,
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcroſſe*.
But hee them ſpying, gan to turne aſide,
For feare, as ſeem'd, or for ſome feigned loſſe;
More greedy they of newes, faſt towards him do croſſe.

35

A ſilly man, in ſimple weedes forworne,
And ſoild with duſt of the long dried way;
His ſandales were with toilſome trauell torne,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had trauaild many a ſommers day,
Through boyling ſands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
And in his hand a *Iacobs* ſtaffe, to ſtay
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36

The Knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armour bare a croſlet red.
Aye me, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue
To tell the ſad ſight, which mine eyes haue read:
Theſe eyes did ſee that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

37

That cruell word her tender hart ſo thrild,
That ſuddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,
And ſtony horrour all her ſenſes fild
With dying fit, that downe ſhe fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, ſhee bade him tellen plaine
The further proceſſe of her hidden griefe;
The leſſer pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,
This fatall day, that ſhall I euer rew,
To ſee two Knights in trauell on my way
(A ſory ſight) arrang'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That drunk with bloud, yet thirſted after life: (knife.
What more? the *Redcroſſe* knight was ſlaine with Paynim

39

Ah deareſt Lord (quoth ſhee) how might that bee,
And he the ſtouteſt Knight that euer wonne?
Ah deareſt Dame (quoth he) how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (ſaid *Satyrane*) that Paynims ſonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft.
Waſhing his bloudy wounds, that through the ſteele were

40

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles *Vna* with huge heauineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas that Pagan proude himſelfe did reſt,
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountaine ſide:
Euen hee it was, that earſt would haue ſuppreſt
Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* eſpide,
With foule reprochefull words he boldly him defide.

41

And ſaid, Ariſe thou curſed Miſcreant,
That haſt with knightleſſe guile and trecherous traine,
Faire knighthood fouly ſhamed, and dooſt vaunt
That good Knight of the *Redcroſſe* to haue ſlaine:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintaine
Thy guilty wrong, or elſe thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amaine,
And catching vp in haſte his three ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoone him buckled to the field.

42

And drawing nigh him, ſaid, Ah misborne Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither ſent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy ſelfe:
Yet ill thou blameſt mee, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcroſſe* Knight, perdie, I neuer ſlew:
But had he beene, where earſt his armes were lent,
Th'enchaunter vaine his errour ſhould not rue:
But thou his errour ſhalt, I hope, now prouen true.

43

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to aſſaile
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleſhes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eye.
Large floods of bloud adowne their ſides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them ſatisfie:
Both hungred after death: both choſe to win, or die.

44

So long they fight, and fell revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelues to breathen let,
And oft refreſhed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſſe both themſelues aſide retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So

45

So fiercely, when theſe Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes, more hugely then before,
That with their dreric wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, ſcarcely could be knowne.
By this, ſad *Vna* fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which throgh the aire was throwne,
Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruitleſſe bloud had ſowne.

46

Whom all ſo ſoone as that proude Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan renuue the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtfull battell haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bade him other buſines ply,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure vnſpotted Maid:
Wher-with he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid.

47

O fooliſh faeries ſonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſte thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenſeleſſe man he, that himſelfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,
Heere take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid
Fled farre away, of that proude Paynim ſore affraid.

48

But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,
Beeing indeed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſell paſſe away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable caſe,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Canto VII.

The Redcroſſe knight is Captiue made by Giant proude oppreſt: Prince Arthur meets with Vna greatly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

1

What man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceit doth maſk in vizour faire,
And caſt her colours dyed deep in graine,
To ſeeme like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guildeſſe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Duеſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſaes* name.

2

Who, when returning from the drery *Night*,
She found not in that perilous houſe of Pride,
Where ſhe had left the noble *Redcroſſe* knight,
Her hoped pray; ſhe would no lenger bide,
But forth ſhee went, to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe found whereas he wearie ſate,
To reſt himſelfe, foreby a fountaine ſide,
Diſarmed all of iron-coated Plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſie forage ate.

3

Hee feedes vpon the cooling ſhade, and bayes
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,
Wherein the cheerfull birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The VVitch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproche of careleſneſſe vnkind
Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet,
With ſoule words tempring faire, ſowre gall with honie ſweet.

4

Vnkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the ioyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene bonghes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made:
Whoſe bubbling waue did euer freſhly well,
Ne euer would through feruent ſommer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

5

The cauſe was this: One day when *Phœbe* faire
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heate of ſcorching aire,
Sat downe to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The Goddeſſe, wroth, gan foulie her diſgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,
Be ſuch as ſhee herſelfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and ſlowe,
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

6

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,
And lying downe vpon the ſandie graile,
Drunke of the ſtreame, as cleare as cryſtall glaſs:
Eftſoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mighty ſtrong vvas turn'd to feeble fraile.
His chanced powres at firſt themſelues not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan aſſaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintneſſe chill did melt,
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body ſwelt.

7

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pour'd out in looſneſſe on the graſſie ground,
Both careleſſe of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadfull ſound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terrour ſeem'd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe there-with aſtound,
Vpſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enemy
With ſturdie ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
That with his talneſſe ſeem'd to threat the skie,
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
His liuing like ſaw neuer liuing eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt ſonnes of mortall ſeed.

9

The greateſt Earth his vncouth mother was,
And bluſtring *Æolus* his boaſted ſire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth paſs,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fild her hidden caues with ſtormie ire,
That ſhee conceiu'd; and trebbling the due time,
In which the wombes of women doe expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime,
Puft vp with emptie wind, and fild with ſinfull crime.

10

So, growen great through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent, whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe: his ſtalking ſteps are ſtaide
Vpon a ſnaggy Oake, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
His mortall mace, where-with his foemen he diſmaide.

11

That, when the Knight he ſpide, he gan aduaunce
With huge force and inſupportable maine,
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe, all in vaine
Did to him paſſe, ſad battaile to darraine,
Diſarm'd, diſgrac't, and inwardly diſmaide,
And eke ſo faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

12

The Giant ſtrooke ſo mainly mercileſſe,
That could haue overthrowne a ſtony towre;
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleſſe,
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But hee was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villaines powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrowe,
And all his ſenſes ſtound, that ſtill he lay full lowe.

13

As when that diueliſh iron Engin wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noiſe, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor ſee, nor heare at will,
Through ſmouldry cloude of duskiſh ſtinking ſmoke,
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath eſcap't the ſtroke.

14

So daunted when the Giant ſaw the Knight,
His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,
And him to duſt thought to haue battred quite,
Vntill *Dueſſa* loud to him gan cry;
O great *Orgoglio*, greateſt vnder sky,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies ſake,
Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to die;
But, vanquiſht, thine eternall bondſlaue make,
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

15

He harkned, and did ſtay from further harmes,
To gaine ſo goodly guerdon, as ſhee ſpake:
So, willingly ſhe came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the ſlumbred ſenſeleſſe corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwoune awake,
Him to his Caſtle brought with haſtie force,
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorſe.

16

From that day foorth *Dueſſa* was his deare,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne ſet on her head full hie,
And her endow'd with royall maieſtie:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,
A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſome den.

Such

17

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
Long soltred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whose many heads out budding euer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For, seauen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breast, and back of scaly brass,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glass.

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heauenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seauenfold head
He set the false *Duessa*, for more awe and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
When all was past, rooke vp his forlorne weed,
His mighty armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady (wofull *Vna*) met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whil'st *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
Shee fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,
Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

21

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recouering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chause her chin,
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Vnto her natiue prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22

Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threeds vnfold,
The which my life and loue together tide?
Now let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro mee hide.

23

O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, mens wandring waies to guide,
When darknesse he in deepest dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,
But seeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

24

Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly swound,
And thrice hee her reviv'd with busie paine:
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With soltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25

Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtile traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* fare,
Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sans ioy* did hold;
The luckelesse conflict with the Giant stout,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27

Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,
And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay:
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redcrosse*;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28

At last, when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She vp arose, resoluing him to find
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pass,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assign'd:
And euermore in constant carefull mind
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,

29

At laſt, ſhe chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour ſhined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may:
A l wart his breaſt a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
T... t ſhin'd like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt precious

30

And in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtroue for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong
In Iuorie ſheath, ycarv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;
For, all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedy pawes, and ouer all did ſpred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Cloſe couched on the beuer, ſeem'd to throwe
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fierie red,
That ſuddaine horror to faint harts did ſhowe;
And ſcaly taile was ſtretcht adowne his back full lowe.

32

Vpon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diuerſly,
With ſprinkled pearle, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie
On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms braue bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble euery one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

33

His warlike ſhield all cloſely couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer ſeene;
Not made of ſteele, nor of enduring braſs,
Such earthly mettals ſoone conſumed beene:
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one maſſie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,
That point of ſpeare it neuer pearcen could,
Ne dint of direfull ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

34

The ſame to wight hee neuer wont diſcloſe,
But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For, ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
And ſiluer *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is ſtaind with magick arts conſtraint.

35

No magick arts heereof had any might,
Nor bloudy words of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not ſuch, as ſeem'd in ſight,
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddaine fall:
And when him liſt the raſcall routes appall,
Men into ſtones there-with he could tranſmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the prouder lookes ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36

Ne let it ſeeme, that credence this exceeds:
For, he that made the ſame, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to armes he fell;
But when he dide, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be ſeene, if ſought.

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,
His ſpeare of Heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breaſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage faire
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauſt, that any on his backe ſhould ſit;
The iron rowels into frothy ſome he bit.

38

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtraine:
Which to allay, and calme her ſtorming paine,
Faire feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe faine,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelfe for to bewray,
Wherewith emmov'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to ſay:

39

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing ſpeach
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrowes deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow ſteep,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſſe harmes it's better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaile,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weep and waile.

40

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,
Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your ſorrowes treat.
But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,
For to vnfold the anguiſh of your hart:
Mishaps are maiſtred by adviſe diſcreet,
And counſell mitigates the greateſt ſmart;
Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but

41

O! but (quoth shee) great griefe will not be told,
And can more easily be thought, then said.
Right so (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aide.
But griefe (quoth shee) does greater growe displaid,
If then it find not help, and breeds despaire.
Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

42

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deep did settle in her gratious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,
And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

43

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue seene
The laughing stock of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose Parents deare, whil'st equall Destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not envie,
Did spread their rule throngh all the territories
Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually;

44

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murdrous ravine, and deuouring might
Their kingdome spoild, and country wasted quight:
Themselues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
Hee forc't to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now foure yeeres besieg'd to make thē thrall.

45

Full many knights adventurous and stout,
Haue enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;
From euery coast that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchieuements still pursew,
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
But all still shrunk, and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pittious pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin.

46

At last, yled with farre reported praise,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I sped,
Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdoms seat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

47

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh vnprooued knight,
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
Had neuer been, ne euer by his might
Had throwne to ground the vnreguarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

48

And yee the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His byting sword, and his deuouring speare,
Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:
O! heauie record of the good *Redcrosse*,
Where haue you left your Lord, that could so wel you toss?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue langour should redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyaltie, not such as it did seeme;
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,
That brought not back the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meet,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,
Inveigled him to followe her desires vnmeet.

51

At last, by subtill sleights shee him betraid
Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Vnwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remediless, for aye he doth him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

52

Ere shee had ended all, shee gan to faint:
But hee her comforted and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:
For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His cheerfull words reviv'd her cheerlesse spright:
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

Cant.

Canto VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who ſlayes that Giant, wounds the beaſt,
and ſtrips Dueſſa quight.

1

AY mee! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquite him out of all.
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as hee, through his owne fooliſh pride,
Or weakeneſſe, is to ſinfull bands made thrall:
Elſe ſhould this *Redcroſſe* knight in bands haue dide,
For whoſe deliuerance ſhe this Prince doth thither guide.

2

They ſadly trauaild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a Caſtle builded ſtrong and hie:
Then cride the Dwarfe, Lo, yonder is the ſame,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckleſſe lie,
Thrall to that Giants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie ſteed, and bade the Lady ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

3

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall;
Whoſe gates he found faſt ſhut, ne liuing wight
To ward the ſame, nor anſwere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hung adowne his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſels gay. Wide wonders ouer all
Of that ſame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approoued been in vſes manifold.

4

Was neuer wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be eaſie heard around,
And Eechoes three anſwerd it ſelfe againe:
No falſe enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firme and faſt,
But with that pearcing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

5

The ſame before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the Caſtle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of free-will open flew.
The Giant ſelfe diſmaied with that ſound
(Where he with his *Dueſſa* dalliance found)
In haſte came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,
With ſtaring count'nance ſterne, as one aſtound,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſuddaine ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

6

And after him the proude *Dueſſa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And euery head with firie tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creaſt,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feaſt.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty ſhield
Vpon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eager greedineſſe through euery member thrild.

7

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with ſcornefull wrath and high diſdaine:
And liſting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged ſnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firſt encounter to haue ſlaine.
But wiſe and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous maine,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think, ſuch thunderbolts to beare.

8

Ne ſhame hee thought to ſhunne ſo hideous might:
The idle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the marke of his miſaymed ſight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway,
So deepely dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:
The ſad earth wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (ſhowe:
And trembling with ſtrange feare, did like an earthquake

As

9

As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sinnes is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dereiment,
Through riuen clowdes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

10

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the Knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of natiue might;
Large streames of bloud out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rock.

11

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The euill stound that dangerd her estate,
Vnto his ayde she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who swolne with bloud of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swaine
To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which full she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despaire did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inward parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quaid,
And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismaid.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloudy clawes did seize,
That life vnigh crusht out of his panting breast:
No powre he had to sturre, nor will to rise.
That, when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

16

And high advauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Strooke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staind with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shooes in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed,
His gorgeous rider from her loftie sted
Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,
Had not the Giant soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erst;
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrowe:
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blowe?

19

And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,
Did loose his veile by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did pass,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all.

21

At her ſo pittious cry was much amoou'd
Her Champion ſtout, and for to ayde his friend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd;
But all in vaine: for, he has read his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelues in vaine: for, ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As, where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſenſes quight.

22

Whom when the Prince to battell new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right legge by the knee,
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe hartſtrings with keene ſteele nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Caſtle reared high and round,
By ſubtile engins and malicious ſlight
Is vndermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forc't, and feebled quight,
At laſt, downe falls, and with her heaped hight
Her haſtie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it ſelfe vnto the Victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that ſeemd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ſteele him ſmote againe ſo ſore,
That headleſſe his vnweldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his owne foule bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore:
But ſoone as breath out of his breaſt did paſs,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vaniſht quite, and of that monſtrous maſs
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25

Whoſe grieuous fall, when falſe *Dueſſa* ſpide,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt vnto the ground,
And crowned Mitre rudely threw aſide;
Such pearcing griefe her ſtubborne hart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that dolefull ſtound,
But leauing all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deſerued pray.

26

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In penſiue plight, and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie,
With ſober gladneſſe, and mild modeſtie,
And with ſweet ioyous cheare him thus beſpake;
Faire branch of nobleſſe, flowre of cheualrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the paines ye ſuffer for my ſake?

27

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh vnto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for ſuch perill paſt,
Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelfe, and ſeruice euermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equall eyes, their merites to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vſuree.

28

But ſith the heauens, and your faire handling,
Haue made you maiſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maiſter eke with gouerning,
And well begun, end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
For, ſhee it is that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
Where he his better daies hath waſted all.
O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29

Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelfe with greedy great deſire
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly;
Where liuing creature none he did eſpy.
Then gan he loudly through the houſe to call:
But no man car'd to anſwere to his cry.
There raigned a ſolemne ſilence ouer all,
Nor voice was heard nor wight was ſeen in bowre or hall.

30

At laſt, with creeping crooked paſe forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as ſnowe,
That on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;
For, his eye ſight him failed long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnuſedruſt did ouergrowe:
Thoſe were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vſe, but kept them ſtill in ſtore.

31

But very vncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his vntoward paſe:
For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turnd his wrinkled face;
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foſter-father of the Giant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32

His reuerend haires and holy grauitie
The knight much honourd, as beſeemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell.
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that ſame Knight was laid,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiſſaunce fell
Had made his captiue thrall; againe he ſaid,
He could not tell: ne euer other anſwere made.

Then

33

Then asked he, which way hee in might pass:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous Knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it fits with that same silver hed
In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

34

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He gheft his nature by his countenaunce,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of euery thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents true,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

36

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to die,
With cruell malice and strong tyrannie:
Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
To God for vengeance cride continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest hart wold bleed, to heare their pittious mone.

37

Through euery roome he sought, and euery bowre,
But nowhere could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came vnto an iron dore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bunch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if liuing wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38

There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pittious plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that heere lie dying euery stound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,
And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens cheerfull face did view:
O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

39

Which when that Champion heard, with pearcing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so foule forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that iron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

40

But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, vnable to vphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

41

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And emptie sides deceiued of their due,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rue;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to riue steele plates, & helmets hewe,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

42

Whom when his Lady saw, to him shee ran
With hastie ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares shee wasted had,
Shee said, Ah dearest Lord! what euill starre
On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly lookes doth marre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathfull wreakes themselues doe now alay,
And for these wrongs shall treble pennance pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils priefe.
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musick breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like again.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

45

Hence-forth ſir Knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maiſter theſe miſhaps with patient might;
Lo, where your foe lyes ſtretcht in monſtrous length:
And lo, that wicked woman in your ſight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.
To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were deſpight,
And ſhame t'avenge ſo weake an enemy;
But ſpoile her of her ſcarlot robe, and let her fly.

46

So, as ſhe bade, that Witch they diſarraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplaid;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then when they had deſpoild her tire and Call,
Such as ſhe was, their eyes might her behold,
That her miſſhaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

47

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was ouer-growne with ſcurfe and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her ſowre breath abhominably ſmeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
So ſcabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.

48

Her neather parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write:
But at her rompe ſhe growing had behind
A Foxes taile, with dung all fouly dight;
And eke her feet moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talants armd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly ſhape yet neuer liuing creature ſaw.

49

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at ſo foule deformed wight.
Such then (ſaid *Vna*) as ſhe ſeemeth here,
Such is the face of falſhood, ſuch the ſight
Of foule *Dueſſa*, when her borrowed light
Is layd away, and counterfeſaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the Witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhowne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

50

She flying faſt from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her diſcouer'd wide,
Fled to the waſtfull wilderneſſe apace,
From liuing eyes her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and Caues long vneſpide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,
Did in that Caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt themſelues, and wearie powres repaire,
Where ſtore they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

Canto IX.

His loues and linage Arthur tells,
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treuiſan flies from Deſpaire,
Whom Redcroſſe knight withſtands.

1

GOodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wiſe:
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In braue purſuit of cheualrous empriſe,
That none did others ſafetie deſpiſe,
Nor aide envie to him, in need that ſtands,
But friendly each did others praiſe deuiſe
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the *Rederoſſe* knight from bands.

2

Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
With due repaſt they had recured well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed ſtrong,
Them liſt no lenger there at leyſure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, *Vna* faire beſought
That ſtranger knight his name and nation tell;
Leaſt ſo great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die vnknowne, and buried be in thankleſſe thought.

Faire

3

Faire virgin (ſaid the Prince) ye me requ'ire
A thing without the compaſſe of my wit:
For, both the linage and the certaine Sire
From which I ſprung, from me are hidden yet.
For, all ſo ſoone as life did me admit
Into this world, and ſhewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And ſtraight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

4

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been
In warlike feates th'experteſt man aliue,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,
Vnder the foote of *Rauran* moſſie hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as ſiluer cleen
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

5

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
As was his vſe, oft-times to viſit mee:
For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
And Tutours nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loines and what linage I did ſpring:
Whoſe aunſwere bade me ſtill aſſured be,
That I was ſonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iuſt terme the truth to light ſhould bring.

6

Well worthy impe, ſaid then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for ſuch a Tutours hand.
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright
The courſe of heauenly cauſe, or vnderſtand
The ſecret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

7

For, whether he through fatall deepe foreſight
Mee hither ſent, for cauſe to me vnheſt,
Or that freſh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breſt,
With forced fury following his beheſt,
Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my ſelfe yet bleſt.
Ah curteous knight (quoth ſhee) what ſecret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentleſt hart on ground?

8

Deare Dame (quoth hee) you ſleeping ſparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,
Ne euer will their feruent furie ſlake,
Till liuing moiſture into ſmoake doe flowe,
And waſted life doe lie in aſhes lowe.
Yet ſithence ſilence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)
I will reueale what yeſo much deſire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may reſpire.

9

It was in freſheſt flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage firſt does creepe in manly cheſt,
Then firſt the coale of kindly heate appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing breſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timons* wiſe beheſt,
Thoſe creeping flames by reaſon to ſubdue,
Before their rage grewe to ſo great vnreſt,
As miſerable louers vſe to rue,
Which ſtill wex old in woe, whiles woe ſtill wexeth new.

10

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As loſſe of time, and vertues enemy
I euer ſcornd, and ioy'd to ſtirre vp ſtrife,
In middeſt of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blowe the fire, which them to Aſhes brent:
Their God himſelfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

11

But all in vaine: no fort can be ſo ſtrong,
Ne fleſhly breaſt can armed be ſo ſound,
But will at laſt be wonne with battry long,
Or vnawares at diſauantage found;
Nothing is ſure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who moſt truſtes in arme of fleſhly might,
And boaſts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth ſooneſt fall in diſauentrous fight,
And yeelds his caitiue neck to victors moſt deſpight.

12

Enſample make of him your hapleſſe ioy,
And of my ſelfe now mated, as ye ſee;
Whoſe prouder vaunt, that proude auenging boy
Did ſoone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
Of looſer life, and heate of hardiment,
Ranging the foreſt wide on courſer free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one conſent
Did ſeeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

13

Fore-wearied with my ſports, I did alight
From lofty ſteed, and downe to ſleepe me laid;
The verdant graſſe my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire diſplaid:
Whiles euery ſenſe the humour ſweet embayd,
And ſlumbring ſoft my hart did ſteale away,
Me ſeemed by my ſide a royall Maid
Her dainty limbs full ſoftly downe did lay:
So faire a creature yet ſaw neuer ſunny day.

14

Moſt goodly glee and louely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;
For, dearely ſure her loue was to me bent,
As when iuſt time expired ſhould appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart ſo raviſht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
As ſhee to me deliuer'd all that night;
And at her parting ſaid, Shee Queene of Faeries hight.

15

VVhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but preſſed graſs where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrowed all ſo much, as earſt I ioy'd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I caſt in carefull mind,
To ſeeke her out with labour and long tine,
And neuer vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine moneths I ſeeke in vaine, yet m'ill that vow vnbind.

16

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtroue to cloake his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoake that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſſe may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loues are often ſowne, but ſildom grow on ground.

17

Thine, ô then, ſaid the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight,
Next to that Ladies loue ſhall be the place,
Of faireſt virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whoſe wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.
And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For, onely worthy you, through proweſſe priefe
If liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18

So, diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
And ſad remembrance now the Prince amoues,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew:
Als *Vna* earnd her trauaile to renew.
Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,
And loue eſtabliſh each to other true,
Gaue goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mind,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

19

Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond ſure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſſe* knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Sauiours teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

20

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſinewes of her choſen knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recouer'd had his former hew:
For, him to be yet weake and wearie, well ſhe knew.

21

So as they trauaild, lo, they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,
Or other grieſly thing, that him agaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As hee had been a foale of *Pegaſus* his kind.

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haires
Vpſtaring ſtiffe, diſmaid with vncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,
In foule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his ghaſtring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23

The *Redcroſſe* knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmaid:
There him he finds all ſenſeleſſe and agaſt,
That of him ſelfe he ſeemd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtaid,
Till he theſe wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:
For, neuer knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

24

He anſwerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and hartleſſe hollow hew,
Aſtoniſht ſtood, as one that had eſpide
Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe beſpake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (ſhake.
And foltring tongue at laſt theſe words ſeem'd foorth to

25

For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay;
For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after mee.
Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;
But he him forc't to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecret cauſe of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeech,
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee;
But through his boldneſſe rather feare did reach:
Yet forc't, at laſt he made through ſilence ſuddaine breach.

26

And am I now in ſafetie ſure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to die?
And is the point of death now turnd fro me,
That I may tell this hapleſſe hiſtory?
Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie?
Then ſhall I you recount a ruefull caſe
(Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had been partaker of the place.

I late-

27

I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)
With a faire Knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* highr, that well himſelfe advaunc't
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not ſo happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the leaſt degree:
For, ſhee was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to ſee her louer languiſh and lament.

28

From whom returning ſad and comfortleſſe,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villaine (God from him me bleſſe)
That curſed wight, from whom I ſcap't whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himſelfe *Deſpaire*:
Who firſt vs greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings ſtrange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping cloſe, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our ſtates, and of our knightly deedes.

29

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboſt with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That earſt vs held in loue of liuing life;
Then hopeleſſe, hartleſſe, gan the cunning thiefe
Perſwade vs die, to ſtint all further ſtrife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a ruſtie knife.

30

With which ſad inſtrument of haſtie death,
That woefull louer, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Diſmayd with that deformed diſmall ſight,
Fled faſt away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet aſſur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whoſe like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed ſpeeches heare.

31

How may a man (ſaid hee) with idle ſpeach
Be wonne, to ſpoile the Caſtle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His ſubtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and ſearcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by ſecret ſtealth
His powre is reft, and weakneſſe doth remaine.
O! neuer Sir deſire to try his guilefull traine.

32

Certes (ſaid he) hence ſhall I neuer reſt,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whoſe name mote I requeſt,
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.
I that highte *Treuiſan* (quoth he) will ride
(Againſt my liking) back, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arriue in that ſame place;
For leuer had I die, then ſee his deadly face.

33

Ere long they come, where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Caue,
Farre vnderneath a craggy cliſt ypight,
Dark, doleſull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That ſtill for carrion carcaſes doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gaſtly Owle,
Shrieking his baleſull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghoſts did waile and howle.

34

And all about, old ſtocks and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer ſeene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whoſe carcaſes were ſcattered on the Greene,
And throwne about the clifts. Arriued there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleſull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durſt approchen neare:
But th'other forc't him ſtay, and comforted in feare.

35

That darkſome Caue they enter, where they find
That curſed man, lowe ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind;
His grieſie locks, long growen, and vnbound,
Diſordred hung about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penurie and pine,
Were ſhrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapt abouts;
And him beſide there lay vpon the graſs
A drearie corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme bloud,
That from his wound yet welled freſh alas;
In which a ruſtie knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

37

Which pittious ſpectacle, approuing true
The wofull tale that *Treuiſan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight did view,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to auenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villaine ſaid, Thou damnèd wight,
The authour of this fact, we heere behold,
What iuſtice can but iudge againſt thee right, (ſight
With thine owne bloud to ptice his bloud, heere ſhed in

38

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught
Thee, fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doome to giue?
What iuſtice euer other iudgement taught,
But he ſhould die, who merits not to liue?
None elſe to death this man deſpayring driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deſeruing death.
Is then vniuſt to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at eaſe, that liueth heere vneath?

39

Who trauels by the weary wandring way,
To come vnto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him ouer past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire sticke fast?
Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40

Hee there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage haue,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toile, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41

The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doome
(Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;
And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then can striue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why.
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloudshed, and avengement,
Now praisd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For, life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.
Is not enough thy enill life forespent?
For hee, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life ensewen may.
For, what hath life, that may it loued make,
And giues not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sickneſſe, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disaventures did amate:
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut vp, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46

Why then dooſt thou, ô man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,
And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* vilde,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47

Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From higheſt heauen, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his Law, Let euery sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willingly,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, ô Faeries sonne.

48

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did pearce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that hee did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reuerse
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

50

The sight wherof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But

51

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And trembling like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

52

Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoune: but soone relieu'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochefull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53

Come, come away, fraile, filly, fleshly wight,
No let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne deuilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heauenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despaire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leaue this cursed place.

54

So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, vnbid, vnblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet natheless it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Canto X.

Her faithfull knight faire Vna brings to house of Holinesse, Where he is taught repentance, and the way to heauenly blesse.

1

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2

By that which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

3

There was an ancient house not farre away,
Renowm'd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore
Through wisedome of a Matrone graue and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs
Of wretched soules, and help the helplesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

4

Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters well vpbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere
Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arriued

5

Arriued there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened vnto them straight way:
He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowely cast, and gate full slowe,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*. They passe in stouping lowe;
For straight and narrow was the way, which he did showe.

6

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;
For, in his speeches and behauiour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7

There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deed that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reverence*. Hee them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke vnfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

8

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that faireſt *Vna* she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9

And her embracing said, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,
That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,
From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

10

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see
Heere in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So fewe there bee
That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broade high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a fewe to walke the righteſt way;
O foolish men! why haste ye to your owne decay?

11

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
And this good Knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy praises and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaind them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could deuise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

12

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
Lo, two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
With countenaunce demure, and modest grace,
They numbred euen steps, and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Crystall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

13

Shee was arraied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filled vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

14

Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blewe, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned euer, as befell:
And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

15

They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they between them spend,
And greatly ioy each other well to see:
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselues, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

16

Then *Vna* thus; But she your sister deare,
The deare *Charissa*, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore,
But thankt be God, and her encrease so euermore.

Then

17

Then ſaid the aged *Cœlia*, Deare Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
I read you reſt, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called ſhee a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan deſpoile
Of puiſſant armes, and laid in eaſie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly reſt,
And bodies were refreſht with due repaſt,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire requeſt
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-houſe plac't,
That of her heauenly learning he might taſte,
And heare the wiſedome of her words diuine.
She granted, and that Knight ſo much agrac't,
That ſhe him taught celeſtiall diſcipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

19

And that her ſacred Booke, with bloud vwrit,
That none could read, except ſhe did them teach,
She vnto him diſcloſed euery whit,
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
O God, of grace, of iuſtice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly ſpeach:
For, ſhee was able with her words to kill,
And raiſe againe to life the hart, that ſhe did thrill.

20

And, when ſhe liſt poure out her larger ſpright,
She would commaund the haſtie Sunne to ſtay,
Or backward turne his courſe from heauens hight;
Some-times great hoſtes of men ſhe could diſmay:
Dry-ſhod to paſſe, ſhe parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge Mountaines from their natiue ſeat
She would commaund, themſelues to beare away,
And throwe in raging ſea with roaring threat.
Almighty God her gaue ſuch powre, & puiſſance great.

21

The faithfull knight now grew in little ſpace,
By hearing her, and by her ſiſters lore,
To ſuch perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,
And prickt with anguiſh of his ſinnes ſo ſore,
That he deſir'd to end his wretched daies:
So much the dart of ſinfull guilt the ſoule diſmaies.

22

But wiſe *Speranza* gaue him comfort ſweet,
And taught him how to take aſſured hold
Vpon her ſiluer Anchor, as was meet;
Elſe had his ſinnes ſo great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this diſtreſſed doubtfull agonie,
When him his deareſt *Vna* did behold,
Diſdaining life, deſiring leaue to die,
She found her ſelfe aſſaild with great perplexitie.

23

And came to *Cœlia* to declare her ſmart:
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which ſinfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her wiſely comforted all that ſhe might,
With goodly counſell and aduiſement right;
And ſtraightway ſent with carefull diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great inſight
In that diſeaſe of grieued conſcience,
And well could cure the ſame; His name was *Patience*.

24

Who, comming to that ſoule-diſeaſed knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie ſpright,
Well ſearcht, eftſoones he gan apply reliefe
Of ſalues and med'cines, which had paſſing prieſe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to eaſe he him recured brieſe,
And much aſſwag'd the paſſion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as ſeeming now more light.

25

But yet the cauſe and roote of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected ſin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained ſtill,
And feſtring ſore did rankle yet within,
Cloſe creeping twixt the marrow and the skin,
Which to exturpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darkſome lowely place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corroſiues to apply,
And with ſtreict diet tame his ſtubborne malady.

26

In aſhes and ſackcloth he did array
His dainty corſe, proud humours to abate,
And dieted with faſting euery day,
The ſwelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And euer as ſuperfluous fleſh did rot,
Amendement ready ſtill at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers firie hot,
That ſoone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

27

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to diſple euery day:
And ſharpe *Remorſe* his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And ſad *Repentance* vſed to embay,
His body in ſalt water ſmarting ſore,
The filthy blots of ſinne to waſh away.
So in ſhort ſpace they did to health reſtore
The man that would not liue, but earſt lay at deaths dore.

28

In which, his torment often was ſo great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his fleſh, and his owne ſinewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull ſhrieckes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltleſſe garments, and her golden haire,
For pitty of his paine and anguiſh ſore;
Yet all with patience wiſely ſhe did beare;
For well ſhe wiſt, his crime could elſe be neuer cleare.

Whom

29

Whom thus recouer'd by wife *Patience*,
And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:
Who ioyous of his cured conſcience,
Him dearely kiſt, and fairely eke beſought
Himſelfe to cheriſh, and conſuming thought
To put away out of his carefull breſt.
By this, *Charißa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen ſtrong, and left her fruitfull neſt;
To her, faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted gueſt.

30

Shee was a woman in her freſheſt age,
Of woudrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely perſonage,
That was on earth not eaſie to compare;
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton ſnare
As hell ſhe hated, chaſte in work and will;
Her neck and breaſts were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might ſuck their fill;
The reſt was all in yellow robes arraied ſtill.

31

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their ſports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom ſtill ſhee fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thruſt them forth ſtill, as they wexed old:
And on her head ſhee wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
Whoſe paſſing price vneath was to be told;
And by her ſide there ſate a gentle paire
Of Turtle doues, ſhee ſitting in an Ivorie chaire.

32

The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'ſies ſeeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then *Vna* her beſought to be ſo good,
As in her vertuous rules to ſchoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withſtood,
In that ſad houſe of *Penaunce*, where his ſpright
Had paſt the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

33

She was right ioyous of her iuſt requeſt,
And taking by the hand that Faeries ſonne,
Gan him inſtruct in euery good beheſt,
Of loue, and righteouſneſſe, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warily to ſhunne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many ſoules in dolours had fordonne:
In which, when him ſhe well inſtructed hath,
From thence to heauen ſhe teacheth him the ready path.

34

Wherein his weaker wandring ſteps to guide,
An ancient Matrone ſhe to her does call,
Whoſe ſober lookes her wiſedome well deſcride:
Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,
To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him ſhe gaue,
To lead aright, that he ſhould neuer fall
In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,
That Mercy in the end his righteous ſoule might ſaue.

35

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her preſence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with buſhy thornes, and ragged breares,
VVhich ſtill before him ſhe remoov'd away,
That nothing might his ready paſſage ſtay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to ſhrinke, or from the right to ſtray,
She held him faſt, and firmly did vpbeare,
As carefull Nurſe her child from falling oft does reare.

36

Eftſoones vnto an holy Hoſpitall,
That was fore by the way, ſhee did him bring,
In which ſeauen Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to ſeruice of high heauens King,
Did ſpend their dayes in dooing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were trauailing,
And one ſate waiting euer them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

37

The firſt of them that eldeſt was, and beſt,
Of all the houſe had charge and gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the reſt:
His office was to giue entertainement
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto ſuch, as could him feaſt againe,
And double quite for that he on them ſpent,
But ſuch as want of harbour did conſtraine:
Thoſe for Gods ſake his dutie was to entertaine.

38

The ſecond was an Almner of the place:
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thriſty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himſelfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for thoſe, whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid vp ſtill in ſtore,
Which as a ſtocke he left vnto his ſeed;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he leſſe, yet ſome he would giue to the pore.

39

The third had of their Wardrobe cuſtodie,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature ſeemely to array;
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no ſpare clothes to giue he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it diſtribute glad.

40

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore priſoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of braſs,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had ſtaid;
And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrow'd hell with heauie ſtowre, (bowre.
The faultie ſoules from thence brought to his heauenlie

The

41

The fift had charge, ſick perſons to attend,
And comfort thole in point of death which lay;
For, them moſt needeth comfort in the end,
When ſin, and hell, and death doe moſt diſmay
The feeble ſoule departing hence away.
All is but loſt, that liuing we beſtowe,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! haue mind of that laſt bitter throwe;
For, as the tree does fall, ſo lyes it euer lowe.

42

The ſixt had charge of them now beeing dead,
In ſeemely ſort their corſes to engraue,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heauenly Spouſe both ſweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their ſoules ſhall ſaue.
The wondrous workmanſhip of Gods owne mould,
Whoſe face he made all beaſts to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour ſhould.
Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

43

The ſeaneth, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayde, leaſt they ſhould be vndone:
In face of Iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull cauſes downe to tread:
And when they ſtood in moſt neceſſitee,
He did ſupply their want, and gaue them euer free.

44

There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,
The firſt and chiefeſt of the ſeauen, whoſe eare
Was gueſts to welcome, towards him did paſs:
Where, ſeeing *Mercy*, that his ſteps vp bare,
And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlineſſe,
And ſeemly welcome for her did prepare:
For, of their Order ſhee was Patroneſſe,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefeſt Foundereſſe.

45

There ſhe awhile him ſtaies, himſelfe to reſt,
That to the reſt more able he might be:
During which time, in euery good beheſt,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
She him inſtructed with great induſtree;
Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
That from the firſt vnto the laſt degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holie righteouſneſſe, without rebuke or blame.

46

Thence forward, by that painefull way they paſs,
Forth to an hill that was both ſteepe and hie;
On top whereof a ſacred Chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night ſaid his deuotion,
Ne other worldly buſineſs did apply;
His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;
Of God and goodneſſe was his meditation.

47

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often ſaw from heauens hight.
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loſt their kindly ſight,
Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his ſpright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the ſunne:
That hill they ſcale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile; but by her help the top at laſt he wonne.

48

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
With ſnowy locks adowne his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoarie froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an Oake halfe dead.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euery ſinew ſeene through his long faſt:
For, nought he car'd his careaſſe long vnfed;
His mind was full of ſpirituall repaſt,
And pyn'd his fleſh, to keepe his body lowe and chaſt.

49

Who, when theſe two approaching he eſpide,
At their firſt preſence grew agrieued ſore,
That forc't him lay his heauenly thoughts aſide;
And had he not that Dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the Knight.
They him ſaluted ſtanding farre afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50

What end (quoth ſhe) ſhould cauſe vs take ſuch paine,
But that ſame end, which euery liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſtreth bright
With burning ſtarres, and euer-liuing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wiſe *Fidelia*? ſhee doth thee require,
To ſhew it to this Knight, according his deſire.

51

Thrice happy man, ſaid then the father graue,
Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand doth lead,
And ſhewes the way, his ſinfull ſoule to ſaue:
Who better can the way to heauen areade,
Then thou thy ſelfe, that was both borne and bred
In heauenly throne, where thouſand Angels ſhine?
Thou dooſt the prayers of the righteous ſeed
Preſent before the Maieſtie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

52

Yet ſith thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhall be donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and ſee the way
That neuer yet was ſeene of Faeries ſonne,
That neuer leads the trauailer aſtray;
But, after labours long, and ſad delay,
Brings them to ioyous reſt and endleſſe bliſs.
But, firſt, thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoiled is,
And haue her ſtrength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

53
That done, he leads him to the higheſt Mount;
Such one, as that ſame mighty man of God,
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie dates vpon; where, writ in ſtone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhone.

54
Or like that ſacred hill, whoſe head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleaſant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verſe each where renownd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55
From thence, farre off he vnto him did ſhew
A little path, that was both ſteep and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;
Whoſe wals and towres were builded high and ſtrong
Of pearle and precious ſtone, that earthly tong
Cannot deſcribe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my ſimple ſong;
The Citie of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happineſſe doth dwell.

56
As he thereon ſtood gazing, he might ſee
The bleſſed Angels to and fro deſcend
From higheſt heauen, in gladſome companee,
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What ſtately building durſt ſo high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the ſtarry Sphere,
And what vnknowne nation there empeopled were.

57
Faire Knight (quoth he) *Hieruſalem* that is,
The new *Hieruſalem*, that God has built,
For thoſe to dwell in that are choſen his,
His choſen people, purg'd from ſinfull guilt,
With pittious bloud, which cruelly was ſpilt
On curſed tree, of that vnſpotted Lam,
That for the ſinnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie ſam,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58
Till now, ſaid then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,
In which that faireſt *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The faireſt Citie was, that might be ſeene;
And that bright towre all built of cryſtall cleene,
Panthea, ſeem'd the brighteſt thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwiſe I weene;
For, this great Citie, that does farre ſurpaſs, (glaſs.
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59
Moſt true, then ſaid the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,
The faireſt peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beſeemes all Knights of noble name,
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
And doen their ſeruice to that ſouereigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, ſhee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iuſtly vaunt.

60
And thou faire imp, ſprung out from Engliſh race,
How euer now accounted Elfins ſonne,
Well worthy doeſt thy ſeruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgin deſolate foredonne.
But, when thou famous victorie haſt wonne,
And high emongſt all Knights haſt hung thy ſhield,
Thence-forth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhonne,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For, bloud can nought but ſin, & warres but ſorowes yield.

61
Then ſecke this path, that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to heauen ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Hieruſalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a bleſſed end:
For, thou emongſt thoſe Saints, whom thou dooſt ſee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the ſigne of victory.

62
Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I thinke ſuch glory to attaine?
Theſe that haue it attaind, were in like caſe
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes muſt I at laſt be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue, ſo dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for looſe loues are vaine, and vaniſh into nought.

63
O! let me not (quoth he) returne againe
Back to the world, whoſe ioyes ſo fruitleſſe are;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or ſtraight way on that laſt long voyage fare,
That nothing may my preſent hope empare.
That may not be (ſaid he) ne maiſt thou yit
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cauſe into thy hand commit,
Till from her curſed foe thou haue her freely quit.

64
Then ſhall I ſoone (quoth he) ſo God me grace,
Abet that virgins cauſe diſconſolate,
And ſhortly back returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore eſtate.
But now a read, old father, why of late
Didſt thou behight me borne of Engliſh blood,
Whom all a Faeries ſonne doen nominate?
That word ſhall I (ſaid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For

65

For well I wote, thou ſpringſt from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings, that haue with mighty hand
And many bloudy battailes fought in place,
High rear'd their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquiſht them, vnable to withſtand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting reft,
There as thou ſleptſt in tender ſwadling band,
And her baſe Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such, men do Changelings call, ſo chang'd by Faeries theft.

66

Thence ſhee thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toileſome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans ſtate to bide,
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
And proue thy puiſſant armes, as ſeemes thee beſt became.

67

O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many fauours I with thee haue found,
That haſt my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This ſaid, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue return'd, but dazed were his eyne
Through paſſing brightneſſe, which did quite confound
His feeble ſenſe, and too exceeding ſhine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

68

At laſt, when as himſelfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he caſt him to retire;
Who him awaited ſtill with penſiue mind.
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good ſire,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hire.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to ſee,
And after little reſt, gan him deſire,
Of her aduenture mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

Canto XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights two daies inceſſantly: The third, him ouerthrowes, & gaines moſt glorious victory.

1

HIgh time now gan it wex for *Vna* faire,
To thinke of thoſe her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwaſted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto when as they now approched neare,
With harty words her Knight ſhe gan to cheare,
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake;
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,
That all theſe ſorrowes ſuffer for my ſake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2

Now are we come vnto my natiue ſoyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily ſpoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The ſparke of noble courage now awake,
And ſtriue your excellent ſelfe to excell;
That ſhall ye euermore renowmed make
Aboue all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (ſaid ſhe)
The braſen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge fiend impriſond be,
Whom I from far, ſee on the walls appeare,
Whoſe ſight my feeble ſoule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all, I doe eſpy
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to heare,
That (ô my parents) might I happily
Vnto you bring, to eaſe you of your miſery.

4

With that, they heard a roaring hideous ſound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And ſeem'd vneath to ſhake the ſtedfaſt ground.
Eftſoones that dreadfull Dragon they eſpide,
Where ſtretcht he lay vpon the ſunny ſide
Of a great hill, himſelfe like a great hill.
But all ſo ſoone, as he from farre deſcride
Thoſe gliſtring armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rous'd himſelfe full blithe, and haſtned them vntill.

5

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her ſelfe with-drawe aſide,
From whence ſhe might behold that battailes proofe,
And eke be ſafe from danger far deſcride:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wide.
Now, ô thou ſacred Muſe, moſt learned Dame,
Faire Impe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nurſe of time, and euerlaſting fame,
That warlike hands ennobleſt with immortall name;

6

O gently come into my feeble breſt,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Where-with the Martiall troupes thou dooſt infeſt,
And harts of great Heroës dooſt enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aſſwage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to ſound,
The God of warre with his fierce equipage
Thou dooſt awake, ſleepe neuer he ſo ſound,
And feared Nations dooſt with horrour ſterne aſtound.

7

Faire Goddeſſe lay that furious fit aſide,
Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* doe ſing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endleſſe praiſe:
But, now awhile let downe that haughty ſtring,
And to my tunes thy ſecond tenor raiſe,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8

By this, the dreadfull Beaſt drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haſte,
That with his largeneſſe meaſured much land,
And made wide ſhadowe vnder his huge waſte;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercaſt.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monſtrous, horrible, and vaſt,
Which (to increaſe his wondrous greatneſſe more)
Was ſwolne with wrath, and poyſon, and with bloody gore.

9

And ouer, all with brazen ſcales was arm'd,
Like plated coate of ſteele, ſo couched neare,
That nought mote pearce, ne might his corſe be harm'd
With dint of ſword, nor puſh of pointed ſpeare;
Which as an Eagle, ſeeing prey appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horrour was to heare:
For, as the claſhing of an Armour bright,
Such noyſe his rouzed ſcales did ſend vnto the Knight.

10

His ſlaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two ſayles, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
And eke the pennes that did his pineons bind,
Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him liſt the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted paſſage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens ſtood ſtill amazed with his threat.

11

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,
Does ouerſpred his long braſs-ſcaly back:
VVhoſe wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolds,
And thick entangled knots adowne does ſlacke;
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and black,
It ſweepeth all the Land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

12

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteele did far exceed
The ſharpneſſe of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it ſure, as ſure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But, his moſt hideous head, my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes
Wide gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyſſe all ruin fell.

13

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbets rawe
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increaſe, and all attonce to kill,
A cloude of ſmoothering ſmoake and ſulphur ſeare
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the ayre about with ſmoake and ſtench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhields,
Did burne with wrath, and ſparkled liuing fire:
As two broad Beacons, ſet in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,
And warning giue, that enemies conſpire,
With fire and ſword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
But farre within, as in a hollowe glade,
Thoſe glaring lamps were ſet, that made a dreadfull ſhade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did paſs,
Forelifting vp aloft his ſpeckled breſt,
And often bounding on the bruſed graſs,
As for great ioyance of his new-come gueſt.
Eftſoones he gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chaufſed Bore his briſtles doth vpreare,
And ſhooke his ſcales to battell ready dreſt;
That made the *Redcroſſe* Knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16

The Knight gan fairely couch his ſteady ſpeare,
And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:
The pointed ſteele arriuing rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,
But glauncing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet ſore amooued with ſo puiſſant puſh,
The wrathfull beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by, did bruſh
With his long taile, that horſe & man to ground did ruſh.

Both

17

Both horſe and man vp lightly roſe againe,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th'idle ſtroke yet back recoild in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For, neuer felt his imperceable breſt
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puiſſant knight.

18

Then with his wauing wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her ſtitting parts, and element vnſound,
To beare ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſailes, about him ſoared round:
At laſt, lowe ſtouping with vnweldie ſway,
Snatcht vp both horſe and man, to beare them quite away.

19

Long he them bore aboue the ſubiect Plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bowe a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtrugling ſtrong did him at laſt conſtraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard Hauke, preſuming to contend
With hardie fowle, aboue his able might,
His weanie pounces all in vaine doth ſpend,
To truſſe the prey too heauie for his flight; (ſight.
Which comming downe to ground, does free it ſelfe by

20

Hee ſo diſſeized of his gryping groſſe,
The Knight his thrillant ſpeare againe aſſaid
In his braſs-plated body to emboſſe,
And three mens ſtrength vnto the ſtroke he laid;
Where-with the ſtiffe beame quaked, as affraid,
And glauncing from his ſcaly neck, did glide
Cloſe vnder his left wing, then broad diſplaid.
The pearcing ſteele there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vncouth ſmart the Monſter loudly cride.

21

Hee cryde, as raging ſeas are wont to rore,
When wintry ſtorme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the earth would ſhoulder from her ſeate,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſtrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22

The ſteely head ſtuck faſt ſtill in his fleſh,
Till with his cruell clawes he ſnatcht the wood,
And quite aſunder broke. Forth flowed freſh
A guſhing riuer of black goarie blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he ſtood;
The ſtreame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter ſenſe of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noſethrill.

23

His hideous taile then hurled he about,
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomie ſteed, whoſe courage ſtout
Striuing to looſe the knot, that faſt him tyes,
Himſelfe in ſtraighter bands too raſh implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce conſtraind
To throwe his rider: who can quickly riſe
From off the earth, with durty bloud diſtaind;
For, that reprochefull fall right fouly he diſdaind:

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he ſtrooke ſo furious and ſo fell,
That nothing ſeemd the puiſſance could withſtand:
Vpon his creſt the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned creſt was armd ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extreamely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſhund the like to take,
But when he ſaw them come, he did them ſtill forſake.

25

The knight was wroth to ſee his ſtroke beguil'd,
And ſmote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the ſparkling ſteele recoild,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if in Adamant rock it had been pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to ſtye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnſeruiceable found.

26

Then full of griefe and anguiſh vehement,
He loudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring oven ſent
A flake of fire, that flaſhing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almoſt made affeard:
The ſcorching flame ſore ſinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body ſeard,
That he could not endure ſo cruell caſe,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verſe ſo much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and ſharp fits did haunt,
When him the poyſoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verſes charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thouſand dolours daunt,
Whom firie ſteele now burnt, that earſt him arm'd,
That earſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

28

Faint, weary, ſore, emboyled, grieued, brent
With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, ſmart, & inward fire
That neuer man ſuch miſchiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft deſire:
But death will neuer come when needs require.
Whom ſo diſmaid when that his foe behel'd,
He caſt to ſuffer him no more reſpire,
But gan his ſturdie ſterne about to weld,
And him ſo ſtrongly ſtrooke, that to the ground him feld.

29

It fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he ſtood,
Of auncient time there was a ſpringing Well,
From which faſt trickled forth a ſilver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that curſed Dragon got
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd thoſe ſacred waues, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30

For, vnto life the dead it could reſtore,
And guilt of ſinfull crimes cleane waſh away;
Thoſe that with ſickneſſe were infected ſore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th'Engliſh *Bath*, and eke the german *Spaw*,
Ne can *Cephiſe*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:
Into the ſame, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

31

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to ſteepe
His fierie face in billowes of the Weſt,
And his faint ſteeds watred in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reſt,
When that infernall Monſter, hauing keſt
His weary foe into that liuing Well,
Can high aduaunce his broad diſcoloured breſt
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

32

Which when his penſiue Ladie ſaw from farre,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoule aſſay,
As weening that the ſad end of the warre,
And gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowely bent
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But praying ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

33

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* roſe to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the ſea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if ſhee might ſpy
Her loued knight to moue his manly paſe:
For, ſhee had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enemy.

34

At laſt ſhe ſaw, where he vpſtarted braue
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to aſſay,
And maruailes at himſelfe, ſtill as he flies:
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did riſe.

35

Whom, when the damned fiend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new ſupplied knight.
He, now to proue his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Vpon his creſted ſcalpe ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled ſenſes all diſmaid.

36

I wote not, whether the reuenging ſteele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other ſecret vertue did enew;
Elſe, neuer could the force of fleſhly arme,
Ne molten metall in his blood embrew:
For, till that ſtound could neuer wight him harme,
By ſubtiltie, nor ſlight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37

The cruell wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons ſeem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous hunger did thereto conſtraine:
Then gan he toſſe aloft his ſtretched traine,
And there-with ſcourge the buxome ayre ſo ſore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his ſturdie ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38

The ſame aduauncing high aboue his head,
With ſharp intended ſting ſo rude him ſmot,
That to the earth him droue, as ſtriken dead;
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:
The mortall ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeaſd,
Where faſt it ſtuck, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous ſore diſeaſd,
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeaſd.

39

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoile he can him lightly reare,
And ſtroue to looſe the ſtarre infixed ſtring:
Which when in vaine he tride with ſtruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſting
Of his huge taile he quite in ſunder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the ſtump him left.

40

Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred ſmoake and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darkneſſe dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himſelfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall
Vpon his ſunne-bright ſhield, and grip't it faſt withall.

Much

41

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet how his talants to vnfold;
Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reaue by ſtrength the griped gage away:
Thrice he aſſaid it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vaine to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42

Tho when he ſaw no power might preuaile,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe aſſaile,
And double blowes about him ſtoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
As ſparkles from the andvile vſe to fly,
When heauie hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
Therewith at laſt he forc't him to vntie
One of his graſping feet, him to defend thereby.

43

The other foot faſt fixed on his ſhield,
When as no ſtrength nor ſtrokes mote him conſtraine
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmote therat with all his might and maine,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſance might ſuſtaine;
Vpon the ioynt the lucky ſteele did light,
And made ſuch way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;
The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
But hung ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

44

For griefe thereof, and diuelliſh deſpight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
Enrold in duskiſh ſmoake and brimſtone blew;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy ſmoke,
That all the Land with ſtench, & heauen with horror choke.

45

The heate whereof, and harmefull peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forc't him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſaue his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrailes did expire.
It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And downe he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

46

There grew a goodly tree him faire beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke euerlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our firſt fathers fall.

47

In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that ſoile, where all good things did growe,
And freely ſprung out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them ſowe,
Till that dread Dragon all did ouerthrowe.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftſoones did knowe
Both good and ill: O mournefull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

48

From that firſt tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A trickling ſtreame of Balme, moſt ſoueraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,
As it had deawed been with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The ſenſeleſſe corſe appointed for the Graue.
Into that ſtreme he fell: which did from death him ſaue.

49

For nigh thereto the euer damned beaſt
Durſt not approche, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preſerued, did deteſt:
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
By thus, the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to ſad ſucceeding night,
Who with her ſable mantle gan to ſhade
The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch ſet vp in heauen bright.

50

When gentle *Vna* ſaw the ſecond fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loſſe of bloud, moov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Beſmeard with precious Balme, whoſe vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and ſcorching heate alay,
Againe ſhee ſtriken was with ſore affright,
And for his ſafetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora* from her deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her ſelfe to reare,
With roſie cheekes, for ſhame as bluſhing red;
Her golden locks for haſte were looſely ſhed
About her eares, when *Vna* her did mark
Climbe to her charet, all with flowers ſpred;
From heauen high to chaſe the chearleſſe dark,
With merry note her loud ſalutes the mounting Lark.

52

Then freſhly vp aroſe the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,
And did himſelfe to battell ready dight;
Whoſe early foe awaiting him beſide
To haue deuour'd, ſo ſoone as day he eſpide,
When now he ſaw himſelfe ſo freſhly reare,
As if late fight had nought him dammifide,
He woxe diſmaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathleſſe, with wonted rage he him aduaunced neare.

53

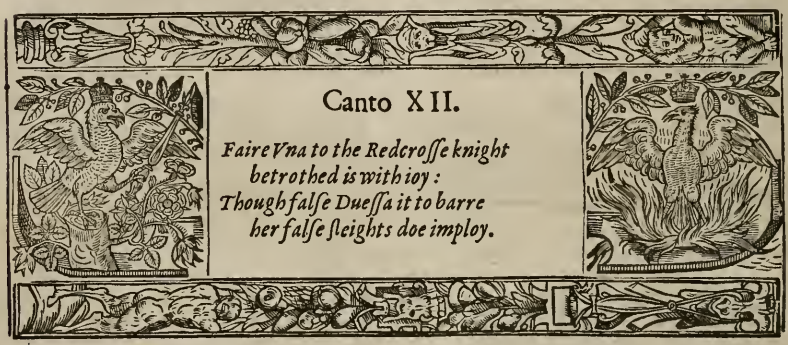
And in his firſt encounter, gaping wide,
Hee thought attonce him to haue ſwallowd quight,
And ruſht vpon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with ſo importune might,
That deepe empeare't his darkſome hollow maw,
And back retyr'd, his life bloud forth withall did drawe.

54

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vaniſht into ſmoake and cloudes ſwift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did groane, as feeble ſo great loade to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whoſe falſe foundation waues haue waſht away,
With dreadfull poyſe is from the maine land rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth diſmay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55

The Knight himſelfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maſſe it ſeem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durſt not approche for dread, which ſhe miſdeem'd:
But yet at laſt, when as the direfull feend
She ſaw not ſtirre, off-ſhaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and ſaw that ioyous end:
Then God ſhe prayſd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd ſo great a conqueſt by his might.



Canto XII.

Faire Vna to the Redcroſſe knight
betrothed is with ioy:
Though falſe Dueſſa it to barre
her falſe ſleights doe imploy.

1

Behold, I ſee the Hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie courſe to bend;
Vere the maine ſhete, & beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And ſeemeth ſafe from ſtormes, that may offend;
There this faire Virgin wearie of her way
Muſt landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble Barke a while may ſtay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2

Scarcely had *Phœbus* in the glooming Eaſt
Yet harneſſed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creaſt,
When the laſt deadly ſmoake aloft did ſteeme,
That ſigne of laſt outbreathed life did ſeeme,
Vnto the watchman on the Caſtle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beaſt did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had ſeene the Dragons fatall fall.

3

Vproſe with haſtie ioy, and feeble ſpeed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Thoſe tydings were, as he did vnderſtand:
Which when as true by tryall he out found,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been ſhut, and out of hond
Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State;
For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trumpets ſound on hie,
That ſent to heauen the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happy victory
Gainſt him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt impriſoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt,
From whoſe eternall bondage now they were releaſt.

5

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
Arraid in antique robes downe to the ground,
And ſad habiliments right well beſeene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of ſage and ſober Peeres, all grauely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able armes to ſound,
But now they Laurell branches bore in hand;
Glad ſigne of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto

6

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
And him before, themselues prostrating lowe,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe growe,
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
And in their hands sweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

7

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maidens sounding Tymbrels sung
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Vntill they came where that faire virgin stood;
As faire *Diana* in fresh summers day
Beholds her Nymphes, enrang'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some doe run, some bathe in crystall flood:

8

So she beheld those maidens meriment
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,
Themselues to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to heauen her euerlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who, in her selfe-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the rascall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approche him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faind;
One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind
Some lingring life within his hollowe brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her foole-hardy child
Did come too neere, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So, diuersly themselues in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To proue how many acres he did spread of land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him round about;
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that Champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of Ivorie and Gold,
And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13

And after, to his Palace he them brings,
With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people sings,
And with their garments strowes the paued street:
Whence mounting vp, they find purveyance meet
Of all, that royall Princes Court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowely sit, and fitting purpose frame.

14

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of dainty dishes to deuise,
Of comely seruices, or courtly traine?
My narrowe leaues cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For, th'antique world excesse and pride did hate;
Such proude luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

15

Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That ancient Lord gan fit occasion find,
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauaile him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before expresst,
Discourst his voyage long, according his requeste.

16

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckelesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedeaw'd the hearers cheaks.

17

Then said the royall Peere in sober wise;
Deare sonne, great been the euils, which ye bore
From first to last, in your late enterprise,
That I no'te, whether praise, or pitty more:
For, neuer liuing man (I weene) so sore
In sea of deadly dangers was distrest;
But sith now safe ye seised haue the shore,
And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
Let vs deuise of ease, and euerlasting rest.

Ah

18

Ah, deareſt Lord, ſaid then that doughty Knight,
Of eaſe or reſt I may not yet deuiſe;
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, ſtraight after this emprize
(As that your daughter can ye well adviſe)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to ſerue ſixe yeeres in warlike wiſe,
Gainſt that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crane pardon, till I there haue beene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard neceſſitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I againſt the ſame can iuſtly preace:
But ſith that band ye cannot now releaſe,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of thoſe ſix yeares ſhall ceaſe,
Ye then ſhall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accompliſh vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In ſort as through the world I did proclame,
That who ſo kild that Monſter (moſt deforme)
And him in hardy battaile ouercame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:
Therefore, ſith now to thee pertaines the ſame,
By due deſert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireſt *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ſtarre appeare
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wiſhed light;
So faire and freſh that Lady ſhew'd her ſelfe in ſight.

22

So faire and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in May;
For, ſhe had laid her mournefull ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heauenly beauty ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did weare,
All lilly white, withouten ſpot, or pride,
That ſeem'd like ſilke and ſilver wouen neare;
But neither ſilke nor ſilver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightneſſe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her ſunſhiny face
To tell, were as to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and baſe,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtiall ſight:
Oft had he ſeene her faire, but neuer ſo faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her Sire made humble reuerence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wiſdome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to ſay. But ere he thus had ſaid,
With flying ſpeed, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diſmaid,
A Meſſenger with Letters, which his meſſage ſaid.

25

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
At ſuddaineneſſe of that vnwarie ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſſe haſtie mood.
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleſſe he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he diſcloſing, read thus, as the paper ſpake.

26

To thee, moſt mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The wofull daughter, and forſaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the Weſt;
And bids thee be adviſed for the beſt,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknowen gueſt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, ſad maid, or rather widow ſad,
He was affianced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falſe erraunt knight, infamous, and forſwore:
Witneſſe the burning Altars, which he ſwore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periurie;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iuſt doe fly,
And them coniure t'auenge this ſhamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, ſith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or true, or liuing or elſe dead,
With-hold, ô ſoueraigne Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with ſtrength adowne to tread,
Through weakneſſe of my widowhed, or woe:
For, truth is ſtrong, his rightfull cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fideſſa.

29

When he theſe bitter byting words had red,
The tydings ſtrange did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt, his ſolemne ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely ſake
Thy life and honour late aduentureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

What

30

What meane theſe bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſſe, that I guiltleſſe ame.
But, if your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime doe not it couer, but diſcloſe the ſame.

31

To whom the *Redcroſſe* knight this anſwere ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmaid,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid
VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately trauaild, that vnwares I ſtraid
Out of my way, through perils ſtrange and hard;
That day ſhould faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this falſe woman, that *Fideſſa* hight,
Fideſſa hight the falſeſt Dame on ground,
Moſt falſe *Dueſſa*, royall richly dight,
That eaſie was to inveagle weaker ſight:
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betraid, when leaſt I feared ill.

33

Then ſtepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
And on the ground her ſelfe proſtrating lowe,
With ſober countenaunce thus to him ſaid;
O pardon me, my ſoueraigne Lord, to ſhowe
The ſecret treaſons, which of late I knowe
To haue been wrought by that falſe Sorcereſſe.
She onely ſhee it is, that earſt did throwe
This gentle knight into ſo great diſtreſſe,
That death him did await in daily wretchedneſſe.

34

And now it ſeemes, that ſhe ſuborned hath
This craftie meſſenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided ſcath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein ſhe vſed hath the practick paine
Of this falſe footman, cloakt with ſimpleneſſe:
Whom if ye pleaſe for to diſcouer plaine,
Ye ſhall him *Archimago* find, I gheſſe,
The falſeſt man aliue, who tries ſhall find no leſſe.

35

The King was greatly mooued at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddaine indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
Attach't that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who, ſeeming ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With idle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

36

But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile traines
He could eſcape foule death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was paciſide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,
With ſacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide;
At which, a buſhy Teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lampe in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38

Then gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with Frankincenſe diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from farre away,
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
And all the while ſweet Muſick did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of loue and iollity.

39

During the which, there was an heauenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall Maieſtie,
In their trinall triplicities on hie;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heauenly ſweet
Proceeded: yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reſt of his ſenſes meet,
And rauiſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

40

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaimd throughout the Land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thrife happy man the Knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
Her hart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

41

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked envie, nor vile iealouſie
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of blisfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

42

Now ſtrike your ſailes yee iolly Mariners:
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this wearie veſſell of her lode.
Heere ſhe awhile may make her ſafe aboade,
Till ſhe repaired haue her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhee ſpeed, and fairely finiſh her intent.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING THE LEGENDE OF SIR GVYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.

1

RIght well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some, th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt; yet no where showe,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

2

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to vs is read:
And daily how through hardy enterprise,
Many great Regions are discouered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer view?

3

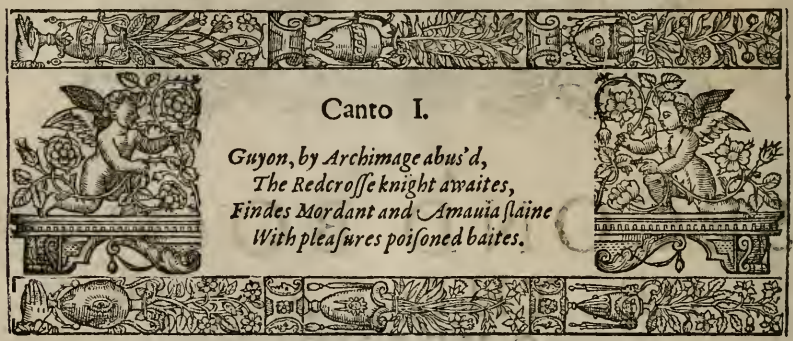
Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe;
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:
And later times things more vnknowne shall showe.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare,
What if in euery other starre vnseene
Of other worlds he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare.

4

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes heere set in sundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, ô fairest Princesse vnder sky,
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

5

The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold
In couert veile, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beamez bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The braue aduentures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.



Canto I.

Guyon, by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcroſſe knight awaites,
Findes Mordant and Amauia ſlaine
With pleaſures poiſoned baites.

1

THat cunning Architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late diſpleaſure left in bands,
For falſed Letters and ſuborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcroſſe* knight he vnderſtands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
To ſerue againe his ſoueraigne Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of captiue hands
Himſelfe he frees by ſecret meanes vnſeene;
His ſhackles emptie left, himſelfe eſcaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken miſchiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart ſore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates muſt forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earſt reſtore
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where ſhe enioyes ſure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ſhip arriu'd on happy ſhore.

3

Him therefore now the obiect of his ſpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treaſon, or by open fight
He ſeeks, of all his driſt the aymed end:
Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
With thouſand other ſleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already ſtong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie ſtales did lay,
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
And priuie ſpials plac't in all his way,
To weet what courſe he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at avantage in his ſnares.
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now ſo wiſe and warie was the knight,
That he deſcride, and ſhunned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'leſſe, th'Enchaunter would not ſpare his paine,
In hope to win occaſion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:
For, to all good he enemy was ſtill.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet
(Faire marching vnderneath a ſhady hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harneſſe meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

6

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate;
But yet ſo ſterne and terrible in ſight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his natiue land:
Well could he tourney, and in liſts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie Land.

7

Him als accompanid vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripeſt yeeres, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeem'd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And euer with ſlowe paſe the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equall ſteps to tread.

8

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke ſome vncouth wile;
Eftſoones vntwiſting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenaunce and flattring ſtile
To them approaching, thus the Knight beſpake:
Faire ſonne of *Mars*, that ſeeke with warlike ſpoile,
And great atchieu'ments, great your ſelfe to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers ſake.

He

9

He ſtaid his ſteed for humble miſers ſake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who, feigning then in euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and ſeeming pale and faint,
With pittious mone his pearcing ſpeech gan paint;
Deare Lady, how ſhall I declare thy caſe,
Whom late I left in langourous conſtraint!
Would God thy ſelfe now preſent were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy ſight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, ô would it ſo had chaunc't,
That you, moſt noble Sir, had preſent beene,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile luſt aduaunc't)
Laid firſt his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To ſpoile her daintie corſe ſo faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer ſeene,
Of chaſtitie and honour virginall:
Witneſſe ye heauens, whom ſhe in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be (ſaid then the knight halfe wroth)
That knight ſhould knight-hood euer ſo haue ſhent?
None but that ſaw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How ſhamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looſer golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his ſharp ſword,
Againſt her ſnowy breaſt he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloudy word;
Tongue hates to tell the reſt, that eye to ſee abhord.

12

There-with, amooued from his ſober mood,
And liues he yet (ſaid he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens affoord him vitall food?
He liues (quoth he) and boaſteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (ſaid he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That ſhall I ſhew (ſaid he) as ſure, as hound
The ſtriken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound,

13

He ſtaid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haſte, away is quickly gone
To ſeeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They doe arriue anone,
Where ſate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire diſcheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her ſwollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was foully blubbered.

14

The Knight, approching nigh, thus to her ſaid,
Faire Ladie, through foule ſorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to ſee you thus diſmaid,
And marre the bloſſome of your beauty bright:
For thy, appeaſe your griefe and heauy plight,
And tell the cauſe of your conceiued paine.
For, if he liue that hath you doen deſpight;
He ſhall you doe due recompence againe,
Or elſe his wrong with greater puiſſance maintaine.

15

Which when ſhee heard, as in deſpightfull wiſe,
She wilfully her ſorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did deſpiſe:
Her golden locks moſt cruelly ſhe rent,
And ſcratcht her face with gaſtly dreriment;
Ne would ſhe ſpeake, ne ſee, ne yet be ſeene,
But hid her viſage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous ſhame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with ſorrow had transfixed beene;

16

Till her that Squire beſpake, Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not ſo wilfull bent,
But doe vouchſafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you preſent.
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increaſe,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When ſhe her Squire heard ſpeake, ſhe gan appeaſe
Her voluntarie paine, and feele ſome leeret eaſe.

17

Eftſoone ſhe ſaid, Ah gentle truſtie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why ſhould euer I henceforth deſire
To ſee faire heauens face, and life not leaue,
Sith that falſe Trayter did my honour reaue?
Falſe Traytour certes (ſaid the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for ſuch a foule deſpight.

18

But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this ſhamefull plight;
That ſhort reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where ſo he be, and ſoone vpon him light.
Certes (ſaid ſhe) I wote not how he hight;
But vnder him a gray ſteed did he wield,
Whoſe ſides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his ſiluer ſhield
He bore a bloudy Croſſe, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (ſaid *Guyon*) much I muſe
How that ſame Knight ſhould doe ſo foule amiſs,
Or euer gentle Damzell ſo abuſe:
For, may I boldly ſay, hee ſurely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I preſent was, and can it witneſſe well,
When armes he ſwore, and ſtraight did enterpris
Th'aduenture of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathleſſe, he ſhortly ſhall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame:
Elſe be ye ſure, he dearely ſhall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of ſhame.
Now therefore Ladie, riſe out of your paine,
And ſee the ſaluing of your blotted name.
Full loath ſhee ſeemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For, ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gaine.

21

Her purpoſe was not ſuch, as ſhe did faine,
Ne yet her perſon ſuch, as it was ſeene;
But vnder ſimple ſhewe, and ſemblant plaine
Lurkt falſe *Dueſſa*, ſecretly vnſeene,
As a chaſte virgin that had wronged beene:
So had falſe *Archimago* her diſguis'd,
To cloake her guile with ſorrow and ſad teene;
And eke himſelfe had craftily deuis'd
To be her Squire, and doe her ſeruice well aguis'd.

22

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,
Where ſhe did wander in waſte Wildernеſſe,
Lurking in Rocks and Caues farre vnder ground,
And with greene moſſe cov'ring her nakednеſſe,
To hide her ſhame and loathly filthineſſe;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty ſpoyld. Her nathleſſe
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

23

For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,
And drawe them from purſuit of praiſe and fame,
To ſlug in ſloth and ſenſuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed ſhame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame
To ſee the *Redcroſſe* thus advaunced hie;
Therefore thus craftie engine he did frame,
Againſt his praiſe to ſtirre vp enmitie
Of ſuch, as vertues like mote vnto him allie.

24

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way,
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at laſt
Into a pleaſant dale, that lowely lay
Betwixt two hils, whoſe high heads overplac't,
The valley did with coole ſhade overcaſt;
Through midſt thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there ſate a knight with helme vnlac't,
Himſelfe refreſhing with the liquid cold,
After his trauaile long, and labours manifold.

25

Loe, yonder hee (cryde *Archimage* alowd)
That wrought the ſhamefull fact, which I did ſhew;
And now he doth himſelfe in ſecret ſhrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for, ye ſhall dearely doe him rew,
So God yee ſpeed, and ſend you good ſucceſſe;
Which we farre off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulneſſe,
That ſtraight againſt that knight his ſpeare he did addreſſe.

26

Who, ſeeing him from farre ſo fierce to prick,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the reſt his ready ſpeare did ſtick;
Tho when as ſtill he ſaw him towards paſe,
He gan t'encounter him in equall race.
They beene ymet, both ready to affrap,
When ſuddainly that warriour gan abaſe
His threatned ſpeare, as if ſome new miſhap
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap;

27

And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedleſſe hardiment,
That had almoſt committed crime abhord,
And with reprochefull ſhame mine honour ſheat,
Whiles curſed ſteele againſt that badge I bent,
The ſacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your ſhield is ſet for ornament:
But his fierce foe his ſteed could ſtay vneath,
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell battell breath.

28

But, when he heard him ſpeake, ſtraight way he knew
His errot, and (himſelfe inclyning) ſaid;
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you;
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whoſe haſtie hand ſo farre from reaſon ſtraid,
That almoſt it did haynous violence
On that faire Image of that heauenly Maid,
That decks and armes your ſhield with faire defence:
Your court'ſie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So been they both attone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themſelues with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaid the *Redcroſſe* Knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with ſo fierce faliance,
And fell intent ye did at earſt me meet;
For, ſith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cauſe (I ween) you guided, or ſome vncouth chaunce.

30

Certes (ſaid he) well mote I ſhame to tell
The fond encheaſon that me hither led.
A falſe infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,
And plaind of grieuous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought againſt a Ladie gent:
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule ſhame him follow, where hee went.

31

So can he turne his eameſt vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wiſe temperaunce.
By this, his aged guide in preſence came;
Who, ſoone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftſoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;
And ſaid, Faire ſonne, God giue you happy chaunce,
And that deare Croſſe vpon your ſhield deuiz'd,
Where-with aboue all knights ye goodly ſeeme aguiz'd.

32

Ioy may you haue, and euerlaſting fame,
Of late moſt hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Regiſters aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your ſeat haue wonne:
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Muſt now anew begin, like race to runne,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wiſhed haven bring thy wearie barke.

Palmer,

33

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* Knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes;
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thewes.

34

So, courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
Through many hard assaies, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.
At last, as chaunc't them by a Forest side
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With pearcing shrieks, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36

But, if that careless heauens (quoth she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to hue in liues despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in huing state,
Long maist thou hue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy luckelesse Parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38

With that, a deadly shricke she forth did throwe,
That through the wood reecchoed againe:
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearcing paine;
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

39

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruell knife, that made a grieslly wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay
His little hands, and tender ioyuts embrew;
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41

Besides them both, vpon the soiled grass
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosie red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42

Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wex as starke as Marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to groue,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the sloud-gate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breathe out liuing aire.

44

Which he pereciuing, greatly gan reioyce,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweet voice;
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruefull pitty, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,
Or curssed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus foule to hasten your vntimely date?
Speake, ô deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

45

There-with her dim eye-lids ſhe vp gan reare,
On which the dreary death did ſit, as ſad
As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her ſtanding ſhee eſpied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely ſtarted, yet ſhe nothing drad:
Straight downe againe her ſelfe in great deſpight,
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight, her ſoone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and ſoftly did vphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thriee ſhe ſunke againe,
Till he his armes about her ſides gan fold,
And to her ſaid; Yet if the ſtony cold
Haue not all ſeized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the ſecret of your mortall ſmart;
He oft findes preſent help, who does his griefe impart.

47

Then caſting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She ſigh't, from bottom of her wounded breſt,
And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppreſt,
Theſe words ſhe breathed forth from riuen cheſt;
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her due reſt,
And trouble dying ſoules tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48

Ah! farre be it (ſaid he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder ſoule from her deſired reſt,
Or hold ſad life in long captiuitee:
For, all I ſeeke, is but to haue redreſt
The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infeſt.
Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatall priefe
Hath with ſo huge misfortune you oppreſt?
That I may caſt to compaſſe your reliefe,
Or die with you in ſorrow, and partake your griefe.

49

With feeble hands then ſtretched forth on hie,
As heauen accuſing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In theſe ſad words ſhe ſpent her vtmoſt breath:
Heare then (ô man) the ſorrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, ſo farre all ſenſe they paſs:
Lo, this dead corpſe, that lyes here vnderneath,
The gentleſt knight, that euer on greene graſs
Gay ſteed with ſpurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

50

Was (ay the while, that he is not ſo now!)
My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauens iuſt with equall brow
Vouchſafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high courage did emmoue,
(As wont ye knights to ſeeke adventures wild)
Hee pricked forth, his puiſſaunt force to proue,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckleſſe child, whom thus yee ſee with bloud defil'd.

51

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheſſe)
To come where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia, a falſe Enchauntereſſe,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth ronne
And ſtray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, ſhonne
The curſed land where many wend amiſs,
And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliſs*.

52

Her bliſſe is all in pleaſure and delight,
Where-with ſhee makes her louers drunken mad;
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,
On them ſhe works her will to vſes bad:
My lifeſt Lord ſhe thus beguiled had;
For, he was fleſh: (all fleſh doth frailetie breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been ſo ill beſtad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my ſelfe in Palmers weed,
And caſt to ſeek him forth through danger & great dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
Full meaſured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three times had fild her crooked hornes,
When as my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwiues
Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;
Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while ſo my dear I ſought.

54

Him ſo I ſought, and ſo at laſt I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of luſt and lewd deſires ybound,
And ſo transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wiſe handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuiſe for his deliuerance.

55

Which when the vile Enchauntereſſe pereeiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting ſhe deceiu'd;
Sad verſe, giue death to him that death does giue,
And loſſe of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So ſoone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does linke:
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this Well, he ſtoupt to drinke:
The charme fulfild, dead ſuddenly he downe did ſinke.

56

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more ſhe ſaid,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And ſlydng ſoft, as downe to ſleepe her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abſtaine; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from ſo heauie ſight his head did wreath,
Accuſing Fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in ſo wretched ſtate.

Then

57

Then turning to the Palmer, ſaid, Old ſire,
Behold the Image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleſhly tire,
When raging paſſion with fierce tyrannie
Robs reaſon of her due regalitie,
And makes it ſeruaunt to her baſeſt part:
The ſtrong, it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakeſt hart;
The ſtrong, through pleaſure ſooneſt falls, the weake
58 (through ſmart.

But temperance (ſaid he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can meaſure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,
Nor fry in hartleſſe griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But, ſith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguiſh, rather then of crime hath beene,
Reſerue her cauſe to her eternall doome;
And in the meane, vouchſafe her honorable toombe.
59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of reſt;
But, after death, the tryall is to come,
When beſt ſhall be to them that liued beſt:
But, both alike, when death hath both ſuppreſt,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which whoſo wants, wants ſo much of his reſt:
For, all ſo great ſhame after death I weene,
As ſelfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.
60

So, both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earths wombe they open to the sky,
And with ſad Cypreſſe ſeemely it embraue;
Then couering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleepe in euerlaſting peace.
But, ere they did their vtmoſt obſequy,
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increaſe,
Bynempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould aye releaſe.
61

The dead Knights ſword out of his ſheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,
Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
Such and ſuch euill God on *Guyon* reare,
And worſe and worſe young Orphane be thy paine,
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
So, ſhedding many teares, they cloſ'd the earth againe.

Canto II.

Babes bloudy hands may not be clens'd,
the face of golden Meane.
Her ſiſters two Extremities:
ſtriue her to baniſh cleane.

1

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad Tragedie vptide,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance & bold blandiſh-
Gan ſmile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth empereed deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did ſteep.

2

Ah! luckleſſe babe, borne vnder cruell ſtar,
And in dead Parents balefull aſhes bred,
Full litle weeneſt thou, what ſorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
Poore Orphane, in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding branch rent from the natiue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the ſtate of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miſeree.

3

Then ſoft himſelfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath diſdainefull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his waſhing) cleaner. Still he ſtroue,
Yet ſtill the litle hands were bloudie ſeene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloud-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venim, which they drunk,
Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senseless trunk,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chus'd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6

Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other some, by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters base,
And thence-forth were renowm'd, & sought from place to place.

7

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunc't to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8

At last, when failing breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,
She sate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismaid
With stonie feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9

Lo, now she is that stone; from those two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to showe,
Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,
But euer (like her selfe) vnstained hath been tride.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
May not be cleansd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloudy, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

Hee harkned to his reason, and the child
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lofty steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foote, how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they trauailed with little ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rock adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares;
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie
In brayded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Whil'st

16

Whil'ſt ſhe her ſelfe thus buſily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come gueſt,
Newes heereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her friend with lauiſh feaſt:
They were two knights of peerleſſe puiſſaunce,
And famous farre abroad for warlike geſt,
Which to theſe Ladies loue did countenaunce,
And to his Miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtroue to advaunce.

17

He that made loue vnto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not ſo good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many raſh adventures wan;
Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, then wiſe in workes he was,
And reaſon with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage paſs,
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in ſhining braſs.

18

But he that lov'd the youngeſt, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late foule outraged,
The moſt vnruly and the boldeſt boy
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſſe luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſſe might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion choſe for loue to fight.

19

Theſe two gay knights, vow'd to ſo diuers loues,
Each other does envie with deadly hate,
And daily warre againſt his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſeruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtrange knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell ſterne themſelues prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceed vnto the place
Where he abode, themſelues at diſcord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle ſpace:
With hornble aſſault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her ſetled ſeat,
The houſe was raiſd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

21

The noyſe thereof calth forth that ſtranger Knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond:
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His ſunbroad ſhield about his wreſt he bond,
And ſhyning blade vnſheath'd, with which he ran
Vnto that ſtead, their ſtrife to vnderſtond;
And, at his firſt arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him ſpying, both with greedy force
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortall ſteele without remorſe;
And on his ſhield like iron ſledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Eſpy a trauailer with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſaile on euery ſide.

23

But he, not like a wearie trauailere,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldy did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blowes to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:
Whoſe grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelues turning their wrathfull ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhields to hew and cut;
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

24

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whom raging winds threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rocks, do diuerſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy Graue;
She, ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her ſelfe doth ſaue:

25

So boldly he him beares, and ruſheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great proweſſe and heröick worth
He ſhew'd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,
Now fore't to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, ſo double be his praiſe.

26

Strange ſort of fight, three valiant knights to ſee
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In ſtouteſt mindes, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubiect arre!

27

While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her treſſes torne,
And naked breaſt (in pitty of their harmes)
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beforne,
Beſought them by the wombe which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them moſt deare,
And by the knighthood, which they ſure had ſworne,
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbeare,
And to her iuſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

28

But her two other ſiſters, ſtanding by,
Her loud gainſaid, and both their Champion bad
Purſue the end of their ſtrong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet ſhe, with pithy words and counſell ſad,
Still ſtroue their ſtubborne rages to reuoke;
That, at the laſt, ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They gan abſtaine from dint of direfull ſtroke,
And harken to the ſober ſpeeches which ſhe ſpoke.

29

Ah! puiſſaunt Lords, what curſed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble harts
Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
And ſtird you vp to worke your wilfull ſmarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be theſe the parts
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurſt,
And not regard due right and iuſt deſarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniuſt,
That more to mighty hands, then rightful cauſe doth truſt.

30

And, were there rightfull cauſe of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud-guiltineſs to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, ô my lieſeſt Lord.
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thouſand Furies wait on wrathfull ſword;
Ne ought the praiſe of proweſſe more doth marre,
Then foule revenging rage, and baſe contentious iarre.

31

But louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doth nouriſh vertue, and faſt friendſhip breedes;
Weake ſhe makes ſtrong, & ſtrong thing does increaſe,
Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,
By which ſhe triumphs ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, ô my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this miſſeeming diſcord meekly lay aſide.

32

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And ſunke ſo deepe into their boyling breſts,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowely did abaſe their loftie creſts
To her faire preſence, and diſcrete beheſts.
Then ſhe began a treatie to procure,
And ſtabliſh termes betwixt both their requeſts,
That as a lawe for euer ſhould endure;
Which to obſerue, in word of knights they did aſſure.

33

Which to confirme, and faſt to bind their league,
After their wearie ſweat and bloudy toile,
She them beſought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To reſt themſelues, and grace to reconcile.
They ſoone conſent: ſo forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiu'd, and made to ſpoile
Themſelues of ſoiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleaſure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34

And thoſe two froward ſiſters (their faire loues)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues;
But could not colour yet ſo well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For, both did at their ſecond ſiſter grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch; (much.
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
Such entertainement baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeake, but euermore did ſeeme
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to ſhowe, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowring browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

36

But young *Periſſa* was of other mind,
Full of diſport, ſtill laughing, looſely light,
And quite contrary to her ſiſters kind;
No meaſure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleaſure and delight;
In wine and meats ſhe flow'd aboue the bank,
And in exceſſe exceeded her owne might;
In ſumptuous tire ſhe ioy'd her ſelfe to prank;
But of her loue too lauiſh (little haue ſhe thank.)

37

Firſt, by her ſide did ſit the bold *Sanſloy*,
Fit mate for ſuch a mincing mineon,
Who in her looſeneſſe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did ſee and grieue at his bold faſhion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet ſtill he ſat, and inly did himſelfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina* ſate,
With ſober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall meaſure ſhe did moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire ſhe euer would aſſwage,
When they would ſtriue due reaſon to exceed;
But that ſame froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept ſhe them in order, and herſelfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely ſhee attempered her feaſt,
And pleaſd them all with meet ſatietie:
At laſt, when luſt of meat and drinke was ceaſt,
She *Guyon* deare beſought of curteſie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty ſiege began theſe words aloud to ſound.

This

40

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth reuiue
Freſh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and moſt glorious virgin Queene aliue,
That with her ſouereigne powre, and ſcepter ſheene,
All Faerie Lond does peaceable ſuſteene.
In wideſt Ocean ſhe her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be ſeene;
As morning ſunne her beames diſpredden cleare:
And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heauenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
And all, that elſe this worlds encloſure baſe
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the perſon of her Maieſtie;
That men beholding ſo great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Doe her adore with ſacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42

To her, I homage and my ſeruice owe,
In number of the nobleſt knights on ground,
Mongſt whom, on me ſhe deigned to beſtowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the moſt renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
An yearely ſolemne feaſt ſhe wonts to make
The day that firſt doth lead the yeare around;
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Reſort, to heare of ſtrange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer ſhewed himſelfe that day,
And to that mighty Princeſſe did complaine
Of grieuous miſchiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redreſſe. My Soueraigne,
Whoſe glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftſoones deuis'd redreſſe for ſuch annoyes;
Mee (all vnfit for ſo great purpoſe) ſhe employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her ſilver face
Thrice ſeene the ſhadowes of the neather world,
Sith laſt I left that honourable place,
In which her royall preſence is introld;
Ne euer ſhall I reſt in houſe nor hold,
Till I that falſe *Acraſia* haue wonne;
Of whoſe foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witneſſe am, and thus their wretched ſonne,
Whoſe wofull Parents ſhe hath wickedly fordonne.

45

Tell on, faire Sir, ſaid ſhe, that dolefull tale,
From which ſad ruth does ſeeme you to reſtraine.
That we may pitty ſuch vnhappy bale.
And learne from pleaſures poyſon to abſtaine:
Ill, by enſample, good doth often gaine.
Then forward he his purpoſe gan purſew,
And told the ſtorie of the mortall paine,
Which *Mordant* and *Amauia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes himſelfe did lately view.

46

Night was farre ſpent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing Snake,
His flaming head did haſten for to ſteepe,
When of his pittious tale he end did make;
Whilſt with delight of that he wiſely ſpake,
Thoſe gueſts beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly ſleepe, that did them ouertake.
At laſt, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wiſt their houre was ſpent; then each to reſt him hies.

Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horſe, is made the ſcorne Of knighthood true, and is of faire Belphœbe foule forlorne.

1

SOone as the morrowe faire with purple beames
Diſperſt the ſhadowes of the miſtie night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eaſterne ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with ſpringing light,
Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vproſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
His puiſſant armes about his noble breſt,
And many-folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

Then

2

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloudy-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture ensu'th:
And, that so soone as riper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that daies ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

3

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone:
Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more aloue:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods side
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare beside,
And rushed in on foote, to ayde her ere she dide.

4

The whiles, a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing veine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous spright
Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
He, that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

5

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,
And of himselfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoake of vanitie,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But, for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to Court he cast t'auaunce his first degree.

6

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting idle on a sunny banke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,
He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his hart thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ride so rank,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce reuil'd him loud;
Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despaire,
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,
Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doost not vnto death thy selfe prepare?
Die, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee grant, for aunswere thus to stay.

8

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miser threwe himselfe as an Offall,
Straight at his foote in base humilitee,
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

9

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eftsoones this liege-man gan to wex more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe vnfold:
For, he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleights and practick knauery.
From that day forth he cast for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blowe the bellowes to his swelling vanitie.

10

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadochio*,
To serue at Court in view of vaunting eye:
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blowe
In his light wings, is lifted vp to sky:
The scorne of knight-hood and true cheualrie,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advaunced hie:
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the faireſt flowre in honourable seed.

11

So, forth they passe (a well consorted paire)
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
On goodly courser, thundring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For, since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
To been with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

12

And comming close to *Trompart*, gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single speare,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer (said hee)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he auenged bee
Of that despight, neuer to weare none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho, to him louting lowely, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight;
Which two, through treason and deceitfull gin,
Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

There-

14

There-with all ſuddainely he ſeem'd enraged,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;
And with ſtiffe force ſhaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus ſaid; Old man, great ſure ſhall be thy meed,
If where thoſe knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certainely to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15

Certes, my Lord (ſaid he) that ſhall I ſoone,
And giue you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wiſely you aduiſe to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
Your ſelfe of ſword before that bloudy day:
For, they be twvo the proweſt knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard aſſay;
And eke of ſureſt ſteele, that may be found,
Do arme yuur ſelfe againſt that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (ſaid he) let be thy deepe adviſe;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wiſe;
Elſe neuer ſhould thy iudgement be ſo fraile,
To meaſure manhood by the ſword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten ſword or ſhield, an hoſt to quaile?
Thou little woteſt, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17

The man was much abaſhed at his boaſt;
Yet well he wiſt, that whoſo would contend
With either of thoſe Knights on euen coaſt,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared leaſt lus boldneſſe ſhould offend,
When *Braggadocchio* ſaid, Once I did ſweare,
When with one ſword ſeuen knights I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battaile neuer ſword to beare,
But it were that, which nobleſt knight on earth doth weare.

18

Perdie, Sir Knight, ſaid then th'enchaunter bliue,
That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond:
For, now the beſt and nobleſt knight aliue
Prince *Arthur* is, that vvonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a ſword that flames like burning brond.
The ſame (by my adviſe) I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond.
At which bold word that boaſter gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monſter make.

19

He ſtaid not for more bidding, but away
Was ſuddaine vaniſhed out of his ſight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad diſplay
At his commaund, and reared him vp light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They looket about, but no where could eſpy
Tract of his foote: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eye:

20

Till that they come vnto a Foreſt greene,
In which they ſhrowd themſelues from enuſeleſſe feare;
Yet feare them followes ſtill, where ſo they beene.
Each trembling leafe, and whiſtling wind they heare,
As gaſtly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe ſtriue their fearefulneſſe to faine.
At laſt, they heard a horne, that ſhrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the foreſt ring, as it would riue in twaine.

21

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely ruſh;
With noyſe whereof he from his lofty ſteed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a buſh,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* ſtoutly ſtaid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftſoone there ſtepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That ſeem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her ſtately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

22

Her face ſo faire as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did ſhew
Like roſes in a bed of lilliés ſhed,
The which ambroſiall odours from them threw,
And gazers ſenſe with double pleaſure fed,
Able to heale the ſicke, and to reuiue the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted firie beames out of the ſame,
So paſſing peareant, and ſo wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the raſh beholders ſight:
In them the blinded god his luſtfull fire
To kindle oft aſſayd, but had no might;
For, with dread Maieſtie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched baſe deſire.

24

Her Ivorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it ſelfe diſſpred,
For Loue his loftie triumphs to engraue,
And write the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhee ſpake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins ſoftly brake
A ſilver ſound, that heauenly muſicke ſeem'd to make.

25

Vpon her eye-lids many Graces ſate,
Vnder the ſhadow of her euen browes,
Working beleaguers, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekeneſſe to her bowes.
So glorious mirrour of ceſtiall grace,
And ſoueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How ſhall fraile pen deſcribe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to diſgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad (for heat of scorching aire)
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all aboue besprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

27

Belowe her ham her weede did some-what traine,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild
With curious anticks, and full faire aumaild:
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entraild
The end of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their foldings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:
But with the wooddy Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after flie apace.

29

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quiuer gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, where-with she queld
The saluage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,
Through her thin weed their places onely signifide.

30

Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind emongst them did inspire,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying, thus bespake;
Haile Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her ouertake.

33

Where-with reviu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her pearcing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out-crying, ô what euer heauenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renowm'd through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her natiue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide:

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till shee to him her gracious speech renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

To

38

To whom he thus; ô faireſt vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praiſe,
That warlike feates dooſt higheſt glorifie.
Therein haue I ſpent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, whereſo they might bee found,
Endeuouring my dreaded name to raiſe
Aboue the Moone, that fame may it reſound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

39

But, what art thou (ô Lady) which dooſt range
In this wilde foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
And dooſt not it for ioyous Court exchange,
Emongſt thine equall Peeres, where happy bliſs
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maiſt loue, and dearely loued bee,
And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou heere dooſt miſs;
There maiſt thou beſt be ſeene, and beſt maiſt ſee:
The wood is fit for beaſts; the Court is fit for thee.

40

Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate (quoth ſhee)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly bliſs,
Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, yt's eath to doe amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeekes with paineſull toile, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

41

In woods, in waues, in warres ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
Vnto her happy manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakeful Watches euer to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To Pleaſures palace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
And day and night her dores to all ſtand open wide.

42

In Princes Court, The reſt ſhe would haue ſaid,
But that the foolliſh man (filld with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſenſe diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beauty rauiſht quight)
Gan burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace.
With that, ſhe ſwaruing back, her Lauelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peaſant ſaw, amaz'd hee ſtood,
And grieued at her flight; yet durſt he not
Purſew her ſteps, through wild vnknowen wood;
Beſides, he feard her wrath, and threatned ſhot
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vaine;
But turning, ſaid to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Lady ſhould againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue ſo proud diſdaine?

44

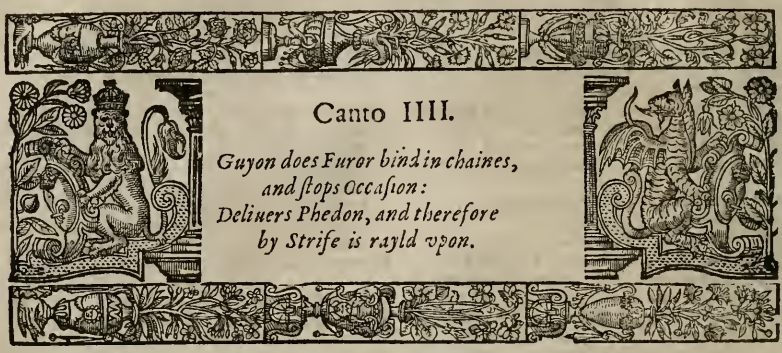
Perdie (ſaid *Trompart*) let her paſſe at will,
Leaſt by her preſence danger mote befall.
For, who can tell (and ſure I feare it ill)
But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtiall?
For, whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreſſe,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) thought no leſſe,
When firſt I heard her horne ſound with ſuch gaſtlineſſe.

45

For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall deſtinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Diſmay with feare, or cauſe one foot to flie,
But either helliſh fiends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the ſky,
I hid my ſelfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my ſelfe I boldly reard.

46

But now, for feare of worſe that may betide,
Let vs ſoone hence depart. They ſoone agree;
So to his ſteed he got, and gan to ride
As one vnfit therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trained been in cheualree.
Which well that valiant courſer did diſcerne;
For, he deſpis'd to tread in dew degree,
But chauſt and ſom'd, with courage fierce and ſterne,
And to be eas'd of that baſe burden ſtill did yerne.



Canto IIII.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and ſtops Occaſion:
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld vpon.

1

IN braue purſuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As, feates of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, ſeemes a ſcience
Proper to gentle bloud; ſome others faine
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he (the rightfull owner of that ſteed)
Who well could menage and ſubdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moſt truſtie guide;
Who ſuffred not his wandring feet to ſlide.
But when ſtrong paſſion, or weake fleſhlineſſe
Would from the right way ſeeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, & the ſtrong ſuppreſſe.

3

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from farre, or ſeemed for to ſee
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handſome ſtripling with great crueltee,
Whom ſore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & ſides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy diſarray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke,
But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinkles old.

5

And euer as ſhee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and termes of vile deſpight,
Prouoking him by her outragious talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, where-with to ſmite,
Sometimes her ſtaffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes ſhe did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* moou'd with great remorſe,
Approching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire ſtraight way,
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
And ſmot, and bit, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his auengement.

7

And ſure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his ſpright,
His force was vaine, and ſtrooke more often wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himſelfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilſt reaſon blent through paſſion, nought deſcride,
But as a blindfold Bull at random fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

8

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling,
Strange ſeemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now not fighting ſo:
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9

And beeing downe the villaine ſore did beate,
And bruze with clowniſh fiſts his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whoſe reproche and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan ſoone vnbrace
His graſping hold: ſo lightly did vpſtart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer ſaw, he loudly cryde,
Not ſo, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that ſo
That Monſter can be maiſtred or deſtroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not ſuch a foe,
As ſteele can wound, or ſtrength can overthroe.
That ſame is *Furor*, curſed cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood works much ſhame and woe;
And that ſame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion, the root of all wrath and deſpight.

11

With her, whoſo will raging *Furor* tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage:
Firſt her reſtraine from her reprochefull blame,
And euill meanes, with which ſhe doth enrage
Her frantick ſonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when ſhe is withdrawen, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle fume to aſſwage,
And calme the tempeſt of his paſſion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when ſtopped is the flood.

12

There-with Sir *Guyon* left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman, faſt her hent
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But ſtill prouok't her ſonne to wreake her wrong;
But natheleſſe he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did faſten firme and ſtrong.

13

Then when as vſe of ſpeech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands ſhe ſignes did make,
And beckned him, the laſt help ſhe had left:
But he, that laſt left help away did take,
And both her hands faſt bound vnto a ſtake,
That ſhe no'te ſtirre. Then gan her ſonne to flie
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But *Guyon* after him in haſte did hie,
And ſoone him overtooke in ſad perplexitie.

14

In his ſtrong armes he ſtiffely him embrac't,
Who him gaineſtriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defac't,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quaild:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces faild,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour ſlack.
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely haild,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15

With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him ſore conſtraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he ſtill did grind,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie ſtrakes did ſtaine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparks of fire,
And more for ranke deſpight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about, he ſaw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all ſoyld with bloud and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to reſpire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dreſſe:
Beeing at laſt recur'd, he gan inquire,
What hard miſshap him brought to ſuch diſtreſſe,
And made that caitiues thrall, the thrall of wretchedneſſe.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can ſhun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to ſurpriſe?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man moſt warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakeſt one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of ſuch miſshap,
She brought to miſchiefe through occaſion,
Where this ſame wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18

It was a faithleſſe Squire, that was the ſourſe
Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourſe,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and eft when yeeres
More ripe vs reaſon lent to chuſe our Peares,
Our ſelues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without iealous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) diſſembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And ſet in higheſt ſeat of dignitee,
Yet ſeem'd no leſſe to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her ſeru'd, and found her faithfull ſtill,
Ne euer thing could cauſe vs diſagree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each ſtroue to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
Who greatly ioyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that mote ſo welcome bee,
As he to her, without en blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that ſhee could thinke or ſee,
But vnto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
O wretched man! that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

21

At laſt, ſuch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my ſpouſe had wonne;
Accord of friends, conſent of parents ſought,
Affiance made, my happineſſe begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did ſeeme:
Moſt ioyous man, on whom the ſhining Sunne,
Did ſhew his face, my ſelfe I did eſteeme,
And that my falſer friend did no leſſe ioyous deeme.

22

But ere that wiſhed day his beame diſcloſd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himſelfe to treaſon ill diſpoſd,
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for ſecret) how he vnderſtood,
That Lady whom I had to me aſſin'd,
Had both diſtaind her honourable blood,
And eke the faith, which ſhe to me did bind;
And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould find.

23

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharpe iealouſie,
Which his ſad ſpeech infixed in my breſt,
Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
That my engrieued mind could find no reſt,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwreſt,
And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counſell me the beſt.
He then with ſolemne oath and plighted hand
Aſſur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderſtand.

24

Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of baſe degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vſed in a darkeſome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promiſed to bring me at that howre,
When I ſhould ſee that would me neerer moue,
And driue me to with-draw my blind abuſed loue.

25

This graceleſſe man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embоſome his affection vile,
Did all ſhe might, more pleaſing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (ſo ſhee hight)
What great deſpight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowely to abaſe thy beauty bright,
That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light?

26

But if ſhe had her ſeaſt help to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy deſart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoone haue blent,
And ſtaind their praiſes with thy leaſt good part;
Ne ſhould faire *Claribell* with all her art
(Though ſhe thy Lady be) approche thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Array thy ſelfe in her moſt gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden, proud through praiſe, & mad through loue,
Him harkned to, and ſoone her ſelfe arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had ſaid,
Me leading, in a ſecret corner laid,
The ſad ſpectator of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne falſe part plaid,
Diſguiſed like that groome of baſe degree,
Whom he had fein'd th'abuſer of my loue to bee.

28

Eftſoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not diſcerned in that darkſome ſhade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all affraid!
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathez priefe,
Then wound of iealous worme, & ſhame of ſuch repriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with foule deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeard in ſight,
With wrathfull hand I ſlew her innocent:
That after ſoone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cauſe of that outragious deed
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confeſt, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
Vpon my ſelfe that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faytour *Philemon*,
I caſt to pay that I ſo dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To loſſe of loue adioyning loſſe of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third miſchiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; ſhe did firſt offend,
She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with gaſtly dreriment,
And I purſewing my fell purpoſe, after went.

32

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plaines, ſo long I did her chace,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now faſt bound) me met in middle ſpace;
As I her, ſo he me purſewd apace,
And ſhortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chaufed at my ſtay in ſuch a caſe,
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inſpire.

Betwixt

33

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,
Through wounds, and ſtroakes, & ſtubborne handeling,
That death were better then ſuch agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet ſticks the mortall ſting,
That during life will neuer be appeaſd.
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, ſore haue ye beene diſeaſd;
But all your hurts may ſoone through temperance be eaſd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But ſoone through ſuffrance growe to feareſull end;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect ſtrength doe growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainſt fort of Reaſon, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, iealouſy, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35

Wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and iealouſie a weede,
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monſter fell;
The fire of ſparks, the weed of little ſeede,
The flood of drops, the Monſter filth did breed:
But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The ſparks ſoone quench, the ſpringing ſeed outweed,
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So ſhall wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36

Vnlucky Squire (ſaid *Guyon*) ſith thou haſt
Falne into miſchiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now haſt paſt,
And guide thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
Leaſt worſe betide thee by ſome later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and doe advaunce
Mine aunceſtry from famous *Coradin*,
Who firſt to raiſe our houſe to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he ſpake, lo, farre away they ſpide
A varlet running towards haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way applide,
That round about a cloud of duſt did ſtie,
Which mingled all with ſweat, did dim his eye.
He ſoone approched, panting, breathleſſe, hot,
And all ſo ſoyld, that none could him deſcry;
His countenaunce was bold, and baſhed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but ſcornefull eyglaunce at him ſhot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brazen ſhield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midſt of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding ſlit,
And deadly ſharpe he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in bloud of malice and deſpight.

39

When hee in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For feare of further harme, I counſell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieoperdie.
The Knight at his great boldneſſe wondered,
And though he ſcornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered;
For, not to growe of nought he it coniectured.

40

Varlet, this place moſt due to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (ſeeme
But, whence ſhould come that harme, which thou dooſt
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'aby?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foule diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

41

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The ſonnes of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*;
Acrates, ſonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is ſonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* ſonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

42

So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withſtand his might,
Drad for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and ſpoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And ſtirre him vp to ſtrife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, flie this feareſull ſtead anon,
Leaſt thy foole-hardize worke thy ſad confuſion.

43

His be that care, whom moſt it doth concerne
(Said he): but whither with ſuch haſtie flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I diſcerne
Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me ſent, and ſtraight behight
To ſeeke *Occaſion*, whereſo ſhe bee:
For, he is all diſpoſd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that firſt fals in his ieopardie.

44

Mad man (ſaid then the Palmer) that does ſeeke
Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
She comes vnſought: and ſhunned, followes eke.
Happy, who can abſtaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his ruſtie knife;
Woe neuer wants, where euery cauſe is caught,
And raſh *Occaſion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt ſought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that meſſage to thy Lord be brought.

45

That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpbray,
And shew'st th'ensample of thy childish might,
With silly weake old woman thus to fight;
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrrhochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochefull blot.

46

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quiuering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his breast it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunc't his shield atweene;
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;
Effsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Canto V.

Pyrrhochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chaine vnbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
Atin Cymochles finds.

1

WHo-euer doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise doe giue that name,
For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, whoso bound it findes,
As did *Pyrrhochles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

2

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the Plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seem'd him to enflame on euery side:
His steed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

3

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,
But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glaunceing fell
On his horse neck before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight:
So him dismounted lowe, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him fouly dight.

5

Sore bruzed with the fall, he slowe vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood frailes;
So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may such guile thee now availe,
If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

6

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glaunceing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
Natheless, so sore a buffe to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
And much aſham'd, that ſtroake of liuing arme
Should him diſmay, and make him ſtoupe ſo lowe,
Though otherwiſe it did him little harme:
Tho liurling high his iron braced arme,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder plate,
That all his left ſide it did quite diſarme;
Yet there the ſteele ſtaid not, but inly bate
Deepe in his fleſh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8

Deadly diſmaid, with horror of that dint,
Pyrrhochles was, and grieued eke entire;
Yet nathemore did it his furie ſtint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,
Or ſtrike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his ſaufegard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre fur'd.

9

He hewd, and laſht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did ſeeke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could ward ſo mighty throwes,
But yielded paſſage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his ſtrife,
Was warie wiſe, and cloſely did await
Avantage, whil'ſt his foe did rage moſt rife;
Sometimes athwart, ſometimes he ſtrooke him ſtrait,
And falſed oft his blowes, t'illude him with ſuch bait.

10

Like as a Lion, whoſe imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'avoyd the raſh aſſault and wrathfull ſtowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full courſe he ſpies,
He ſlips aſide; the whiles that furious beaſt
His precious horne, ſought of his enemies,
Strikes in the ſtock, ne thence can be releaſt,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feaſt:

11

With ſuch faire ſlight him *Guyon* often faild,
Till at the laſt, all breathleſſe, wearie, faint
Him ſpying, with freſh onſet he aſſaild,
And kindling new his courage (ſeeming queint)
Strooke him ſo hugely, that through great conſtraint
He made him ſtoupe perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worſhip to the Saint,
That on his ſhield depainted he did ſee;
Such homage til that inſtant neuer learned hee.

12

Whom *Guyon* ſeeing ſtoupe, purſewed faſt
The preſent offer of faire victory,
And ſoone his dreadfull blade about he caſt,
Where-with he ſmote his haughty creſt ſo hie,
That ſtraight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breaſt his victour foot he thruſt:
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniuſt,
That hath (maugre her ſpight) thus lowe me laid in duſt.

13

Eſtſoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* ſtaid,
Tempring the paſſion with adviſement ſlowe,
And maiſtring might on enemy diſmaid:
For, th'equall dye of warre he well did knowe;
Then to him ſaid, Liue, and alleg aunce owe
To him that giues thee life and liberty:
And henceforth, by this daies enſample trowe,
That haſtie wroth, and heedleſſe hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and laſting infamy.

14

So, vp he let him riſe: who with grim looke
And count'naunce ſterne vpſtanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great diſdaine, and ſhooke
His ſandie locks, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and duſt, for grieſe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himſelfe ſome comfort he did find,
That him ſo noble Knight had maiſtered,
Whoſe bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15

Which *Guyon* marking ſaid, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now ſubdued arre:
Was neuer man, who moſt conqueſts atchieu'd
But ſometimes had the worſe, and loſt by warre,
Yet ſhortly gaind, that loſſe exceeded farre:
Loſſe is no ſhame, nor to be leſſe then foe;
But to be leſſer, then himſelfe, doth marre
Both looſers lot, and victors praiſe alſo.
Vaine others overthrowes, whoſe ſelfe doth overthrowe.

16

Fly, ô *Pyrrhochles*, flie the dreadfull warre,
That in thy ſelfe thy leſſer parts doe moue:
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring loue;
Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriours farre remoue,
Which thee to endleſſe bale captiued lead.
But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy proue,
Of curteſie to me the cauſe aread,
That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread.

17

Dreadleſſe, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſoone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadſt done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with ſtrong effort,
Void of all ſuccourr and needfull comfort:
That ill beſeemes thee, ſuch as I thee ſee,
To worke ſuch ſhame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and ſet *Occaſion* free,
And to her captiue ſonne yield his firſt libertee.

18

Thereat Sir *Guyon* ſmil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath?
Great mercy ſure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedome ſhall thee turne to greateſt ſcath.
Nath'leſſe, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did ſee,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
Before her sonne could well assoiled bee,
She to her vse returnd, and straight defide
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles:* th'one (said she)
Because he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she sought
To kindle his quenicht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintaind his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter fram'd
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke (more to augment his spright)
Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23

Tho gan the villaine wex so fierce and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious force;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fouly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly sight.
At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vaine:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fetured would release againe,
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25

Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heanie plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughty knights he in his daies
Had doen to death, subdewd in equall frayes;
VVhose carcases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,
And hung their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his deareſt Dame.

27

His deareſt Dame is that Enchauntereſſe,
The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble spright
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with vgly sights,
Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;
And darksome dens, where *Tytan* his face neuer shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* soiourning,
To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
Was giuen all to lust and looſe liuing,
When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:
And now he has pourd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst looſe Ladies and lascivious boyes.

29

And ouer him, Art striuing to compaire
With Nature, did an Arbour greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Ivie, flowring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bountious smels, & painted colours shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traueiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And

31

And on the other ſide a pleaſant Groue
Was ſhot vp high, full of the ſtately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympick Ioue*,
And to his ſonne *Alcides*, when as hee
Gain'd in *Nemæa* goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds, of euery ſort,
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongſt themſelues a ſweet conſort,
That quickned the dull ſpright with muſicall comfort.

32

There he him found all careleſly diſplaid,
In ſecret ſhadowe from the ſunny ray,
On a ſweet bed of Lillies ſoftly laid,
Amidſt a flock of Damzels freſh and gay,
That round about him diſſolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light merriment;
Euery of which did looſely diſaray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And ſhewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33

And euery of them ſtroue, with moſt delights,
Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew;
Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;
Others, ſweet words, dropping like honny dew;
Some, bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft embrew
The ſugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boaſts her beauty, and does yeeld to view
Her dainty limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another, her out-boaſts, and all for tryall ſtrips.

34

Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wan'dring thought in deepe deſire does ſteepe,
And his fraile eye with ſpoile of beautie feedes;
Sometimes, he falſely faines himſelfe to ſleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,
To ſteale a ſnatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby cloſe fire into his hart does creepe:
So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receit.

35

Atin arriuing there, when him he ſpide,
Thus in ſtill waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* ſhade,
In which that manly perſon late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* ſonne?
Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
That hath ſo many haughty conqueſts wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36

Then pricking him with his ſharpe-pointed dart,
He laid; Vp, vp, thou womaniſh weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praiſe and proweſt might,
And weetleſſe eke of lately wrought deſpight,
Whiles ſad *Pyrrochles* lyes on ſenſeleſſe ground,
And groneth out his vtmoſt grudging ſpright,
Through many a ſtroake, & many a ſtreaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drownd.

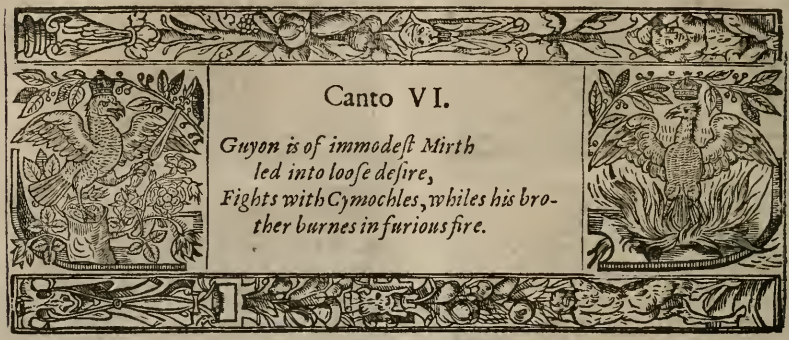
37

Suddainely out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would haue queſtiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrged ſore
With pearcing words, and pitifull implore,
Him haſtie to ariſe. As one affright
With helliſh fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
He then vproſe, inflam'd with fell deſpight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, paſſeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loues, ne ſweet entreaties might
Appeaſe his heate, or haſtie paſſage ſtay;
For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day
(That day vr ſelfe him ſeemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrhochles* deare diſmay:
So, proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.

Canto



Canto VI.

Guyon is of immodeſt Mirth led into looſe deſire, Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fire.

1

A Harder leſſon, to learne Continence
In ioyous pleaſure, then in grieuous paine:
For, ſweetnes doth allure the weaker ſenſe
So ſtrongly, that vneathes it can refraine
Frō that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, ſhe better can reſtraine;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all ſhewes goodly maiſteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauailing to find,
With cruell purpoſe bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whoſe vtmoſt brim
Wayting to paſſe, he ſaw whereas did ſwim
Along the ſhore, as ſwift as glaunce of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
That like a little foreſt ſeemed outwardly.

3

And therein ſate a Lady freſh and faire,
Making ſweet ſolace to herſelfe alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſung, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her elſe any one,
That might to her moue cauſe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deuiſe, and thouſand waies invent
To feed her fooliſh humour, and vaine iolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and ſaw,
He loudly cald to ſuch as were abord,
The little barke vnto the ſhore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry Marriner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat ſtraight way
Turnd to the ſhore, where that ſame warlike Lord
She in receiu'd; but *Atin* by no way
Shee would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

5

Eftſoones her ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift then Swallow ſheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie;
Onely ſhe turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared ſhee her courſe for to applie:
For, it was taught the way, which ſhe would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it ſelfe could wiſely ſaue.

6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her paſſenger to entertaine:
For, ſhe in pleaſant purpoſe did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remaine:
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her words ſhe drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the ſame,
That turned all her pleaſance to a ſcoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes ſhe would deuiſe,
As her fantaſtick wit did moſt delight:
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguiſe
With gaudie girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of ruſhes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behauiour, and looſe dalliaunce
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no ſouenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.
So eaſie was to quench his flamed mind
With one ſweet drop of ſenſuall delight:
So eaſie is, t'appeaſe the ſtormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleaſant womankind.

Diuerſe

9

Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
Mongſt which *Cymochles* of her queſtioned,
Both what ſhe was, and what that vſage ment,
Which in her cor ſhe daily practiſed.
Vaine man, ſayd ſhe, that would'ſt be reckoned
A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of *Phædria* (for ſo my name is red)
Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow ſeruaunt;
For, thou to ſerue *Acraſia* thy ſelfe dooſt vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name
The *Ydle lake*, my wandring ſhip I rowe,
That knowes her Port, and thither ſailes by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,
Or whether ſwift I wend, or whether ſlowe:
Both ſlowe and ſwift alike doe ſerue my tourne,
Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,
They were farre paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
And come vnto an Iſland waſte and voyd,
That floted in the midſt of that great lake,
There her ſmall Gondelay her Port did make,
And that gay payre iſſuing on the ſhore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the Land that lay them faire before,
Whoſe pleaſaunce ſhe him ſhew'd, and plentiful great ſtore.

12

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waues ſet like a little neſt,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Beene choicely picked out from all the reſt,
And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fayre, and her ſweet ſmels throwe all around.

13

No tree, whoſe branches did not brauely ſpring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
No ſong but did containe a louely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
For to allure frayle mind to careleſſe eaſe.
Careleſſe the man ſoone wox, and his weake wit
Was ouercome of thing, that did him pleaſe;
So pleaſed, did his wrathfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

14

Thus when ſhee had his eyes and ſenſes fed
With falſe delights, and fild with pleaſures vaine,
Into a ſhady dale ſhe ſoft him led,
And layd him downe vpon a graſſie Plaine;
And her ſweet ſelfe, without dread or diſdaine
She ſet beſide, Laying his head diſarm'd
In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,
Where ſoone he ſlumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toyle-ſome paines dooſt take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,
How they themſelues doe thine enſample make,
Whiles nothing enuious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They ſpring, they bud, they bloſſome freſh & faire,
And deck the world with their rich pompous ſhowes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,
And ſoone leaue off this toyleſome wearie ſtoure;
Lo, lo, how braue ſhe decks her bountious boure,
With ſilken curtens and gold couerlets,
Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither ſpinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care ſhe lets.

17

Why then dooſt thou, ô man, that of them all
Att Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,
Wilfully make thy ſelfe a wretched thrall,
And waſte thy ioyous houres in needleſſe paine,
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vſe?
Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,
Will die for thirſt, and water doth refuſe?
Refuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

18

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteepe,
That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
So ſhe him left, and did herſelfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which ſhe cleft
The ſlothfull waues of that great griſly lake;
Soone ſhe that Iſland farre behind her left,
And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt ſhe weft.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Vnto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond,
Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
With his ſad guide; himſelfe ſhe tooke aboord,
But the *Blacke Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leane his guide behind,
Yet beeing entred, might not back retire;
For, the ſlit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their ſeat could force,
Nor timely tides did driue out of their ſluggiſh ſourſe.

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guiſe,
Her merry fit ſhe freſhly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuiſe,
Her ſelfe to cheriſh, and her gueſt to cheare:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honeſt mirth and pleaſance to partake;
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And paſſe the bounds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliance he deſpis'd, and follies did forſake.

22

Yet ſhe ſtill followed her former ſtile,
And ſayd and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arriued in that pleaſant Ile,
Where ſleeping late ſhe left her other knight.
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had ſight,
He wiſt himſelfe amiſs, and angry ſayd;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to miſlead me, whiles I you obayd:
Me little needed from my right way to haue ſtrayd.

23

Fayre Sir, quoth ſhe, be not diſpleas'd at all;
Who fares on ſea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleaſure call:
The ſea is wide, and eaſie for to ſtray;
The wind vnſtable, and doth neuer ſtay.
But heere awhile ye may in ſafetie reſt,
Till ſeaſon ſerue new paſſage to aſſay;
Better ſafe Port, then be in ſeas diſtreſt.
There-with ſhe laught, and did her earneſt end in ieſt.

24

But he, halfe diſcontent, mote natheleſſe
Himſelfe appeaſe, and iſſued forth on ſhore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulneſſe,
Such as he ſaw ſhe gan him lay before,
And all though pleaſant, yet ſhe made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freſhly ſpring,
The trees did bud, and early bloſſoms bore;
And all the quire of birds did ſweetly ſing,
And told that gardins pleaſures in their caroling.

25

And ſhee, more ſweet then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongſt them beare a part,
And ſtriue to paſſe (as ſhee could well enough)
Their natiue muſick by her skilfull art:
So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant hart
With-draw from thought of warlike enterpriſe,
And drowne in diſſolute delights apart,
Where noyſe of armes, or view of Martiall guiſe
Might not reviue deſire of knightly exerciſe.

26

But hee was wiſe, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not ſeeme ſo rude, and thewed ill,
As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But fayrely tempring, fond deſire ſubdewd,
And euer her deſired to depart.
She liſt not heare, but her diſports purſewd,
And euer bade him ſtay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was ſpent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And ſhaking off his drowſie drериment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him beſeeme,
In ſlothfull ſleepe his molten hart to ſteme,
And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
Tho vp he ſtarted, ſtird with ſhame extreme,
Ne ſtayed for his Damſell to inquire,
But marched to the ſtrond, there paſſage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire:
Eftſoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and ſoone thy ſelfe prepaire
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flock, awayting ſhortly to obtaine
Thy careaſſe for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him aſſayld:
Who, ſoone prepar'd to field, his ſword forth drew,
And him with equall value countervayld:
Their mighty ſtroakes their haberieons diſmayld,
And naked made each others manly ſpalles;
The mortall ſteele deſpiteouſly entayld
Deepe in their fleſh, quite through the iron walles,
That a large purple ſtreame adowne their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had neuer met before
So puiſſant foe, with envious deſpight
His proud preſumed force increaſed more,
Diſdeigning to be held ſo long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not ſo much his might,
As thoſe vnknightly raylings, which he ſpoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deuiſing ſhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery ſtroke.

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunſt,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did ſway;
Cymochles ſword on *Guyons* ſhield yglaunc't,
And thereof nigh one quarter ſheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade ſo fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* ſhone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creſt in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Where-with aſtoniſht, ſtill he ſtood as ſenſeleſſe ſtone.

32

Still as he ſtood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, ſoone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her ſelfe moſt humbly feld,
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! moſt noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure ſo pittious ſight,
To ſhed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That firſt did teach the curſed ſteele to bight
In his owne fleſh, and make way to the liuing ſpright.

If

33

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemie
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

36

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent
To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight;
Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainefull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

38

Tho, him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote,
And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* fleet barke ouer that perlous shard.

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrhochles* sharpe debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

40

With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyr'd and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The hastie heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

41

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:
He ran on foot, as if in luckelesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled was with bloud,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes hee rudely flasht,
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee:
For much he wondred at that vncouth sight;
Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,
Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhochles, ô *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde
Nor sea of heour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhochles* farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappie starre.

45

Perdie, then it is fit for me (ſaid he)
That am, I weene, moſt wretched man aliue:
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I ſee,
And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
O *Atin*, helpe to me laſt death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd ſo ſore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that enſample which he blam'd afore.

46

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So loue the dread of daunger doth deſpiſe)
And of him catching hold, him ſtrongly ſtayd
From drowning. But more happie he, then wiſe
Of that ſeas nature did him not auiſe.
The waues thereof ſo flowe and ſluggiſh were,
Engroſt with mud, which did them foule agriſe,
That euerie weightie thing they did vpbeare,
Ne ought mote euer ſinke downe to the bottome there.

47

Whiles thus they ſtruggled in that idle waue,
And ſtroue in vaine, the one himſelfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to ſaue;
Lo, to that ſhore one in an auncient gowne,
Whoſe hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous ſowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull ſeruant, ſtriuing with his raging Lord.

48

Him *Atin* ſpying, knewe right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
To ſaue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counſaile ſage:
Weake hands, but counſell is moſt ſtrong in age.
Him when the old man ſaw, he wondred ſore,
To ſee *Pyrrhochles* there ſo rudely rage:
Yet ſithens helpe, he ſaw, he needed more
Then pitie, he in haſte approached to the ſhore,

49

And cald; *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I ſee?
What helliſh Furie hath at earſt thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this ſtraunge aſtoniſhment.
Theſe flames, theſe flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee preſent ſee,
In danger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me conſume (ſaid hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowels bee.

50

That curſed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liuer ſwell,
And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of ſpight,
Sith late with him I batteil vain would boſte;
That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned ghoſte
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo felly roſte.

51

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd:
Then ſearcht his ſecret wounds, and made a priefe
Of euerie place, that was with bruſing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And euermore with mightie ſpels them charmd,
That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
And him reſtor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

Canto VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
Sunning his threaſure hore:
Is by him tempted, & led downe
To ſee his ſecret ſtore.

1

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
When foggy miſtes, or cloudie tempeſts haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compaſs firmes his eye,
The maiſters of his long experiment,
And to them does the ſteady helme apply,
Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward fly:

So

2

So *Guyon* hauing loſt his truſtie guide,
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himſelfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayſe-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which Fame of her ſhrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For, ſtill he trauaild through wide waſtefull ground,
That nought but deſert wilderneſſe ſhew'd all around.

3

At laſt, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
Couer'd with boughes & ſhrubs from heauens light,
VVhere-as he ſitting found, in ſecret ſhade,
An vncouth, ſalvage, and vnciuill wight,
Of grieſly hew, and foule ill fauour'd ſight;
His face with ſmoake was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with ſout were ill bedight,
His coale-black hands did ſeeme to haue been ſeard
In Smithes fire-ſpetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

4

His iron coate all overgrowne with ruſt,
Was vnderneath enveloped with gold,
Whoſe gliſtring gloſſe darkned with filthy duſt,
Well it appeared to haue been of old
A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,
VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a maſs of coyne he told,
And turned vpſidowne, to feed his eye
And couetous deſire with his huge threaſury.

5

And round about him lay on euery ſide
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be ſpent:
Of which, ſome were rude ower, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;
Some others were new driuen, and diſtent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges ſquare;
Some in round plates without en moniment;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metall bare
The antique ſhapes of Kings and Keſars ſtrange & rare.

6

Soone as he *Guyon* ſaw, in great affright
And haſte he roſe, for to remoue aſide
Thoſe pretious hils from ſtrangers envious ſight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, ſtayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;
And, though himſelfe were at the ſight diſmaid,
Yet him perforce reſtrain'd, and to him doubtfull ſaid.

7

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
That heere in deſert haſt thine habitaunce,
And theſe rich heapes of wealth dooſt hide apart
From the worlds eye, and from her right vſaunce?
Thereat, with ſtaring eyes fixed aſcaunce,
In great diſdaine, hee anſwerd; Hardy Elfe,
That dareſt view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee raſh, and heedleſſe of thy ſelfe,
To trouble my ſtill ſeate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greateſt god belowe the ſky,
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces doe envie:
Riches, renowme, and principalitie,
Honour, eſtate, and all this worldes good,
For which men ſwink and ſweat inceſſantly,
Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

9

Wherefore if me thou deigne to ſerue and ſew,
At thy commaund loe all theſe mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All theſe may not ſuffice, there ſhall to thee
Tenne times ſo much be numbred franke and free.
Mammon, ſaid hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet ſuch eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter ſeruaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,
And honours ſuit my vowed dayes doe ſpend,
Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleaſing charmes,
With which weake men thou witcheſt, to attend:
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And low abaſe the high heroick ſpright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire ſhields, gay ſteedes, bright armes be my delight:
Thoſe be the riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

11

Vaine-glorious Elfe, ſaid he, dooſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will ſupply?
Shields, ſteeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne
Sometimes to him, that lowe in duſt doth ly?
And him that raigned, into his roome thruſt downe,
And whom I luſt, doe heape with glory and renowne?

12

All otherwiſe, ſaid he, I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all diſquietneſſe;
Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with dread,
And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſſe,
Leauing behind them griefe and heauineſſe.
Infinite miſchiefes of them doe ariſe;
Striſe, and debate, bloudſhed, and bitterneſſe,
Outragious wrong, and hellifh couetiſe,
That noble hart (as great diſhonour) doth deſpiſe.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the ſcepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou dooſt both confound,
And loyall truth to treaſon dooſt inclne;
Witneſſe the guiltleſſe bloud pour'd oft on ground,
The crowned often ſlaine, the ſlayer crownd,
The ſacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles ſurpriz'd, great Cities ſackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou kings, & gaineſt wrongfull gouernment.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, said,
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

15

Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,
Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
But would they thinke, with how small allowance
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the Well head the purest streames arise:
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid threasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and siluer to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

18

Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;
Thou that doost liue in later times, must wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

19

Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue
Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, and powre of all which them pursew.

20

What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heauens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

21

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That straight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raigne:
By that wayes side, there sate infernall Paine,
And fast beside him sate tumultuous strife:
The one, in hand an iron whip did straine;
The other brandished a bloudy knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22

On th'other side, in one consort there sate
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Iealousie, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23

And over them sad Horrour with grim hew,
Did alwaies sore, beating his iron wings;
And after him, Owles and Night-rauens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauie things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tydings;
Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asunder could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

24

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feede his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last, him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25

Before the dore sate selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoyle the threasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approche, albe his drowsie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
Therefore his house is vnto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt.

So

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly fiend, more foule then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardie gueſt,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,
Or euer steepe his eye-strings did vntie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he transgreſt the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge Caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrapped in soule smoak & cloudes more black then Iet.

29

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of chearefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone clothed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30

In all that roome was nothing to be seene,
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were slong,
Whose liues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before,
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

32

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, said;
Loe, heere the worldez bliss: loe, heere the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33

Certes, said he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

34

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, that so glorious bayt
Would tempt his gueſt, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
(Eternall God thee saue from such decay.)
But when-as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

35

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright;
By euery furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forc't wind the fuell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous array,
From their hot worke they did themselues withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and sire:

38

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
Proceeded) lo, now is reveald to thee.
Heere is the fountaine of the worldez good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Avise thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps heereafter wish, and be withstood.

39

Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more then I haue cause to vse?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
But giue me leaue to followe mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mespise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffe and bold,
As if the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41

Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine
To beso cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomack vaine,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'height of men terrestriall;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongst black fiends, then men to haue his place.

42

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espy,
That with their brightnesse made that darkneſſe light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:
Who likewise gan himselfe to battraile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hastie hand with-hold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight:
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mold.

43

So, hauing him with reason pacifide,
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple were:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustaine:
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine, (raigne.
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder aky,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw neare
To th'vpper part, where was advaunced hie
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestie;
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in such array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beame great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'lesse, most heauenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall; (all.
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime with-

46

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to stie,
And euery linke thereof a step of dignitie.

47

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselues prepar'd.
Those that were vp themselues, kept others lowe,
Those that were lowe themselues, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,
But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throwe.

48

Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldez bliss
For which ye men doe striue: few get, but many miss.

49

And faire *Philotimé* shee rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth vnder sky,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for envie thrust:
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advaunce for works and merites iust.

Gramercy

50

Gramercy *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,
For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the same I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

51

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes foorth to men, sweet and well sauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

52

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th' vniust *Athenians* made to dy
Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamie.

53

The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,
With a thicke Arbour goodly ouerdight,
In which she often vs'd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispred, and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glorie to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' *Eubœan* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Aconteus* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false *Até* threw;
For which th' *Idæan* Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

57

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
In those sad waues; which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pittious cryes, and yelling shrights,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe;
Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state.
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

61

Hee lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcasse deepe was drent
Within the riuer, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands, most filthie feculent,
Aboue the water were on high extent,
And fayre he washt them selues incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye:
So lost his labour vaine and idle industrie.

The

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:
I *Pilate* am, the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64

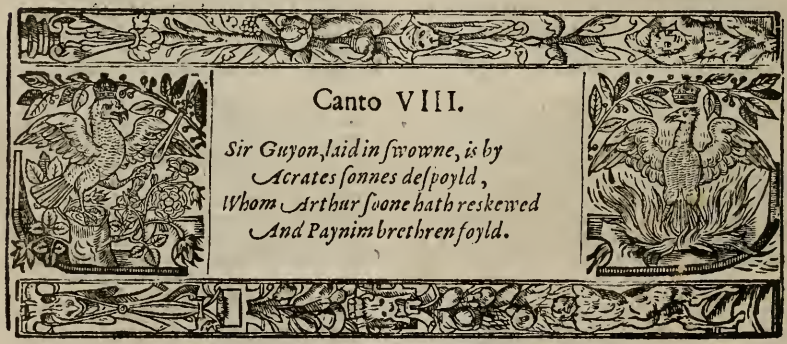
All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt:
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same endure can.
For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
For-thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay:
For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,
Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As ouercome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppresst.



Canto VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.

1

AND is there care in heauen? and is there loue
In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their euils moue?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, then beasts. But ô th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
To come to succour vs, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleaue
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton Mayd of passage had deride,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, hither, ô come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry,

The

4

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyse,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe, he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senseless sleepe; which sight at first him sore agast.

5

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire aboue his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden haires,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Diuinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
When hauing laid his cruell bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoyles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguil'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay:
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8

The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by flight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last, he spyde where towards him did pase
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* sly,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to auenge on him they dearely vow'd,
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;
False *Archimage* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborne mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slumbred corse to him assignd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudy armes they rashly did debate.

12

Whom when *Pyrrhochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that same outcast carcasse, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crowned his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer feareless answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;
Your selfe his prowesse prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14

Then sayd *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight
I will him reaue of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire

16

Faire Sir, ſaid then the Palmer ſuppliaunt,
For knighthoods loue doe not ſo foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with ſo ſhamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To ſpoyle the dead of weed
Is ſacrilege, and doth all ſinnes exceed;
But leaue theſe reliques of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black ſteed.
What herce or ſteed (ſaid he) ſhould he haue dight,
But be entombed in the rauen or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his ſhield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him diſarraid;
Till that they ſpyde, where towards them did paſe
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whoſe Squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd ſhield. VVell kend him ſo farre ſpace
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he ſaw his Lybian ſteed to praunce;

18

And to thoſe brethren ſaid, Riſe, riſe by liue,
And vnto battaile doe your ſelues addreſſe;
For, yonder comes the proweſt knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobileſſe,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great diſtreſſe,
And thouſand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
That word ſo deepe did in their harts impreſſe,
That both eftſoones vpſtarted furiouſly,
And gan themſelues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne ſword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* beſought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I, ſayd th'enchaunter, glad and faine
Beteeme to you his ſword, you to defend,
Or ought that elſe your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that ſame knights owne ſword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourſling, when he knighthood ſwore,
There-with to doen his foes eternall ſmart.
The metall firſt he mixt with *Medæwart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might ſaue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And ſeauen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of helliſh *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither ſteele nor ſtone,
The ſtroake thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vſed by his fone,
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, ſhould I lend
The ſame to thee, againſt his Lord to fight.
For, ſure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Fooliſh old man, ſayd then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneſt words or charmes may force withſtond:
Soone ſhalt thou ſee, and then belieue for troth,
That I can carue with this enchaunted brond
His Lords owne fleſh. There-with out of his hond
That vertuous ſteele he rudely ſnatcht away,
And *Guyons* ſhield about his wriſt he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battaile to aſſay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that ſtranger knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalued them: who nought againe
Him aunſwered, as courteſie became;
But with ſterne lookes, and ſtomachous diſdaine,
Gaue ſignes of grudge and diſcontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan ſpy
Where, at his feet, with ſorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend ſyre,
What great misfortune hath betid this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treaſon, or by fight?
How-euer, ſure I rew his pittious plight.
Not one, nor other, ſayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befalne, but clowdes of deadly night
Awhile his heauy eylids couer'd haue,
And all his ſenſes drowned in deepe ſenſeleſſe waue.

25

Which, thoſe ſame foes that doen awaite hereby,
Making aduantage, to revenge their ſpight,
VVould him diſarme, and treaten ſhamefully;
(Vnworthy vſage of redoubted knight.)
But you, fayre Sir, whoſe honourable ſight
Doth promiſe hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beſeech to ſuccour his ſad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble caſe.
Firſt prayſe of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, ſayd he, no knight ſo rude (I weene)
As to doen outrage to a ſleeping ghoſt:
Ne was there euer noble courage ſeene,
That in aduantage would his puiſſance boſt:
Honour is leaſt, where oddes appeareth moſt.
May be, that better reaſon will aſſwage
The raſh revengers heat. VVords well diſpoſt
Haue ſecret powre, t'appeaſe inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights laſt patronage.

27

Tho, turning to thoſe brethren, thus beſpoke;
Yee warlike payre, whoſe valorous great might,
It ſeemes, iuſt wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-ſeeming knight,
Mote ought allay the ſtorme of your deſpight,
And ſettle patience in ſo furious heat?
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcaſſe pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already layd in loweſt ſeat,

To

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carcasse as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge shou'ld deare abie?
The trespasse still doth liue, albe the person die.

29

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;
But from the grandsire to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)
Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swarued from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside:
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
False traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defac't.

32

With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans breast, and there-with thought
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued where it ought,
That seauen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter stound:
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,
And through his shoulder pearc't; wher-with to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fouly said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie creſt,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Else mote it needs downe to his manly breſt
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

34

Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse,
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his late ignoraunt.

35

So, both attonce him charge on either side,
With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauerse wide,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre.
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre
Their strokes did raine: yet did he neuer quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought availe:

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
Till that at last, when he aduantage spide,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wide,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gride:
He, swaruing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red bloud traile
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse loud he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38

With that hee strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,
And glauncing downe, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
The which diuiding with importune sway,
It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuously;
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,
Gaue him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer ſaw in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Sir *Guyons* ſword he lightly to him raught,
And ſaid; Faire ſonne, great God thy right hand bleſſe,
To vſe that ſword ſo wiſely as it aught.
Glad was the knight, and with freſh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lion, which hath long time ſaught
His robbed whelpes, and at the laſt them fond
Emongſt the Shepheard ſwaines, the wexeth wood & yond:

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either ſide, that neither maile could hold,
Ne ſhield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to *Pyrrhochles* many ſtrokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twice ſo many fold:
Then backe againe turning his buſie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both ſtood ſtiffe, yet could not both (withſtond.

42

As ſalvage Bull, whom two fierce maſtiues bayt,
VVhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diſdaine,
That all the foreſt quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puiſſance ſuſtaine.

43

But euer at *Pyrrhochles* when he ſmit
(Who *Guyons* ſhield caſt euer him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ)
His hand relented, and the ſtroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
VVhich oft the Paynim ſau'd from deadly ſtowre.
But him hence-forth the ſame can ſaue no more;
For, now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For, when *Cymochles* ſaw the foule reproche,
Which them appeached; prickt with guilty ſhame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approche,
Reſolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or die with honour and deſert of fame;
And on the hauberk ſtrooke the Prince ſo ſore,
That quite diſparted all the linked frame,
And pearced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

45

Whereat reſtiere't with wrath and ſharp regret,
Hee ſtrooke ſo hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empeare't the Pagans burganet,
And cleauing the hard ſteele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell paſſage made (ground,
Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on
Breath'd out his ghoſt; which to th'infernall ſhade
Faſt flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the ſinnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german ſaw, the ſtony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his ſenſe diſmayd,
Ne thenceforth liſe ne courage did appeare;
But, as a man whom helliſh fiends haue frayd,
Long trembling ſtill he ſtood: at laſt thus ſaid;
Traytour what haſt thou doen? how euer may
Thy curſed hand ſo cruelly haue ſwayd
Againſt that knight: Harrow and weal-away!
After ſo wicked deed why liv'ſt thou lenger day!

47

VVith that all deſperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge deſiring ſoone to die,
Aſſembling all his force and vtmoſt might,
With his owne ſword he fierce at him did fly,
And ſtrooke, and foynd, and laſht outragiouſly,
Withouten reaſon or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and ſufferance ſly
So haſtie heat ſoone cooled to ſubdue:
Tho, when this breathleſſe woxe, that battaile gan renue.

48

As when a windie tempeſt bloweth hie,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clowdes (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all ſo ſoone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to ſhoure,
And as in ſcorne of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all attonce their malice forth doe poure;
So did Prince *Arthur* beare himſelfe in fight,
And ſuffred raſh *Pyrrhochles* waſte his idle might.

49

At laſt, when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
How that ſtrange ſword refus'd to ſerue his need,
But when he ſtrooke moſt ſtrong, the dint deceiu'd,
He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engraſped faſt,
Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tred:
But him in ſtrength and skill the Prince ſurpaſt,
And through his nimble ſleight did vnder him downe caſt.

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to ſtriue;
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to ſcape aliue,
Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he, now ſubiect to the Victors law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward caſt his eye,
For vile diſdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with ſad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet deſpis'd to die.

51

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to ſlay,
But caſting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to giue liſe, then decay,
And ſaid, Paynim, this is thy diſmall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miſcreance,
And my true liegeman yield thy ſelfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my ſouenaunce.

Foole

52

Foole, ſaid the Pagan, I thy gift defie:
But vſe thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And ſay, that I not ouercome doe die,
But in deſpight of life, for death doe call.
Wroth was the Prince, and ſory yet withall
That he ſo wilfully refuſed grace;
Yet ſith his fate ſo cruelly did fall,
His ſhining helmet he gan ſoone vnlace,
And left his headleſſe body bleeding all the place.

53

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awak't,
Life hauing maiſtered her ſenſeleſſe foe;
And looking vp, when as his ſhield he lackt,
And ſword ſaw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had loſt, he by him eſpide, right glad he grew,
And ſaid, Deare ſir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lackt, I ioy thy face to view;
Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good ſword and ſhield? The Palmer glad,
With ſo freſh hew vpriſing him to ſee,
Him anſwered; Faire ſonne, be no whit ſad
For want of weapons: they ſhall ſoone be had.
So gan he to diſcourſe the whole debate,
Which that ſtrange knight for him ſuſtained had,
And thoſe two Sarazins confounded late,
Whoſe carcaſſes on ground were horribly proſtrate.

55

Which when he heard, and ſaw the tokens true,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus ſaid;
My Lord, my liege, by whoſe moſt gracious ayd
I liue this day, and ſee my foes ſubdewd,
What may ſuffice, to be for meede repayd
Of ſo great graces, as ye haue me ſhewd,
But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus; Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a ſeruile bond,
To bind their dooers to receiue their meed?
Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withſtond
Oppreſſours powre by armes and puiſſant hond?
Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.
So, goodly purpoſe they together fond,
Of kindneſſe and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles falſe *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Canto IX.

The houſe of Temperance, in which doth ſober Alma dwell,
Beſieg'd of many foes, whom ſtranger knights to fight compell.

1

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre & form,
Whiles it is kept in ſober gouernment;
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Diſtempred through miſrule and paſſions baſe:
It growes a Monſter, and incontinent
Doth loſe his dignitie and natiue grace.
Behold (who liſt) both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his ſtolne ſword,
And *Guyon* his loſt ſhield, they both yfere
Forth paſſed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'ſie read,
To weet why on your ſhield (ſo goodly ſcord)
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the ſemblaunt, though the ſubſtance dead.

3

Faire Sir, ſaid he, if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine ſhew,
What more ye weene, if the true liuely-head
Of that moſt glorious viſage ye did view?
But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thouſand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite deſire into your ſpirit poure!

4

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whose faire retrait I in my shield doe beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowmed farre and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Farre reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

5

Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made a souldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce.
How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenaunce
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhead*,
Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honoured.

7

Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Since of that Goddesse I haue sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heauen doth to me envy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8

Fortune (the foe of famous cheuisaunce)
Sildome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faerie land.

9

Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,
What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?
Perhaps my succour, or advizement meet,
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faerie court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in haste
His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,
When-as they spide a goodly Castle, plac't
Foreby a riuer in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11

Which when they saw, they weened foule reproche
Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;
And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
Eftsoones foorth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,
To weet what they so rudely did require.
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

12

Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away
If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye should;
Fly fast, and saue your selues from neere decay,
Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about vs raue,
And with long siege vs in this castle hould:
Seauen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,
And many good knights slaine, that haue vs sought to saue.

13

Thus as he spake, loe, with outragious cry
A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd
Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,
Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning death, all in strange manner arm'd,
Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rustie kniues, some staues in fier warm'd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steares,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14

Fiercely at first those knights they did assaile,
And droue them to recoile: but when againe
They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
For, with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepheards swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espy,
With greedy pase forth rushing from the forest nie.

15

Awhile they fled, but soone returnd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And euermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his rascall routs t'enclose them round,
And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; (fades.
For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

As

16

As when a ſwarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the ſennes of Allan doe ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trumpets ſounden wide,
Whiles in the ayre their cluſtring armie ſlies,
That as a cloud doth ſeeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt, or take repaſt,
For their ſharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with bluſtring blaſt
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* caſt.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout diſperſt,
Vnto the Caſtle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erſt.
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did ſuſtaine,
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
She forth iſſued with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18

Alma ſhe called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was ſhe woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That ſought with her to linke in marriage:
For, ſhe was faire, as faire more euer bee,
And in the flowre now of her freſheſt age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modeſtee,
That euen heauen reioyced her ſweet face to ſee.

19

In robe of lilly white ſhe was arrayd,
That from her ſhoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof looſe far behind her ſtrayd,
Branched with gold and pearle, moſt richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damſels, which were taught
That ſeruice well. Her yellow golden haire
Was trimly wouen, and in treſſes wrought,
Ne other tyre ſhe on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of ſweet Roſiere.

20

Goodly ſhe entertaind thoſe noble knights,
And brought them vp into her caſtle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildneſſe virginall,
Shewing herſelfe both wiſe and liberall:
There when they reſted had a ſeaſon dew,
They her beſought of fauour ſpeciall,
Of that faire Caſtle to affoord them view;
She graunted, and them leading forth, the ſame did ſhew.

21

Firſt, ſhe them led vp to the Caſtle wall,
That was ſo high, as foe might not it clime,
And all ſo faire, and ſenſible withall,
Not built of brick, ne yet of ſtone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* ſlime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;
But ô great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workmanſhip ſhould not endure:
Soone it muſt turne to earth; no earthly thing is ſure.

22

The frame thereof ſeem'd partly circulare,
And part triangulare: ô worke divine!
Thoſe two the firſt and laſt proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th'other immortall, perfect, maſculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the baſe,
Proportioned equally by ſeuen and nine;
Nine was the circle ſet in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapaſe*.

23

Therein two gates were placed ſeemely well:
The one before, by which all in did paſſe,
Did th'other far in workmanſhip excell;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring braſſe,
But of more worthy ſubſtance fram'd it was;
Doubly diſparted, it did lock and cloſe,
That when it locked, none might thorough paſſe,
And when it opened, no man might it cloſe,
Still open to their friends, and cloſed to their foes.

24

Of hewen ſtone the porch was fairely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more ſmooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;
Over the which was caſt a wandring Vine,
Enchaced with a wanton Iuie twine.
And over it a faire Portcullis hung,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compaſſe, and compacture ſtrong,
Neither vnſeemely ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter ſate,
Day and night dulie keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote paſſe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Vtterers of ſecrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cauſe requir'd, but neuer out of time;
Earely and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on euery ſide
Twice ſixteene warders ſate, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteele, and ſtrongly fortified:
Tall yeomen ſeemed they, and of great might,
And were enranged ready ſtill for fight.
By them as *Alma* paſſed with her gueſts,
They did obeyſaunce, as beſeemed right,
And then againe returned to their reſts:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble geſts.

27

Thence ſhe them brought into a ſtately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire diſpred,
And ready dight with drapets feaſtiuall,
Againſt the viands ſhould be miniſtred.
At th'vpper end there ſate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely perſonage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
And in demeanure ſober, and in counſell ſage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both attone
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone
Into the kitchin roome, ne spar'd for nicenesse none

29

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There plazed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot, then *Aetn'* or flaming *Mongiball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceassed not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did spire
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all the cates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had seuerall offices assign'd:
Some to remoue the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind,
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour, which was foule and waste,
Not good nor seruiceable elfe for ought,
They in another great round vessell plac't,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought.
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
When as those Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, neuer had they seene so strange a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them little *Cupid* plaid
His wanton sports, beeing returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diuerse delights they found themselues to please:
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idle sate at ease,
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasance was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these strangers presence euery one did hush.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damsell chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensiue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismaid,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnesse spill?
Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What-euer be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdainefull wise)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?
Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:
Pensiue I yield I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind,
That haue twelue months sought one, yet no where can her find.

39

The Prince was nigh moued at her speach,
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

The

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fure, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hew:
Strange was her tire, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tucked with many a plight:
Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth view,
And keepes in coverts close from liuing wight,
Did sit, as yet ashamed, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And euer and anone with rosie red
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,
That her became, as polisht Ivory,
Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid
With faire Vermilion or pure Lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,

42

Faire Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray:
But if ought else that I mote not deuise,
I will (if please you it discure) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That *Guyon* meruaild at her vncouth case:
Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountraine of your modestee,
You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

44

Thereat the Elfe did blush in pruitee,
And turnd his face away, but she the same
Dissembled faire, and fained to ouersee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
To view her Castles other wondrous frame.
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

45

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heauen compassed around,
And lifted high aboue this earthly mas,
Which it surview'd, as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
Frō which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

46

The roofe hereof was arched ouer head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
For, they of liuing fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of subst ance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayses of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)
By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage *Pylian* sire, which did suruiue
Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
By whose aduise old *Priams* citie fell,
With these in praise of policies mote striue.
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
The next, could of things present best aduise;
The third, things past could keepe in memoree:
So that no time, nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit:

50

His chamber was dispainted all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin:
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuised be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
Infernall Hags, *Centaures*, feends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,

51 (Damer.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hiues with honny doe abound:
All these were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantaſtes* by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet freſh, as mote appere,
Of ſwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, ſharp ſtaring eyes,
That mad or fooliſh ſeem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him borne with ill diſpoſed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* ſate in th'houſe of agonies.

53

Whom *Alma* hauing ſhewed to her gueſtes,
Thence brought them to the ſecond roome, whoſe wals
Were painted faire with memorable geſtes
Of famous Wiſards, and with pictурals
Of Magiſtrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of ſtates, of policie,
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
All Artes, all Science, all Philoſophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54

Of thoſe that roome was full: and them among
There ſate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practiſe and vſage,
He now was growne right wiſe, and wondrous ſage.
Great pleaſure had thoſe ſtranger Knights, to ſee
His goodly reaſon, and graue perſonage,
That his diſciples both deſir'd to bee;
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmoſt roome of three.

55

That chamber ſeemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued farre behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the ſame vphold,
Right firme and ſtrong, though ſomwhat they declin'd;
And therein ſate an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corſe,
Yet liuely vigour reſted in his mind,
And recompenc't him with a better ſcorce:
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded ſtill as they did paſs,
Ne ſuffred them to periſh through long eld,
As all things elſe, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall ſcrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Aſſaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

57

The yeares of *Neſtor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathuſalem*, though longeſt lyu'd;
For, he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natiue ſtrength now, that he them ſurviu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
Some made in bookes, ſome in long parchment ſcroles,
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58

Amidſt them all he in a chaire was ſet,
Toſſing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnable them to fet,
A little boy did on him ſtill attend
To reach, when euer he for ought did ſend;
And oft when things were loſt, or laid amiſs,
That boy them ſought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamneſtes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumneſtes*, by their propertis.

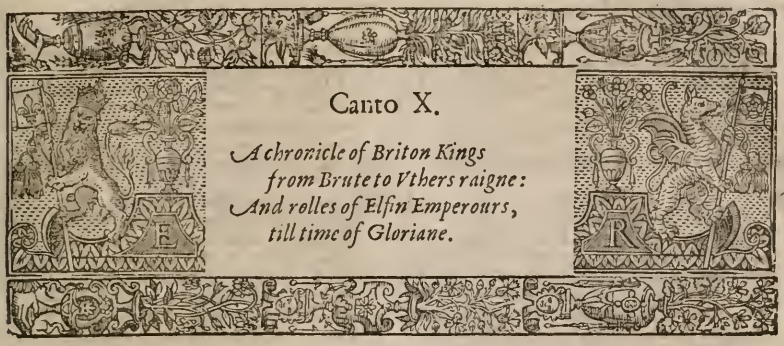
59

The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,
And wondred at his endleſſe exerciſe.
Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
And antique Regiſters for to aviſe,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to riſe
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands firſt conqueſt did deuiſe,
And old diuiſion into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

60

Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-ſpring of Elves and Fayries there he fond,
As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire
Their countries auncеſtry to vnderſtond,
Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged ſire,
To read thoſe bookes; who gladly graunted their deſire.

Canto



Canto X.

A chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brute to Vthers raigne:
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.

1

WHo now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowely verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
More ample spirit then hitherto was wount,
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

2

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountihed?

3

Argument worthy of *Mœonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
VVhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegræan Ioue* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, ô soueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4

Thy name, ô soueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowmed Prince deriued arre,
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
Whose noble deeds aboue the Northerne starre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein haue their mightie Empire raysd,
In antique times was saluage wilderneſſe,
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprov'd, vnprayſd;
Ne was it Iſland then, ne was it payſd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it sought
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayſd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

6

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
VVhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedie wreck and rash decay,
For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to inuade.

7

But farre in land a saluage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amaz'd their sternenesse to behold.

8

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene
That monstrous error which doth some assot,
That *Diocletians* fiftie daughters sheene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust vncleene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeasur'd mights.

They

9

They held this Land, and with their filthineſſe
Polluted this ſame gentle ſoyle long time:
That their owne mother loath'd their beaſtlineſſe,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natiue ſlime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From royall ſtock of old *Aſſaracs* line,
Driuen by fatall errour, heere arriu'd,
And them of their vniuſt poſſeſſion depriu'd.

10

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his Empire to the vtmoſt ſhore,
He fought great battailes with his ſaluage fone;
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witneſſe yet vnto this day
The weſterne Hogh, beſprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmot*, whom in ſtout fray
Corinéus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones doe moſt excell,
Which that huge ſonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlaine anon.

12

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had the Prouince vtmoſt weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornewaile*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhaire was, that is *Deuonſhire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hire;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule ſubdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchewd,
He left three ſonnes (his famous progeny)
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperiall ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At laſt, ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14

Locrine was left the ſoueraigne Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himſelfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſſe the Weſterne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit ſtill employd.

15

Vntill a Nation ſtrange, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarmd in euery part,
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune ſway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelues through all the North diſplay:
Vntill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munificence.

16

Hee them encountred (a confuſed rout)
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't ſo fiercely after fearefull flight,
That fore't their Chiefetaine, for his ſafeties ſake
(Their Chiefetaine *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie ſtreame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The King returned proud of victorie,
And inſolent wox through vnwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vaine voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd faire Ladie *Eſtrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdaind;
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtraind:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſewd, that him ſhe tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought moued with her pittious looke.

19

But both her ſelfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almoſt dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all ſuccoure;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtoure:
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer ſhe did poure,
Which of her name now *Severne* men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyall loue did fall.

20

Then for her ſonne, which ſhe to *Locrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of ſway)
In her owne hand the crowne ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till riper yeeres he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time, her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this Realme (the glory of her ſex)
And firſt taught men a woman to obay:
But when her ſonne to mans eſtate did wex,
Shee it ſurrendred, ne herſelfe would lenger vex.

Tho

21

Tho *Madan* raign'd, vnworthy of his race:
For, with all shame that sacred throne he fild:
Next, *Mempriſe*, as vnworthy of that place,
In which beeing conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle kingdome him he kild.
But *Ebranck* ſalued both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happy man in his firſt dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For, all ſo many weekes as the yeere has,
So many children he did multiply:
Of which were twentie ſonnes, which did apply
Their minds to praiſe, and chevalrous deſire:
Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire,
With foule repulſe, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot, his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of euerlaſting fame.
Hee with his victour ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered:
Since which, with ſundry ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſtham bruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that ſame day,
And all the moore twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,
With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildis* ſee
The greene ſhield dyde in dolorous vermill?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote ſeeme to bee;
But rather *y Scuithgogh*, ſigne of lad crueltee.

25

His ſonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of laſting peace,
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.
Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encreaſe,
But taught the land from wearie warres to ceaſe.
Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborne harts.

26

Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrailes, full of quick Brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth doe well,
And health to euery forraine nation:
Yet he at laſt, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchiefe fell.

27

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd;
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly ſeed:
Mongſt whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his vtmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
Hee cald his daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did loue her parentage.

28

The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more then her owne life him lov'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profeſt,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
But *Cordeill* ſaid ſhe lov'd him, as behoou'd:
Whoſe ſimple anſwere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance moou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did ſhaire.

29

So, wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them ſhaird his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eaſed of his crowne,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
That nought him grieu'd to been frō rule depoſed downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wike is throwne away;
So, when he had reſign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan deſpiſe his drouping day,
And wearie wox of his continuall ſtay.
Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repaird,
VVho him at firſt well vſed euery way;
But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31

The wretched man gan then aviſe too late,
That loue is not, where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truly tryde in his extreameſt ſtate:
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to proue the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelfe addreſt,
Who with entire affection him receau'd,
As for her Syre and king her ſeemed beſt;
And after all, an army ſtrong ſhee leau'd,
To war on thoſe, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32

So to his crowne ſhe him reſtor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remaine:
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,
And ouercommen kept in priſon long,
Till wearie of that wretched life, her ſelfe ſhe hong.

Then

33
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne:
But fierce *Cundah* gan ſhortly to envie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud diſdaine
To haue a Peere in part of ſoueraintie,
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew:
Whence as he to thoſe wooddie hils did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him ſlew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34
His ſonne *Rival'* his dead roome did ſupply,
In whoſe ſad time bloud did from heauen raine:
Next, great *Gurguſtus*, then faire *Cecily*
In conſtant peace their kingdomes did containe;
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raigne,
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeeres he grew;
When his ambitious ſonnes vnto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout *Ferrex* and ſterne *Porrex* him in priſon threw.

35
But ô! the greedy thirſt of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
Who, vnto him aſſembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himſelfe in fight:
Whoſe death t'avenge, his mother mercileſſe
(Moſt mercileſſe of women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other ſonne faſt ſleeping did oppreſſe,
And with moſt cruell hand him murdred pittileſſe.

36
Here ended *Brutus* ſacred progenie,
Which had ſeauen hundred yeeres this ſcepter borne,
With high renowme, and great felicitie.
The noble branch from th'antique ſtock was torne
Through diſcord, and the royall throne forlorne:
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whil'ſt each of *Brutus* boaſted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37
Then vp aroſe a man of matchleſſe might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who ſtird with pitty of the ſtreſſed plight
Of this ſad Realme, cut into ſundry ſhaires
By ſuch, as claimd themſelues *Brutes* rightfull heires;
Gathered the Princes of the people looſe,
To taken counſell of their common cares;
Who, with his wiſedome won, him ſtraight did chooſe
Their King, and ſwore him fealty to win or looſe.

38
Then made he head againſt his enemies,
And *Ymner* ſlew, or *Logris* miſcreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whoſe countries he reduc't to quiet ſtate,
And ſhortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
Now one, which earſt were many made through variaunce.

39
Then made he ſacred lawes, which ſome men ſay
Were vnto him reveal'd in viſion,
By which he freed the Trauailers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Reſtraining ſtealth, and ſtrong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britannie*:
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By ſtrength was wielded without policie;
Therefore he firſt wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40
Donwallo dide (for, what may liue for ay?)
And left two ſonnes, of peereleſſe proweſſe both;
That ſacked *Rome* too dearely did aſſay,
The recompence of their periured oth,
And ranſackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
Beſides ſubiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayſes ſpeake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britanny.

41
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* ſonne,
In rule ſucceed, and eke in fathers praiſe;
He Eaſterland ſubdewd, and Danmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raiſe,
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes:
He alſo gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*
(Whom he at ſea found wandring from their wayes,
A ſeate in *Ireland* ſafely to remaine,
Which they ſhould hold of him, as ſubiect to *Britaine*.

42
After him raigned *Guithiline* his heyre
(The iuſteſt man and trueſt in his dayes)
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prayſe,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholeſome Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deem'd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* tought;
Thoſe yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

43
Her ſonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne ſuſtaine:
Who, had he not with wrath outragious,
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, ſhould matched haue the beſt:
As well in that ſame field victorious
Againſt the forraine *Morands* he expreſt;
Yet liues his memory, though carcaſſe ſleepe in reſt.

44
Fiue ſonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which ſucceſſiuely by turnes did raigne;
Firſt, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud diſdaine,
Depoſed was from Princedome ſoueraine,
And pittious *Elidure* put in his ſted;
Who ſhortly it to him reſtor'd againe,
Till by his death he it recouered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him diſthronized.

In

45

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raignd
By due succesſe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen three sith eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did reædifie
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforc't, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betraid his countrey vnto forreine spoile:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50

Next him *Tenantius* raigned, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime:
O ioyous memory of happy time,
That heauenly grace so plentiously displaid!
O too high ditty for my simple rime!
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought;
For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Auirage*;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss* in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc't the vassallage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoyle and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53

He dyde: and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that date
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whil'st *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca* vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Nor with so good successe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd;
Yet such, as were through former flight preseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, herselfe she slew.

56

O famous moniment of womens praise,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypsipyl'* or to *Thomyris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in hapless fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus* and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was ſlaine of them, that fled;
So made them victours, whom he did ſubdew.
Then gan *Carauſius* tyrannize anew,
And gainſt the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherouſly ſlew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'leſſe the ſame enioyed but ſhort happy howre:

58

For *Aſclepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquiſht Playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his ſhame.
Then afterwards he in his ſtead did raigne;
But ſhortly was by *Coyll* in battell ſlaine:
Who after long debate, ſince *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* firſt crownd Soueraigne:
Then gan this Realme renew her paſſed prime:
He of his name *Coylcheſter* built of ſtone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither ſent
Conſtantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,
Faire *Helena*, the faireſt liuing wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praiſe
Did far excell, but was moſt famous hight
For skill in Muſicke of all in her dayes,
Aſwell in curious inſtruments, as cunning layes.

60

Of whom he did great *Conſtantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles abſent he his mind did ſet,
Octauius here lept into his roome,
And it vſurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iuſtifide by might,
Slaying *Traherne*, and hauing ouercome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So ſettled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61

But wanting iſſew male, his daughter deare
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who ſoone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
Who dying left none heire them to withſtand,
But that they ouerran all parts with eaſie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whoſe war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miſeries, and woefull ruth,
Were to thoſe Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly ſpectacle of ſad decay: (yeares,
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
And more had waſted, could no whit diſmay;
Till by conſent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the ſecond *Conſtantine* with ioyous teares:

63

Who hauing oft in battell vanquiſhed
Thoſe ſpoylefull Picts, and ſwarming Eaſterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme eſtabliſhed,
Yet oft annoyd with ſundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in thoſe dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From ſea to ſea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three ſonnes he dying left, all vnder age:
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*
Vſurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them cloſely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for thoſe Picts annoyes,
He ſent to *Germanie*, ſtrange aide to reare,
From whence eftſoones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his ſafetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight
Hengiſt and *Horſus*, well approov'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might:
Who making vantage of their civill iarre,
And of thoſe forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they ſtronger arre,
Then they which ſought at firſt their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his ſonne,
He is againe vnto his rule reſtor'd,
And *Hengiſt* ſeeming ſad, for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, & flattring word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he ſlew
Of Britiſh bloud, all ſitting at his bord;
Whoſe dolefull moniments who liſt to rew,
Th'eternall marks of treaſon may at *Stonheng* view.

67

By this, the ſonnes of *Conſtantine*, which fled,
Ambriſe and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
And here arriuing, ſtrongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was ſlaine;
And *Hengiſt* eke ſoone brought to ſhamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
Till that through poyſon ſtopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Ceſure right,
As if the reſt ſome wicked hand did rend,
Or th'Authour ſelfe could not at leaſt attend
To finiſh it: that ſo vntimely breach
The Prince himſelfe halfe ſeemeth to offend,
Yet ſecret pleaſure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long ſtopt his ſpeach.

At

69

At laſt, quite rauiſht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his natiue land,
Cride out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foſter Childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!
How brutiſh is it, not to vnderſtand
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leaſure, ſo long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts deriued,
And then ſtole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriued
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an Ægle riued.

71

That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
Quick, the firſt authour of all Elfin kind:
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, and fetch their lignage right.

72

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſant kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelues all Nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elfilene* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73

His ſonne was *Elfinel*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elfant* was of moſt renowmed fame,
Who all of Cryſtall did *Pauthea* build:
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
He built by art vpon the glaſſy See (bee.
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heauens thunder ſeem'd to

74

He left three ſonnes, the which in order raigned,
And all their Offspring, in their dew deſcents,
Euen ſeuen hundred Princes, which maintayned
With mightie deeds their ſundry gouernments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous moniments,
And braue enſample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75

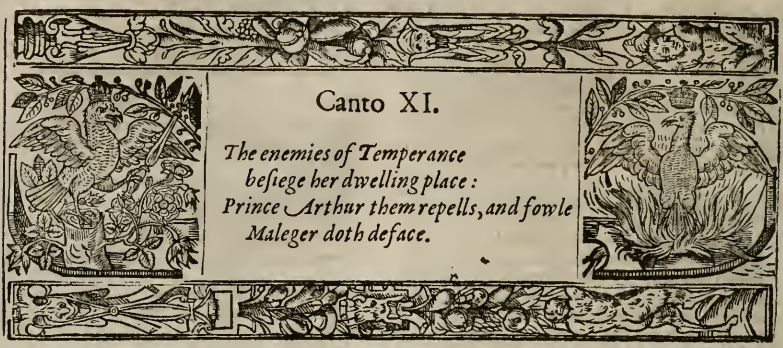
After all theſe *Elficleos* did raigne,
The wiſe *Elficleos* in great Maieſtie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtaine,
And with rich ſpoiles and famous victory,
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
The eldeſt brother did vntimely die;
Whoſe empty place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly ſupplide, in ſpouſall and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie, ouer all
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre.
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long maiſt thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77

Beguil'd thus with delight of noueltie,
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To thinke, how ſupper did them long awaite:
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feaſted, as ſo noble knights ſhe ought.



Canto XI.

The enemies of Temperance beſiege her dwelling place: Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle Maleger doth deface.

1

What warre ſo cruell, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections do apply,
Againſt the fort of reaſon euermore
To bring the ſoule into captiuitie!
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesſe is like to ſinfull villenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reaſons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment
Is ſetled there in ſure eſtabliſhment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen moſt bright,
Doth floriſh in all beautie excellent;
And to her gueſtes doth bountious banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

3

Early before the Morne with cremoſin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vproſe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpoſd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habite ſad,
Himſelfe addreſt to that aduenture hard:
So to the ſtuers ſide they both together far'd;

4

Where them awaited readie at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boate: They goe abord,
And he eftſoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behind them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles wind and weather right
Do ſerue their turnes: here I awhile muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For, all ſo ſoone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his truſtie guide,
That wicked band of villeins freſh begon
That caſtle to aſſayle on euery ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched neare.

6

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did diſpart
And round about in fitteſt ſteads did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect moſt deface,
As euery one ſeem'd meeteſt in that caſe.
Seuen of the ſame againſt the Caſtle gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſant force and endleſſe hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

7

The other fiue, fiue ſundry wayes he ſet,
Againſt the fiue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'aſſayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope therof to win victorious ſpoyle.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadfull battery.

8

The firſt troupe was a monſtrous rabblement
Of fowle miſshapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And ſome had wings, and ſome had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did boawe and arrowes beare
All thoſe were laweleſſe luſts, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aſpectes, all cruell enemies.

Thoſe

9

Thoſe ſame againſt the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpit day nor night,
But ſoone as *Titan* gan his head exault.
And ſoone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke ſorely rent.

10

The ſecond Bulwarke was the *Hearing* ſenſe,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some hauing heads like Harts, ſome like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rous'd out of the brakes;
Slaunderous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, prayſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that Fort did bend their batteries.

11

Likewiſe that ſame third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly aſſayd:
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmayd,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd:
All ſhap't according their conditions,
For, by thoſe vgly formes weren pourtraid
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which do that ſenſe beſiege with light illuſions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
Againſt the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taſt*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyſtriges, ſome fac't
Like loathly Toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
Like ſwine; for, ſo deformd is luxury,
Surfait, miſdiet, and vnthriftie waſte,
Vaine feaſts, and idle ſuperfluitie:
All thoſe this ſenſes Fort aſſaile inceſſantly.

13

But the fift troupe moſt horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
For, ſome like ſnayles, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew,
And ſome like vgly Vrchins thicke and ſhort:
They cruelly aſſayled that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtings of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fift Bulwarke they continued ſight.

14

Thus theſe twelue troupes with dreadfull puiſſance
Againſt that Caſtle reſtleſſe ſiege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:
And euermore their wicked Capitaine
Prouoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Sometimes with threats, ſometimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ranſack of that peece they ſhould attaine.

15

On th'other ſide, th'aſſieged Caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulſe, and manie hard
Atchivement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to ſuſtaine:
And thoſe two brethren Giants did defend
The walles ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdy maine,
That neuer entrance any durſt pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghoſts did ſend.

16

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,
Was much diſmayed with that dreadfull ſight
(For, neuer was ſhe in ſo euill caſe)
Till that the Prince ſeeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from ſo ſad affright,
Offring his ſeruice, and his deareſt life
For her defence, againſt that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that ſtrife:
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftſoones himſelfe in glitterand arms he dight,
And his well proued weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge he behight,
Thoſe gates to be vnbard, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent,
That euer brandiſhed bright ſteele on hie:
Whom ſooneas that vnruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire iſſuing did eſpy,
They reard a moſt outragious dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of ſnowe,
And round about him flocke impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling lowe
From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe
With ſuddein fury all the fertile Plaine,
And the ſad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
Adowne the ſtreame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong rume may ſuſtaine.

19

Vpon his ſhield their heaped haile he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raſcall flockes,
Which fled aſunder, and him fell before,
As withered leaues drop from their dried ſtockes,
When the wroth Weſtern wind does reaue their locks;
And vnderneath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly ſeed:
Such as *Laömedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which ſuddeine horrour and confuſed cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a Tigre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and vnſound, (bound.
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe Graue-clothes were vn-

21

And in his hand a bended boaw was seene,
And many arrowes vnder his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quyuers hide;
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde:
Ne was there salue, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

22

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

23

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espide,
Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prickt on either side,
And his mischieuous boaw full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

25

Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be auenged of that shot why leare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26

For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could scarse him ouertake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pase,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursew:
Who when his vncouth manner he did vew
He gan auize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

28

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that curssed Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tie;
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,
That other Hag did far away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and griesly grapplement,
Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full little wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30

So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life vnsound,
That in assurance it may neuer stand,
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou Prince, the proweſt man aliue,
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so neerely driue,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

31

The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochefull shame,
As one awak't out of long slombring shade,
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfselfe from blame.

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe suppreſt,
With murmurours disdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
And striues to mount vnto his natiue seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

So

33

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his cattiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres haue touz'd,
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his boaw and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When suddein vp the villein ouerthrowne,
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not been remooued many a day;
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry waie.

36

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to think that throwe to beare,
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepaire:

37

So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
And strooke at him so stemely, that he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the heart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcasse one might plainely see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuelish science.

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41

Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th'vtmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th'vtmost issew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now availd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42

Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse vnto the senseless ground;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

43

As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie Plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
That whiles he marueild still, did still him paine:
For thy he gan some other waves aduize,
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reprize.

45

He then remembred well, that had been ſayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and firſt him bore;
She eke, ſo often as his life decayd,
Did life with vſury to him reſtore,
And rayſd him vp much ſtronger then before,
So ſoone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him caſt no more,
Ne him commit to Graue terreſtriall,
But beare him farre from hope of ſuccour vſuall.

46

Tho, vp he caught him twixt his puiſſant hands,
And hauing ſcruz'd out of his carrion corſe
The loth'full life, now looſd from ſinfull bands,
Vpon his ſhoulders carried him perforce
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full courſe,
Vntill he came vnto a ſtanding lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorſe,
Ne ſtird, till hope of life did him forſake; (make.
So, end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

47

Which when thoſe wicked Hags from farre did ſpie,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her ſelfe did caſt into that lake;
But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* curſed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

48

Thus now alone he conqueror remaines:
Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his ſteed,
Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and ſerued not his need, (bleed,
Through loſs of bloud, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with ſpeed,
With ſtedfaſt hand vpon his horſe did ſtaie,
And led him to the Caſtle by the beaten waie;

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his ſteed full tenderly,
And eke the faireſt *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and coſtly ſpicerie,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftſoones ſhe caus'd him vp to be conuaid.
And of his armes deſpoyled eaſily,
In ſumptuous bed ſhe made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dreſſing, by him ſtayd.

Canto XII.

Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
paſſing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of bliſſe,
and Acraſie defeat.

1

NOw gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairely to riſe, and her adorned hed
To prick of higheſt praiſe forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and faſt ſetteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue
Now comes to point of that ſame perilous ſted, (fights,
Where Pleaſure dwelles in ſenſuall delights,
Mögſt thouſand dangers, & ten thouſand magick mights.

2

Two dayes now in that ſea he ſayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought ſaue perill, ſtill as he did paſs:
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
Vpon the waues to ſpred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their ſenſes filled with affright,
And ſtraight they ſaw the raging ſurges reard
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

3

Sayd then the *Boateman*, Palmer ſteere aright,
And keep an euen courſe; for yonder way
We needs muſt paſs (God do vs well acquight):
That is the *Gulfe of Greedineſſe*, they ſay,
That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:
Which hauing ſwallowed vp exceſſiuely,
He ſoone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his ſuperfluitie,
That all the ſeas for feare doſeeme away to fly.

On

4

On th'other side an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes.

5

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissaunce doth striue
To strike his owres, and mightily doth driue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waues
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliue
In th'huge abysse of his engulfing Graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

6

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton sort, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

8

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of* vile *Reproche*,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and base,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still late waiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy case,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift.

9

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said: Behold th'ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxury and thriftlesse waste:
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that line, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

10

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stuffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last, far off they many Islands spie,
On euery side floting the floods emong:
Then said the knight, Loe, I the land descrie;
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

11

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*,
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Islands*. Therefore do them shonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

12

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoeuer once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euermore vncertain and vnsure.

13

As th'Isle of *Delos* whilome men report
Amid th'*Aegæan* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* trauelling that way,
Flying from *Iunoes* wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterward did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the bank they sitting did espy
A dauntie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

15

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her locks vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom

16

Whom ouertaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them gan to bord, and purpoſe diuerſly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodeſtly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being looſe and light:
Which not abiding, but more ſcornefully
Scoffing at him, that did her iuſtly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him, ouer the *Ydle lake:*
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forſake,
When them the wary Boateman thus beſpake;
Here now behoueth vs well to auyſe,
And of our ſafetie good heed to take;
For here before a perlous paſſage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making falſe melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quickſand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardie:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.
Scarſe had he ſaid, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh, with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did deſcrie
It plaine, and by the ſea diſcoloured:
It called was the quickſand of *Vnthriftyhed.*

19

They, paſſing by, a goodly Ship did ſee,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furniſhed, as ſhip might be,
Which through great diſauenture, or miſprize,
Her ſelfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whoſe Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to ſaue from pittious ſpoyle:
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other ſide they ſee that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with hapleſs doole
Beene ſunke, of whom no memory did ſtay:
Whoſe circled waters rapt with whirling ſway,
Like ro a reſtleſſe wheele, ſtill running round,
Did couet, as they paſſed by that waie,
To draw the boat within the vtmoſt bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21

But th'heedfull Boateman ſtrongly foorth did ſtretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body ſtraine,
That th'vtmoſt ſandy breach they ſhortly fetch,
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.
Suddaine they ſee, from midſt of all the Maine,
The ſurging waters like a Mountaine riſe,
And the great ſea puft vp with proud diſdaine,
To ſwell aboue the meaſure of his guiſe,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre deſpiſe.

22

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiouſly, as they enraged were;
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drive before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,
Vnweeting what ſuch horrour ſtrange did reare.
Eſtſoones they ſaw an hydeous hoſt arrayd
Of huge Sea monſters, ſuch as liuing ſenſe diſmayd;

23

Moſt vgly ſhapes, and horrible aſpects,
Such as Dame Nature ſelfe mote feare to ſee,
Or ſhame, that euer ſhould ſo fowle defects
From her moſt cunning hand eſcaped be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and ſea-ſhouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fiſhes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with ſiluer ſcales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeaſured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fiſh, that hath deſerv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grieſly Waſſerman, that makes his game
The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſſe to purſew,
The horrible Sea-ſatyre, that doth ſhew
His fearefull face in time of greateſt ſtorme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eſchew
No leſſe then rockes (as trauellers informe)
And greedy *Roſmarines* with viſages deforme;

25

All theſe, and thouſand thouſands many more,
And more deformed Monſters thouſand fold,
With dreadfull noiſe, and hollow rombling rore,
Came ruſhing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which ſeem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if theſe did the Knight appall;
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the Creatures in the ſeas entrall.

26

Feare nought, then ſaid the Palmer well aviz'd;
For, theſe ſame Monſters are not theſe in deed,
But are into theſe fearefull ſhapes diſguiz'd
By that ſame wicked witch, to worke vs dreed,
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho, liſting vp his vertuous ſtaffe on hye,
He ſmote the ſea, which calmed was with ſpeed,
And all that dreadfull Armie faſt gan flye
Into great *Tethys* boſome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their courſe they kept:
And as they went they heard a ruefull crie
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the ſea reſounding plaints did fly:
At laſt they in an Iſland did eſpy
A ſeemly Maiden, ſitting by the ſhore,
That with great ſorrow, and ſad agony,
Seemed ſome great miſfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for ſuccour called euermore.

Which

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, ſtreight his Palmer bade
To ſtere the boate towards that doleſull Mayd,
That he might knowe, and eaſe her ſorrow ſad:
Who him auizing better, to him ſayd;
Faire Sir, be not diſpleas'd, if diſobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For ſhe is inly nothing ill appayd,
But onely womaniſh fine forgerie,
Your ſtubborne heart t'affect with fraile infirmitie.

29

To which when ſhe your courage hath inclin'd
Through fooliſh pittie, then her guileſull bayt
She will emboſome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the laſt awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* ſtrayt
Held on his courſe with ſtayed ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Ne euer ſhrunke, ne euer ſought to bayt
His tired armes for toyſome wearineſſe,
But with his oares did ſweepe the watry wilderneſſe.

30

And now they nigh approched to the ſted,
Where as thoſe Mermaids dwelt: it was a ſtill
And calmy bay, on th'one ſide ſheltered
With the broad ſhadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other ſide an high rocke toured ſtill,
That twixt them both a pleaſant port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There thoſe fiue ſiſters had continuall trade,
And vs'd to bathe themſelues in that deceitfull ſhade.

31

They were faire Ladies till they fondly ſtriv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maiſtery;
Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moity
Transform'd to fiſh, for their bold ſurquedry:
But th'vpper halfe their hew retained ſtill,
And their ſweet ſkill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weake Trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſant tunes they ſweetly thus applide;
O thou faire ſonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes moſt magnifide
Aboue all knights, that euer batteil tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy ſtorme-bet veſſell ſafely ride;
This is the Port of reſt from troublous toyle,
The worlds ſweet In, from paine & weariſome turmoyle.

33

With that, the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A ſolemne Meane vnto them meaſured,
The whiles ſweet *Zephyrus* lowd whiſteled
His trebble, a ſtrange kind of harmonie;
Which *Guyons* ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
That he the *Boateman* bad rowe eaſily,
And let him heare ſome part of their rare melodie.

34

But him that Palmer from that vanitie,
With temperate aduiſe diſcounſelled,
That they it paſt, and ſhortly gan deſcry
The land, to which their courſe they leueled;
When ſuddeinly a groſſe fog ouer-ſpred
With his dull vapour all that deſert has,
And heauens chearefull face enueloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerſe ſeem'd one confuſed maſs.

35

Thereat they greatly were diſmayd, ne wiſt
How to direct their way in darkneſſe wide,
But feard to wander in that waſtfull miſt,
For tombling into miſchiefe vneſpide.
Worſe is the danger hidden, then deſcride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did ſmight,
And ſore annoyed, groping in that grieſly night.

36

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull meſſengere,
The hoarſe Night-rauen, trump of doleſull drere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
The rueſull Strich, ſtill waiting on the bere,
The Whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo heares, doth dy;
The helliſh Harpies, Prophets of ſad deſtinie.

37

All thoſe, and all that elſe does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their ſayles with feare:
Yet ſtayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other ſtifly ſteare;
Till that at laſt the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it ſelfe did plainely ſhowe.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
The ſacred ſoile, where all our perils growe;
Therfore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate ſo well her ſped,
That with her crooked keele the land ſhe ſtrooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* ſallied,
And his ſage Palmer, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did ſtay.
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for euery hard aſſay,
With conſtancie and care, gainſt danger and diſmay.

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beaſts, that roarde outrageouſly,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* ſting
Had them enraged with fell ſurquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but paſt on hardily,
Vntill they came in view of thoſe wilde beaſts:
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpſtarting creſts,
Ran towards, to deuoure thoſe vnexpected gueſts.

But

40

But soone as they approch't, with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld:
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

41

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made;
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes invade,
Through gastly horrour, and eternall shade;
Th'infernall fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,
Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That Natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what-euer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,
As those vnruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feared their force, that fortilage to win;
But wisedoms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of subst ance light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44

It framed was of precious yuory,
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Iason* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her turious louing fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermell like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A pitious spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
It seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that euer open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That Trauellers to him seem'd to entise;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pase, or manly exercise.

47

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

48

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes vs see.
He of this Gardin had the gouernall,
And Pleasures porrer was deuz'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainefully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
Strowed with pleasance, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Pride
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

51

Thereto the Heauens alwaies Iouiall,
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holesome smell.

More

52
More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Faire *Daphne*, *Phœbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53
Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
So fashioned a Porch with rare deuise,
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselues into their hands inclne,
As freelie offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet weil ripened.

55
And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselues emongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the view of couetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load oppreſt,
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

56
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so fayre wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vs'd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

57
So shee to *Guyon* offred it to taste;
VVho taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
VVhereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58
There the most dainty Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happinesse envy:
The painted flowres, the trees vpshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the Crystall running by;
And that, which all faire works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59
One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striuing each th'other to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie:
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diuersitie,
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

60
And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through euery channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree
Was ouer-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with liuely iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whil'st others did themselues embay in liquid ioyes.

61
And over all, of purest gold was spred
A trayle of Ivie in his natiue hew:
For, the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well aviz'd it view,
Would surely deeme it to be Ivie true:
Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,
That themselues dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Cryſtall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

62
Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Iaspar shining bright,
That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did sayle vpright.

63
And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyde.

64

Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
Aboue the waters, and then downe againe
Her plonge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did avise:
But th'other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
Vp in one knot, she lowe adowne did lose:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th'Iuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it, no lesse faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And (counseld well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of bliss*
Of her fond fauorites so nam'd amiss:
When thus the Palmer; Now Sir, well auise;
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote bee:
For, all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonee,
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The ioyous birds, shrouded in cheareful shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments diuine respondence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch, her selfe now solacing
With a new Louer, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbering,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil'st round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Where-with she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, whoso faire thing doost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fayrer seemes, the lesse yee see her may;
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and falles away.

75

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:
Gather therefore the Rose, whil'st yet is prime,
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whil'st yet is time,
Whil'st louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her Louer lose,
VVhose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,
All in a veile of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched deaw, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more (bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honourable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobilitie so foule deface:
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportioned face,
And on his tender lips the downy haire
Did now but fiershly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80

His warlike armes (the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise) were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield (full of old moniments)
Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his aduancement tend,
But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchauntment, that him so did blend!

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
That suddaine forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82

And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applide.

83

But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pitilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppresse,
Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same returnd they right,
Till they arriued where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
VVhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes vvhich there

85

Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournefull meede of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86

Straight-way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,
And stared gastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one aboue the rest in speciall,
That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whil'st weather serues and wind.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chastitie.

1

IT falles me heere to write of Chastitie,
That fairest vertue, farre aboue the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forraine ensamples, it to haue expresst?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

2

But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles:*
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

3

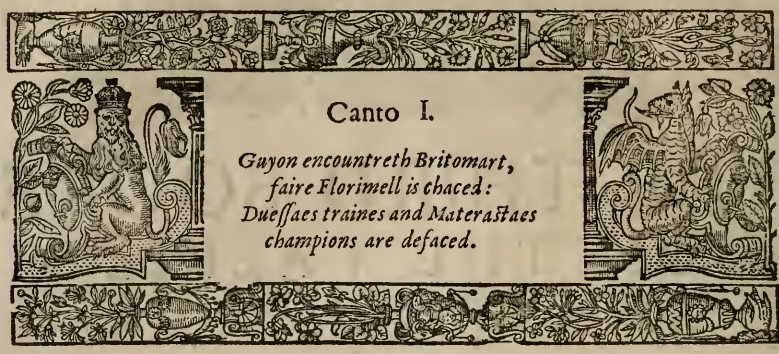
How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuinest wits did raigne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckless lot doth me constraine
Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd showes may shadow it,
And antique prayses vnto present persons fit.

4

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkeled,
In which a gracious seruaunt pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse ravished,
And with the wonder of her beamez bright,
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

5

But let that same delicious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amiss her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphœbe* fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.



Canto I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chaced:
Dueſſaes traines and Materaſſaes
champions are defaced.

1

THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perilous paines endured,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Reſtor'd, & ſory wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured
To make there lenger ſoiourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From ſeeking praiſe, and deeds of armes abroade,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

2

But the captiu'd *Acraſia* hee ſent,
Becauſe of trauell long,a nigher way,
With a ſtrong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery-court ſafe to conuay,.
That her for witneſſe of his hard aſſay,
Vnto his *Faery* Queene he might preſent:
But he himſelfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And ſeeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

3

Long ſo they trauelled through waſtefull wayes,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils moſt did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowmed praiſe;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the vpriſing to the ſetting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppreſſed to relieue,
And to recouer right for ſuch as wrong did grieue.

4

At laſt, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They ſpyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beſide an aged Squire there rode,
That ſeem'd to couch vnder his ſhield three-ſquare,
As if that age bade him that burden ſpare,
And yield it thoſe, that ſtouter could it wield:
He them eſpying, gan himſelfe prepare,
And ou his arme addreſſe his goodly ſhield
That bore a Lyon paſſant in a golden field.

5

Which ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare beſought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant ſpeare, and ſharpely gan to ſpurne
His ſonny ſteed, whoſe fiery feete did burne
The verdant graſſe, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull ſpeare againſt the others head.

6

They beene ymet, and both their poynts arriued,
But *Guyon* droue ſo furious and fell,
That ſeem'd both ſhield and plate it would haue riued;
Natheleſſe, it bore his foe not from his ſell,
But made him ſtagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* ſelfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a ſpeares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall ſo well himſelfe he bare,
That miſchieuous miſchaunce his life & limbes did ſpare.

7

Great ſhame and ſorrow of that fall hee tooke;
For neuer yet ſince warlike armes he bore,
And ſhiuering ſpeare in bloudy field firſt ſhooke,
He found himſelfe diſhonoured ſo ſore.
Ah gentleſt knight that euer armour bore,
Let not thee grieue diſmounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer waſt before;
For, not thy fault, but ſecret powre vnſeene,
That ſpeare enchaũted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

8

But weenedſt thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and ſhamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
That of a ſingle Damſell thou wert met
On equall Plaine, and there ſo hard beſet;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom ſtrange adventure did from *Britaine* fet,
To ſeeke her Louer (loue farre ſought alas)
Whoſe image ſhe had ſeene in *Venus* looking glaſs.

Full

9

Full of diſdainefull wrath, he fierce vp-roſe,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull ſhame,
And ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
With her on foote, and ſtoutly forward came;
Die rather would he then endure that ſame.
Which when his Palmer ſaw, he gan to feare
His rowardperill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new r'encounter he ſhould reare:
For, death ſate on the point of that enchaunted ſpeare.

10

And haſting towards him, gan faire perſwade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His ſpeares default to mend with cruell blade;
For, by his mighty Science he had ſeene
The ſecret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puiſſance mote not withſtond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loſe long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11

By ſuch good meanes he him diſcounſelled,
From proſecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reaſon to aſſwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his ſtarting ſteed, that ſwaru'd aſide,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tide:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifide.

12

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaſte,
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,
Ne armes to beare againſt the others ſide:
In which accord the Prince was alſo plac't,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

13

O goodly vſage of thoſe antique times!
In which the ſword was ſeruaunt vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praiſe, and proofe of manly might,
The Martiall brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble vſe envie,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell furquedry.

14

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wiſe,
Through countries waſte, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exerciſe
Their puiſſance, whylome full demely tryde:
At length they came into a forreſt wide,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling ſound
Full grieſly ſeem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Saue Beares, Lyons, & Buls, which romed them around.

15

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt bruſh,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeeme as cleare as Cryſtall ſtone,
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſell trappings ſhone,
Which fled ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarce them leaſure gaue, her paſſing to behold.

16

Still as ſhe fled, her eye ſhe backward threw,
As fearing euill, that purſewd her faſt;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puffe of euery blaſt:
All as a blazing ſtarre doth farre out-caſt
His hairie beames, and flaming locks diſſpred,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand agaſt:
But the ſage Wiſard telles (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and dolefull drerihead.

17

So, as they gazed after her avvhile,
Lo, where a griſly Foſter foorth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to defile:
His tyreſing iade he fiercely forth did puſh,
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and buſh,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie ſides the bloud did guſh:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clowniſh hand a ſharpe bore-ſpeare he ſhooke.

18

Which outrage when thoſe gentle knights did ſee,
Full of great envie and fell iealouſie,
They ſtayd not to aviſe who firſt ſhould bee,
But all ſpurd after faſt, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from ſhamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
Her ſelfe purſewd, in hope to win thereby
Moſt goodly meed, the fayreſt Dame aliue:
But after the foule Foſter *Timias* did ſtriue.

19

The whiles faire *Eritomart*, whoſe conſtant mind,
Would not ſo lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies loue, did ſtay behind,
And them awaited there a certaine ſpace,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when ſhee ſaw them gone, ſhe forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous Pace,
With ſtedfaſt courage and ſtout hardiment;
Ne euill thing ſhe fear'd, ne euill thing ſhe ment.

20

At laſt, as nigh out of the wood ſhe came,
A ſtately Caſtle farre away ſhe eſpyde,
To which her ſteps directly ſhe did frame.
That Caſtle was moſt goodly edifyde,
And plac't for pleaſure nigh that forreſt ſide:
But faire before the gate a ſpatious Plaine,
Mantled with greene, it ſelfe did ſpredden wide,
On which ſhe ſaw ſixe knights, that did darraine
Fierce battaile againſt one, with cruell might and maine.

21

Maiuely they all attonce vpon him layd,
And sore beset on euery side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,
That none of all the sixe, before him durst assay:

22

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bade those same sixe forbeare that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to harken vnto peace:
Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissension and outragious ire.

24

VVhere-to that single knight did aunswere frame;
These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To change my liefe, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For, I loue one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th'*Errant Damsell* hight,
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound
I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

25

Certes, said she, then been ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:
For, knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maistery;
For, soone as maistery comes, sweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth heere
Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,
Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing peere;
There-to so bountious and so debonaire,
That neuer any mote with her compaire.
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,
Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie, said *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He should aduaunced be to high regard
Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue.
Loue haue I sure, quoth she, but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smote ere well aware he were,
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there doe but two of sixe remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
Ah, said she then, now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,
That for his trusty seruaunts doth so strongly fight.

30

Too well we see, said they, and proue too well
Our faultie weakenesse, and your matchlesse might:
For-thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,
And after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the due reward:
Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
(For, so that Castle hight by common name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight.
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cost
Of euery pillour and of euery post;
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
That the bright glister of their beamez cleare
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These

33

Theſe ſtranger knights through paſſing, forth were led
Into an inner roome, whoſe royaltee
And rich purveyance might vneath be read;
Mote Princes place beſeeme ſo deckt to bee.
Which ſtately manner when as they did ſee,
The image of ſuperfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the ſtate of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence ſo ſumptuous guiſe
Might be maintaind, and each gan diuerſely deuiſe.

34

The wals were round about apparelled
With coſtly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*:
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuiſe, and wondrous wit.
Firſt did it ſhew the bitter balefull ſtowre,
Which her aſſayd with many a feruent fit,
When firſt her tender hart was with his beautie ſmit.

35

Then, with what ſleights and ſweet allurements ſhe
Entic'd the Boy (as well that art ſhe knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a ſecret ſhade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens view;
Where him to ſleepe ſhe gently would perſwade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by ſome couert glade.

36

And whil'ſt he ſlept, ſhe over him would ſpread
Her mantle, colour'd like the ſtarry skyes,
And her ſoft arme lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambroſiall kiſſes bathe his eyes;
And whil'ſt he bath'd, with her two crafty ſpyes
She ſecretly would ſearch each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well ſweet Roſemaries,
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim,
And euer with ſweet Nectar ſhe did ſprinkle him.

37

So did ſhe ſteale his heedleſſe hart away,
And ioy'd his loue in ſecret vneſpide.
But, for ſhe ſaw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the ſalvage beaſt in foreſt wide,
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chaſe of greater beaſts, whoſe brutiſh pride
Mote breed him ſcathe vnwares: but all in vaine;
For, who can ſhun the chaunce that deſtny doth ordaine?

38

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languiſhing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
And by his ſide the Goddeſſe groueling
Makes for him endleſſe mone, and euermore
With her ſoft garment wipes away the gore,
Which ſtaines his ſnowy skin with hateſull hew:
But when ſhe ſaw no helpe might him reſtore,
Him to a dainty flowre ſhe did tranſmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldez guize,
Some for vntimely eaſe, ſome for delight,
As pleaſed them to vſe, that vſe it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,
And ſwimming deepe in ſenſuall deſires,
And *Cupid* ſtill emongſt them kindled luſtfull fires.

40

And all the while, ſweet Muſick did diuide
Her looſer notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, ſweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim conſort.
Which when thoſe knights beheld, with ſcornefull eye,
They diſdeigned ſuch laſciuious diſport,
And loath'd the looſe demeanure of that wanton ſort.

41

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found ſitting on a ſumptuous bed,
That gliſtred all with gold and glorious ſhew,
As the proud *Perſian* Queenes accuſtomed:
She ſeem'd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, ſauing that aſcaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill ſignes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42

Long worke it were, and needleſſe to deuize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She cauſed them be led in curteous wize
Into a bowre, diſarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and ſpiceree:
The *Redcroſſe* Knight was ſoone diſarmed there;
But the braue Mayd would not diſarmed be,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appere.

43

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkeſome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where ſhe may find the ſubſtance thin and light,
Breakes forth her ſiluer beames, and her bright head
Diſcouers to the world diſcomfited;
Of the poore traueller that went aſtray,
With thouſand bleſſings ſhe is heried;
Such was the beauty and the ſhining ray,
With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44

And eke thoſe ſixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were diſarmd, and did themſelues preſent
Vnto her view, and company vnſought;
For they all ſeemed curteous and gent,
And all ſixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all ciuilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-ſeruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

The

45

The firſt of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A iolly perſon, and of comely view;
The ſecond was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Iocante* did enſew;
Baſciante did himſelfe moſt curteous ſhew;
But fierce *Bacchante* ſeem'd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Noctante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beſeene;
But to faire *Britomart* they all but ſhadowes beene.

46

For ſhe was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
That as the one ſtird vp affections baſe,
So th'other did mens raſh deſires appall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he that hath eſpyde a vermeill Roſe,
To which ſharpe thornes and briers the way forſtall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expoſe;
But wiſhing it farre off, his idle wiſh doth loſe.

47

Whom when the Lady ſaw ſo faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary ſex,
(For ſhe her weend a freſh and luſty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falſed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued haſtie fire,
Like ſparks of fire which fall in ſlender flex,
That ſhortly brent into extreame deſire,
And ranſackt all her veines with paſſion entire.

48

Eftſoones ſhee grew to great impatience,
And into tearmes of open outrage burſt,
That plaine diſcouer'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt ſhe, who her meaning did miſtruſt;
For, ſhe was giuen all to fleſhly luſt,
And poured forth in ſenſuall delight,
That all regard of ſhame ſhe had diſcuſt,
And meet reſpect of honour put to flight:
So ſhamleſſe beauty ſoone becomes a loathy ſight.

49

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
And chaſte deſires doe nouriſh in your mind,
Let not her fault your ſweet affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
Mongſt thouſands good, one wanton Dame to find:
Emongſt the Roſes growe ſome wicked weedes;
For, this was not to loue, but luſt inclin'd;
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,
And in each gentle hart deſire of honour breedes.

50

Nought ſo of loue this looſer Dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleſhly flame,
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading vnder foote her honeſt name:
Such loue is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
Still did ſhe roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her falſe eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignoraunce.

51

Supper was ſhortly dight, and downe they ſat,
Where they were ſerued with all ſumptuous fare,
VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,
And aye betweene the cups, ſhe did prepare
Way to her loue, and ſecret darts did throwe;
But *Britomart* would not ſuch guilefull meſſage knowe.

52

So when they ſlaked had the feruent heat
Of appetite with meates of euery ſort,
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
Her to diſarme, and with delightfull ſport
To looſe her warlike limbs and ſtrong effort:
But when ſhe mote not there-vnto be wonne,
(For, ſhee her ſex vnder that ſtrange purport
Did vſe to hide, and plaine apparaunce ſhunne:)
In plainer wiſe to tell her grieuaunce ſhe begunne;

53

And all attonce diſcouered her deſire
With ſighes, and ſobs, and plaints, & pittious griefe,
The outward ſparkes of her in-burning fire;
Which ſpent in vaine, at laſt ſhe told her briefe,
That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort reliefe,
And doe her comfort, ſhe mote algates die.
But the chaſte Damzell, that had neuer priefe
Of ſuch malengine and fine forgerie,
Did eaſily beleeue her ſtrong extremitie.

54

Full eaſie was for her to haue beliefe,
Who, by ſelfe-feeling of her feeble ſex,
And by long triall of the inward griefe,
Where-with impetuous loue her hart did vex,
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.
Who meanes no guile, be ſ guiled ſooneſt ſhall,
And to faire ſemblaunce doth light faith annex;
The bird, that knowes not the falſe Fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full eaſily doth fall.

55

For-thy, ſhe would not in diſcourteous wiſe,
Scorne the faire offer of good will profeſt;
For, great rebuke it is, loue to deſpiſe,
Or rudely diſdeigne a gentle harts requeſt;
But with faire countenaunce, as beſeemed beſt,
Her entertaind; nath'leſſe, ſhee inly deem'd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring gueſt:
Which ſhe miſconſtruing, thereby eſteem'd
That frō like inward fire that outward ſmoke had ſteem'd.

56

There-with awhile ſhe her ſlit fancie fed,
Till ſhe mote winne fit time for her deſire:
But yet her wound ſtill inward freſhly bled,
And through her bones the falſe inſtilled fire
Did ſpread it ſelfe, and venime cloſe inſpire.
Tho, were the tables taken all away,
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire
Gan chooſe his Dame with *Baſcio mani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his ſport and courtly play.

Some

57

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make merriment,
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58

High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Auoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

59

Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieued spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

60

Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,
And to her bed approching, first she prooued,
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member mooued,
And lent her wary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61

Which, when-as none she fond, with easie shift,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noyse she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

62

Where, feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead
Through suddaine feare and gastly drerihed,
Did shricke aloud, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family there-with adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

63

And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stound,
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senseless ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her auenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

64

About their Lady first they flockt around:
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swound;
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche
To stirre vp strife, and troublous conteck broche:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approche,
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselues embosse;
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloudy Crosse.

65

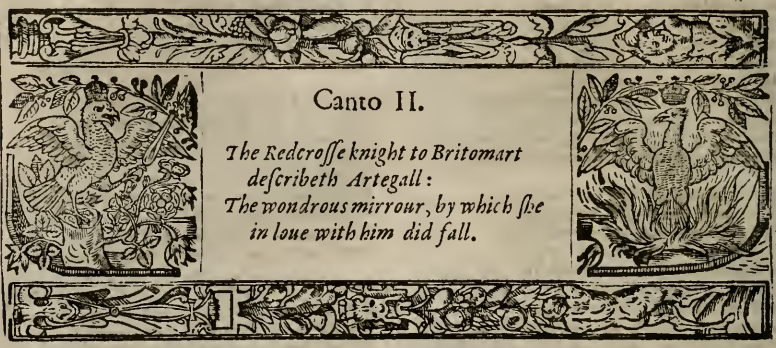
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:
The mortall steele staid not, till it was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

66

Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67

Tho, when-as all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be staid,
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So carely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.



Canto II.

The Redcroſſe knight to Britomart deſcribeth Artegall: The wondrous mirrour, by which ſhe in loue with him did fall.

1

HEre haue I cauſe, in men iuſt blame to find,
That in their proper praiſe too partiall be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no ſhare in armes & cheualrie
They doe impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue geſtes & proweſſe Martiall;
Scarce doe they ſpare to one, or two, or three,
Roome in their writs; yet the ſame writing ſmall
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

2

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare moſt ſway,
And to all great exploits themſelues inclin'd:
Of which they ſtill the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyne ſtraight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet ſith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and policie,
That now we fooliſh men that praiſe gin eke t'enuy.

3

Of warlike puiſſaunce in ages ſpent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whoſe praiſe I write,
But of all wiſedome be thou precedent,
O ſoueraigne Queene, whoſe praiſe I would endite,
Endite I would as duetie doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
When in ſo high an obiect they doe lighte,
And ſtriuing fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy ſelfe thy prayſes tell, and make them knowen farre.

4

She, trauelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of ſundry things faire purpoſe gan to find,
T'abbridge their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongſt which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind
Brought her into thoſe parts, and what inqueſt
Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
Faire Lady ſhe him ſeemd, like Lady dreſt:
But fayreſt knight aliue, when armed was her breſt.

5

Thereat ſhee ſighing ſoftly, had no power
To ſpeake awhile, ne ready anſwere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſtowre,
As if ſhe had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery dainty limbe with horrour ſhake;
And euer and anone the roſy red
Flaſht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
At laſt, the paſſion paſt, ſhe thus him anſwered.

6

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from Nurſes tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike ſtowre,
To toſſen ſpeare and ſhield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his moſt miſhap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleaſures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foe-maus ſpeare be dead.

7

All my delight on deeds of armes is ſet,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By ſea, by land, whereſo they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without reſpect of riches or reward.
For ſuch intent into theſe parts I came,
Withouten compaſſe, or withouten card,
Far from my natiue ſoyle, that is by name
The greater *Britaine*, heere to ſeeke for praiſe and fame.

8

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many ſtrange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worſhip may be wonne;
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late foule diſhonour and reprochefull ſpight,
The which I ſeeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight.

The

9

The word gone out, ſhe backe againe would call,
As her repenting ſo to haue miſſayd,
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
Her ſhortly anſwered: Faire martiall Maid
Certes ye miſauiſed been, t'vpbraid
A gentle knight with ſo vnknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10

For-thy great wonder were it, if ſuch ſhame
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
Or euer do that mote deſeruen blame:
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it ſelfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Leaſt that too farre ye haue your ſorrowe ſought:
You and your countrey both I wiſh welfare,
And honour both; for euch of other worthy are.

11

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her loue ſo highly magnifide,
And ioyd that euer ſhe affixed had
Her heart on knight ſo goodly glorifide,
How euer finely ſhe it faind to hide:
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the deare cloſet of her painefull ſide,
Her tender babe, it ſeeing ſafe appeare,
Doth not ſo much reioice, as ſhe reioiced there.

12

But to occaſion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleaſing ſtile,
Her liſt in ſtrife-full tearmes with him to balke,
And thus replide; How euer, Sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praiſes to compile,
It ill beſeemes a knight of gentle ſort,
Such as ye haue him boaſted, to beguile
A ſimple mayd, and worke ſo haynous tort,
In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13

Let be therefore my vengeance to diſſwade,
And read, where I that faytour falſe may find.
Ah, but if reaſon faire might you perſwade,
To ſlake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Sayd he, perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight;
Whoſe proweſſe paragon ſaw neuer liuing wight.

14

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found:
For, he ne wonneth in one certaine ſtead,
But reſtleſs walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
Where-ſo he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortleſſe, through tyranny or might;
So is his ſoueraine honour raiſ'd to heauens hight.

15

His feeling words her feeble ſenſe much pleaſed,
And ſoftly ſunke into her molten heart;
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eaſed
With hope of thing, that may allegge his ſmart;
For, pleaſing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in ſlomber lay:
Such ſecret eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet liſt the ſame efforce with faind gaineſay:
(So, diſcord oft in Muſick makes the ſweeter lay.)

16

And ſayd, Sir knight, theſe idle tearms forbeare,
And ſith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me ſome markes, by which he may appeare;
If chaunce I him encounter paraunt;
For, perdy one ſhall other ſlay, or daunt: (ſted;
What ſhape, what ſhield, what arms, what ſteed, what
And whatſo elſe his perſon moſt may vaunt?
All which the *Redroſſe* knight to point ared,
And him in euery point before her faſhioned.

17

Yet him in euery part before ſhe knew,
How-euer liſt her now her knowledge faine,
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* ſhe did view,
To her reuealed in a mirrour plaine;
Whereof did growe her firſt engraffed paine;
Whoſe root and ſtalke ſo bitter yet did taſte,
That but the fruite more ſweetneſſe did containe,
Her wretched dayes in dolour ſhe mote waſte,
And yield the pray of loue to loathſome death at laſt.

18

By ſtrange occaſion ſhe did him behold,
And much more ſtrangely gan to loue his ſight,
As it in bookes hath written been of old.
In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe ſcience, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glaſs, right wondrouſly aguiz'd,
Whoſe vertues through the wide world ſoon were ſolem-
(niz'd:

19

It vertue had, to ſhew in perfect ſight,
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the loweſt earth and heauens hight,
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;
What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,
Therein diſcouered was, ne ought mote paſs,
Ne ought in ſecret from the ſame remayn'd;
For-thy it round and hollow ſhaped was,
Like to the world it ſelfe, and ſeem'd a world of glaſs.

20

Who wonders not, that reades ſo wondrous worke?
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
Wherein th' Ægyptian *Phaö* long did lurke
From all mens view, that none might her diſcoure,
Yet ſhe might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomee* it for his lemans ſake
Ybuilded all of glaſs, by Magicke powre,
And alſo it impregnable did make;
Yet when his loue was falſe, he with a peize it brake.

21

Such was the glaſſie globe that *Merlin* made,
And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tidings therof, and ſo them ſtill debard.
It was a famous Preſent for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treaſons could bewray, and foes conuince:
Happy this Realme, had it remained euer ſince.

22

One day it fortuned, faire *Britomart*
Into her fathers cloſet to repaire;
For, nothing he from her reſeru'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when ſhe had eſpide that mirrour faire,
Her ſelfe awhile therin ſhe viewd in vaine;
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof ſpoken were, ſhe gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her ſelfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentleſt hearts
Imperious Loue hath higheſt ſet his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Maid (as maidens vſe to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that ſhe luſted after any one;
For, ſhe was pure from blame of ſinfull blot,
Yet wiſt her life at laſt muſt linke in that ſame knot.

24

Eftſoones there was preſented to her eye,
A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
Through whoſe bright ventayle lifted vp on hie
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize
Lookt foorth, as *Phœbus* face out of the eaſt
Betwixt two ſhady mountaines doth arize;
Portly his perſon was, and much increaſt
Through his Heröicke grace, and honorable geſt.

25

His creſt was couered with a couchant Hound,
And all his armour ſeem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous maſſie and aſſured ſound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did winne.
And on his ſhield enueloped ſeuenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his perſonage,
And liked well, ne further faſtned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt vnwiſt moſt danger doth redound;
But the falſe Archer, which that arrow ſhot
So ſlyly, that ſhe did not feele the wound,
Did ſmile full ſmoothly at her weetleſs wofull ſtound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creſt,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowely to availe,
And her proud portance, and her princely geſt,
With which ſhe earſt triumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, ſolemne, ſowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wiſt ſhe neither how, nor why,
She wiſt not, ſilly maid, what ſhe did aile;
Yet wiſt, ſhe was not well at eaſe perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but ſome melancholy.

28

So ſoone as night had with her pallid hew
Defac't the beauty of the ſhining ſky,
And reft from men the worlds deſired view,
She with her Nourſe adowne to ſleepe did lie;
But ſleepe full farre away from her did flie:
In ſtead thereof ſad ſighes and ſorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily.
That nought ſhe did but waile, and often ſteepe
Her dainty couch with tears, which cloſely ſhe did weep.

29

And if that any drop of ſlombring reſt
Did chaunce to ſtill into her weary ſpright,
When feeble nature felt her ſelfe oppreſt;
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantaſticke ſight
Of dreadfull things the ſame was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed ſhe did affart,
As one with view of ghaſtly feends affright:
Tho, gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
And thinke of that faire viſage written in her heart.

30

One night, when ſhe was toſt with ſuch vnreſt,
Her aged Nurſe, whoſe name was *Glaucé* hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed neſt,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
Ah my deare daughter, ah my deareſt dread,
What vncouth fit, ſayd ſhe, what euill plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearyhead
Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought theſe ſuddeine ghaſtly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repoſe;
And all the day, when as thine equall Peares
Their fit diſports with faire delight doe choſe,
Thou in dull corners doſt thy ſelfe incloſe,
Ne taſteſt Princes pleaſures, ne doeſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youthes faireſt flowre, but loſe
Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely ſhed,
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beaſtes do reſt,
And euery riuer eke his courſe forbeares,
Then doth this wicked euill thee infeſt,
And riue with thouſand throbs thy thrilled breſt;
Like an huge *Aetn*' of deep engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheſt,
Whence forth it breakes in ſighes and anguiſh riſe,
As ſmoke and ſulphure mingled with confuſed ſtrife.

Aye

33

Aye me, how much I feare, leaſt loue it bee;
But if that loue it be, as ſure I read
By knowen ſignes and paſſions, which I ſee,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall ſead,
Then I avow by this moſt ſacred head
Of my deare foſter child, to eaſe thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore my liefeſt liefe.

34

So hauing ſaid, her twixt her armes twaine
She ſtraightly ſtrayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She ſoftly felt, and rubbed buſily,
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;
And her faire deawy eyes with kiſſes deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the ſecret of her heart to her appeare.

35

The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurſe! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,
But it muſt doubled be with death of twaine?
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, ſaid ſhe, deſpaire no whit;
For, Neuer ſore, but might a ſalue obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly ſmit,
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36

But mine is not, quoth ſhe, like others wound;
For which no reaſon can finde remedie.
Was neuer ſuch, but mote the like be found,
Said ſhe, and though no reaſon may apply
Salue to your ſore, yet loue can higher ſtie,
Then reaſons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither god of loue, nor god of ſky
Can doe (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impoſſible (quoth ſhe) ſeeme ere begonne.

37

Theſe idle words, ſayd ſhe, doe nought aſſwage
My ſtubborne ſmart, but more annoyance breed,
For, no, no vſuall fire, no vſuall rage
It is, ô Nurſe, which on my life doth feed,
And ſuckes the bloud, which from my heart doth bleed.
But ſince thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whoſe loue hath gryde
My feeble breſt of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:
For then ſome hope I might vnto me drawe;
But th'only ſhade and ſemblant of a knight,
Whoſe ſhape or perſon yet I neuer ſawe,
Hath me ſubiected to loues cruell lawe:
The ſame one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour ſawe,
And pleaſed with that ſeeming goodly-hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I ſwallowed.

39

Sithens it hath infixed faſter hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and ſo ſore
Now rankleth in this ſame fraile fleſhly mould,
That all mine entrailes flowe with poyſnous gore,
And th'vlcer groweth dayly more and more;
Ne can my running ſore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languiſh as the leafe falne from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miſerie.

40

Daughter, ſayd ſhe, what need ye be diſmayd,
Or why make ye ſuch monſter of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy luſt, contrary vnto kind:
But this affection nothing ſtrange I find;
For, who with reaſon can you aye reproue,
To loue the ſemblant pleaſing moſt your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41

Not ſo th'*Arabian Myrrh*' did ſet her minde;
Not ſo did *Biblis* ſpend her pining heart,
But lov'd their native fleſh againſt all kind,
And to their purpoſe vſed wicked art:
Yet playd *Paſiphaë* a more monſtrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and learnd a beaſt to bee;
Such ſhamefull luſts who loaths not, which depart
From courſe of Nature and of modeſty?
Swect loue ſuch lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)
Though ſtrange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes ſeems beſtowed not amiſs:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall bliſs.
With that vpleaning on her elbowe weake,
Her alablaſter breſt the ſoft did kiſs,
Which all that while ſhe felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were: at laſt ſhe thus beſpake:

43

Beldame, your words do worke me little eaſe;
For, though my loue be not ſo lewdly bent,
As thoſe ye blame, yet may it not appeaſe
My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpleſs griefe augment.
For they, how euer ſhamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did poſſeſſe their horrible intent:
Short end of ſorrowes they thereby did finde; (minde.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44

But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my deſire,
But feed on ſhadowes, whiles I die for foode,
And like a ſhadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languiſh and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephiſus* fooliſh child,
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine ſhere
His face, was with the loue thereof beguil'd;
I fonder loue a ſhade, the body farre exil'd.

45

Nought like, quoth ſhe, for that ſame wretched boy
Was of himſelfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'ſt the ſhadow of a warlike knight;
No ſhadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, whereſoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

46

But if thou may with reaſon yet repreſſe
The growing euill, ere it ſtrength haue got,
And thee abandond wholly do poſſeſſe,
Againſt it ſtrongly ſtriue, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be ſmot.
But if the paſſion maſter thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death muſt be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compaſſe thy deſire, and find that loued knight.

47

Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble ſpright
Of the ſicke virgin, that her downe ſhe layd
In her warme bed to ſleepe, if that ſhe might;
And the old-woman carefully diſplayd
The clothes about her round with buſie ayd;
So that at laſt a little creeping ſleepe
Surpris'd her ſenſe: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did ſteepe,
And ſet her by to watch, and ſet her by to weepe.

48

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
They both vproſe and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herſe
Her loue-ſicke heart to other thoughts did ſteale;
And that old Dame ſayd many an idle verſe,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerſe.

49

Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her ſelfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurſe, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre
Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which ſhe in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did ſpill.

50

Then taking thrice three haires from off her head,
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whiſpered a ſpace
Certaine ſad words, with hollow voice and baſe,
She to the virgin ſaid, thrice ſayd ſhe it;
Come daughter come, come; ſpit vpon my face,
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me ſpit;
Th'vneuen number for this buſineſſe is moſt fit.

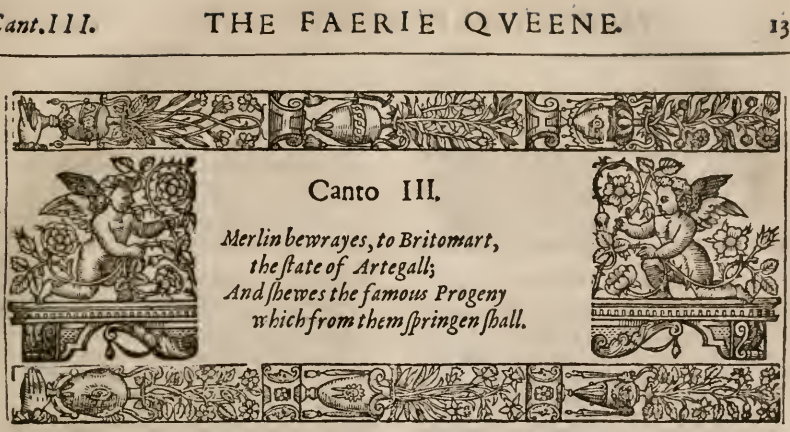
51

That ſayd, her round about ſhe from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thriſe ſhe her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for ſhe the right did ſhunne,
And euer what ſhe did, was ſtreight vndonne.
So thought ſhe to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle breſt begonne,
No idle charmes ſo lightly may remooue;
That well can witneſſe, who by triall it does proue.

52

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auaile,
Ne ſlake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that ſhe ſtill did waſte, and ſtill did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame
She ſhortly like a pyned ghoſt became,
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian ſtrond.
That when old *Glaucé* ſaw, for feare leaſt blame
Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her befond
She wiſt not how t'amend, nor how it to withſtond.

Canto



Canto III.

Merlin bewrayes, to Britomart,
the ſtate of Artegall;
And ſhewes the famous Progeny
which from them ſpringen ſhall.

1

O Hſacred fire, that burneſt mightily
In liuing breſts, ykindled firſt aboue,
Emongſt th'eternall ſpheres & lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which mē cal loue;
Not that ſame, which doth baſe affections
In brutiſh minds, & filthy luſt inflame; (moue
But that ſweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt Dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame;

2

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall minds haſt ſo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpoſe of diuine foreſight
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirreſt vp th'Heroës high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous moniments.

3

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any, of thy powre
Shewdſt thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,
Making her ſeeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did raiſe
Moſt famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue ſpred their liuing prayſe,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally diſplayes.

4

Begin then, ô my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memorie*,
That doeſt ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, ô *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraignes goodly auncestry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it laſtly brought vnto her Excellence.

5

Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Old *Glaucé* caſt, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies ſhe ſought, but none could finde,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counſell, that is chiefe
And choſeſt med'cine for ſicke hearts reliefe:
For-thy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to foule repriefe,
And ſore reproche, when ſo her father deare
Should of his deareſt daughters hard misfortune heare.

6

At laſt, ſhe her aduis'd, that he, which made
That mirrour, wherein the ſicke Damoſell
So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange louers ſhade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coaſt of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his loue might beſt be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Affrick Ismaell*,
Or th'Indian *Peru* he were, ſhe thought
Him foith through infinite endeuour to haue ſought.

7

Forthwith themſelues diſguiſing both in ſtrange
And baſe attyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* cald, they tooke their way:
There the wiſe *Merlin* whylome wont, they ſay,
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſeld with his ſprights encompaſſ round.

8

And if thou euer happen that ſame way
To trauell, goe to ſee that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow caue, they ſay,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift *Barry*, tombling downe apace,
Emongſt the woody hilles of *Dyneuowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruel Feends ſhould thee vnwares deuowre.

8

But ſtanding high aloft, lowe lay thine eare,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of yron chaines,
And braſen Caudrons thou ſhalt rombling heare,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring paines
Doe toſſe, that it will ſtonne thy feeble braioes,
And oftentimes great grones, and grieuous ſtounds,
When too huge toile and labour them conſtraines:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From vnder that deepe Rocke moſt horribly rebounds.

9

The cauſe ſome ſay is this: A litle while
Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
A braſen wall in compaſs to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Vnto theſe Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who thereby forc't his workemen to forſake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to ſlake.

10

In the meane time, through that falſe Ladies traine,
He was ſurpris'd, and buried vnder bere,
Ne ever to his work returnd againe:
Nath'leſſe thoſe feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
Vntill that braſen wall they vp do reare:
For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more inſight,
Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skie
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay:
The land to ſea, and ſea to maine-land dry,
And darkeſome night he eke could turne to daie:
Huge hoſtes of men he could alone diſmay,
And hoſtes of men of meaneſt things could frame,
When-ſo him liſt his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12

And, ſooth, men ſay that he was not the ſonne
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
But wondrouſly begotten, and begunne
By falſe illuſion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Marthraual* by right,
And cooſen vnto king *Ambroſius*:
Whence he indued was with skill ſo maruellous.

13

They here ariuing, ſtayd awhile without,
Ne durſt aduenture raſhly in to wend,
But of their firſt intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)
Firſt entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deep buſied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing ſtrange characters in the ground,
With which the ſtubborn feends he to his ſeruice bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:
For, of their comming well he wiſt afore;
Yet liſt them bid their buſineſſe vnfold,
As if ought in this world in ſecret ſtore
Were from him hidden, or vnknowen of yore.
Then *Glaucé* thus, Let not it thee offend,
That we thus raſhly through thy darkſome dore,
Vnwares haue preſt: for, either farall end,
Or other mighty cauſe, vs two did hither ſend.

15

He bade tell on: And then ſhe thus began;
Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice ſhined faire, and thrice eeem'd dim and wan,
Sith a ſore euill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in doleſull plight,
Firſt rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it ſprong, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full ſhortly I her dead ſhall ſee.

16

Therewith th'Enchaunter ſoftly gan to ſmyle
At her ſmooth ſpeeches, weeting inly well,
That ſhe to him diſſembled womaniſh guile,
And to her ſayd, Beldame, by that ye tell,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who help may haue elſewhere,
In vaine ſeekes wonders out of Magicke ſpell.
Th'old woman wox half blank, thoſe words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpoſe plaine appeare.

17

And to him ſaid, If any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could haue redreſt
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
Certes I ſhould be loth thee to moleſt:
But this ſad euill, which doth her infeſt,
Doth courſe of naturall cauſe farre exceed,
And houſed is within her hollow breſt,
That either ſeemes ſome curſed witches deed,
Or euill ſpright, that in her doth ſuch torment breed.

18

The wiſard could no longer beare her bord,
But bruſting forth in laughter, to her ſayd;
Glaucé, what needs this colourable word,
To cloke the cauſe, that hath it ſelfe bewrayd?
Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for ſuccour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleaſed to reueale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, ſeeing her ſelfe deſcryde,
Was all abaſht, and her pure yuory
Into a cleare Carnation ſuddaine dyde;
As faire *Aurora*, riſing haſtily,
Doth by her bluſhing tell, that ſhe did ly
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof ſhe ſeemes aſhamed inwardly.
But her olde Nurſe was nought diſhartened,
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And

20

And ſayd, Sith then thou knoweſt all our griefe,
(For what doſt not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yeeld vs meet releefe.
With that, the Prophet ſtill awhile did ſtay,
And then his ſpirite thus gan forth diſplay;
Moſt noble Virgine, that by fatall lore
Haſt learn'd to love, let no whit thee diſmay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with ſharpe fits thy tender heart oppreſſeth ſore.

21

For, ſo muſt all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe muſt be that Tree,
Whoſe big embodied branches ſhall not lin,
Till they to heauens hight forth ſtretched bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall ſpring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,
Which ſhall reuiue the ſleeping memory
Of thoſe ſame antique Peers, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Aſian* riuers ſtayned which their blood.

22

Renowmed kings, and ſacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offſpring, ſhall from thee deſcend;
Braue Captaines, and moſt mighty Warriours,
That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes ſhall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They ſhall vpreare, and mightily defend
Againſt their forreine foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuerſall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

23

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glaſs,
But the ſtraight courſe of heauenly deſtiny,
Led with Eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to paſs:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the proweſt knight, that euer was.
Therefore ſubmit thy waies vnto his will,
And do by all dew meanes thy deſtiny fulfill.

24

But read (ſaid *Glauce*) thou Magician
What meanes ſhall ſhe out-ſeek, or what waies take?
How ſhall ſhe knowe, how ſhall ſhe find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, ſith fates can make
Way for themſelues, their purpoſe to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not ſhrink, though all the world do ſhake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly cauſes to their conſtant terme.

25

The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee
The ſpouſe of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all
To Elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himſelfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26

But ſooth he is the ſonne of *Gorlöis*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Corniſh king,
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the Day out of the ſea doth ſpring,
Vntill the cloſure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his natiue ſoyle thou backe ſhalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withſtand
The powre of forreine Paynims, which inuade thy land.

27

Great ayd thereto his mighty puiſſance,
And dreaded name, ſhall giue in that ſad day:
Where alſo proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then ſhalt make, t'increaſe thy louers pray:
Long time ye both in armes ſhall beare great ſway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his laſt fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of ſecret foes, that him ſhall make in miſchiefe fall.

28

Where thee yet ſhall he leaue, for memorie
Of his late puiſſance, his Image dead,
That liuing him in all actiuitie
To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the head
Of his cooſin *Conſtantius* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himſelfe in th'others ſtead:
Then ſhall he iſſew forth with dreadfull might,
Againſt his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

29

Like as a Lyon, that in drowſie caue
Hath long time ſlept, himſelfe ſo ſhall he ſhake;
And comming forth, ſhall ſpred his banner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it ſhall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,
But the third time ſhall faire accordance make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He ſhall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30

His ſonne, hight *Vortipore*, ſhall him ſucceede
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:
Yet ſhall he long time warre with happy ſpeed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the laſt to th'importunity
Of froward fortune ſhall be forc't to yeeld.
But his ſonne *Malgo* ſhall full mightily
Auenge his fathers loſſe, with ſpeare and ſhield,
And his proud foes diſcomfit in victorious field.

31

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Beares he himſelfe with portly maieſtee,
That one of th'old *Heroes* ſeemes to bee:
He the ſix Iſlands comprouinciall
In ancient times vnto great Britannee,
Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call
Their ſundry kings to do their homage ſeuerall.

32

All which his ſonne *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre ſuppreſſe,
Vntill a ſtranger king from vnknowne ſoyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppreſſe;
Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightineſſe
Ireland ſubdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a ſwift Otter, fell through emptineſſe,
Shall ouerſwim the Sea with many one
Of his Norueyſes, to aſſiſt the Britons fone.

33

He in his fury all ſhall ouerrunne,
And holy Church with faithleſs hands deface,
That thy ſad people vtterly fordonne,
Shall to the vtmoſt mountaines fly apace:
Was neuer ſo great waſte in any place,
Nor ſo foul outrage doen by liuing men;
For, all thy Citties they ſhall ſacke and raſe,
And the green graſſe, that groweth, they ſhall bren,
That euen the wild beaſt ſhall die in ſtarued den.

34

Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud *Etheldred* ſhall from the North ariſe,
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Auguſtine*;
And paſſing *Dee* with hardy enterpriſe,
Shall backe repulſe the valiant *Brockwell* twiſe,
And *Bangor* with maſſacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time ſhall rew his foolhardiſe:
For, *Cadwan*, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall ſtoutly him defeat, and thouſand *Saxons* kill.

35

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his ſonne *Edwin* all thoſe wrongs ſhall wreake;
Ne ſhall auaile the wicked ſorcerie
Of falſe *Pellite*, his purpoſes to breake,
But him ſhall ſlay, and on a gallowes bleake
Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
Then ſhall the Britons, late diſmayd and weake,
From their long vaſſalage gin to reſpire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their rankled ire.

36

Ne ſhall he yet his wrath ſo mitigate,
Till both the ſonnes of *Edwin* he haue ſlaine,
Offricke and *Oſricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both ſlaine in battell vpon Layburne Plaine,
Togither with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both ioynt partakers of the fatall paine:
But *Penda*, fearefull of like deſtiny,
Shall yield himſelfe his liegeman, and ſweare fealty.

37

Him ſhall he make his fatall Inſtrument,
T'afflict the othet *Saxons* vnſubdewd;
He marching forth with fury inſolent
Againſt the good king *Oſwald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding croſſes in their hands on hie
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endleſſe memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all poſterity.

38

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, ſhall forth iſſew,
And an huge hoſte into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oſwald* ſhall ſubdew,
And crowne with Martyrdome his ſacred head.
Whoſe brother *Oſwin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of ſiluer ſhall his kingdome buy;
And *Penda*, ſeeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
But ſhall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39

Then ſhall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raigne
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce ſhall die;
Ne ſhall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by deſtiny,
Shal be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
For, heauen it ſelfe ſhall their ſucceſs enuie,
And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
Conſume, till all their warlike puiſſance be ſpent.

40

Yet after all theſe ſorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeeres ſpace,
Cadwallader not yeelding to his ills,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched caſe
He liu'd, returning to his natiue place,
Shal be by viſion ſtayd from his intent:
For, th'heavens haue decreed, to diſplace
The *Britons*, for their ſinnes dew puniſhment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

41

Then woe, and woe, and euerlaſting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that ſhal be borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproche, the cruell victours ſcorne,
Baniſht from Princely bowre to waſtfull wood:
O who ſhall help me to lament, and mourne
The royall ſeed, the antique *Troian* blood!
Whoſe Empire longer here then euer any ſtood.

42

The Damzell was full deepe empaſſioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plaine he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore, at length him thus beſpake;
Ah! but will heauens fury neuer ſlake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it ſelfe at laſt?
Will not long miſery late mercy make,
But ſhall their name for euer be defac't,
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43

Nay but the tearme (ſayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* ſhall abide,
And the iuſt reuolution meaſured,
That they as Strangers ſhall be notifide.
For twiſe foure hundreth ſhall be full ſupplide,
Ere they to former rule reſtor'd ſhall be,
And their importune fates all ſatisfide:
Yet during this their moſt obſcuritee, (may ſee.
Their beames ſhall oft breake forth, that men them faire

For

44

For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew
Of natiue courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

45

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,
There shall a Rauen farre from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell crueltie,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whole clawes were newly dipt in ciuddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

47

Tho, when the terme is full accomplished,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall Maiesty and soueraigne name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

48

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smight so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discoure:
Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

50

Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

51

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

52

That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wise,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, t'archieue an hard emprise,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

54

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Meneuia*
Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thrice vpon the bloudy Plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

55

Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her

56

Her heartie words ſo deepe into the minde
Of the young Damzell ſunk, that great deſire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous ſtout courage did inſpire,
That ſhe reſolv'd, vnweeting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knighthood on her ſelfe to don,
And counſeld with her Nurſe her mayds attire
To turne into a maſſie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readineſſe anon.

57

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conueniently puruey:
It fortuned (ſo time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongſt the which was ſeene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which longd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beſeene.

58

The ſame, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* cauſed to be hanged hie
In his chiefe Church, for endleſſe moniments
Of his ſucceſſe and gladfull victory:
Of which her ſelfe auiſing readily,
In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that ſame Armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled.
Well as ſhe might, and with braue bauldrick garniſhed.

59

Beſide thoſe armes there ſtood a mighty ſpeare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,
And vs'd the ſame in battaile aye to beare;
Sith which it had been here preſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight ſo faſt in fell could ſit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both ſpeare ſhe tooke, and ſhield, which hong by it;
Both ſpeare & ſhield of great powre, for her purpoſe fit.

60

Thus when ſhe had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harneſſe, which did hang thereby,
About her ſelfe ſhe dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them eſpie,
Couered with ſecret cloud of ſilent night,
Themſelues they forth conuaid, & paſſed forward right.

62

Ne reſted they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcroſſe* knight, ſhe fond
Of diuerſe things diſcourſes to dilate,
But moſt of *Arthegall*, and his eſtate.
At laſt their waies ſo fell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendſhip profeſſed with vnfained heart,
The *Redcroſſe* knight diuerſt; but forth rode *Britomart*.

Canto IIII.

Bold Marinell, of Britomart,
Is throwne on the rich ſtrond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

1

WHere is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuements don by ſom?
Where be the batteils, where the ſhield & ſpeare,
And all the conqueſts, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verſe,
And boaſtfull men ſo oft abaſht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herſe?
Or doen they onely ſleepe, and ſhall againe reuerſe?

2

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they ſleepe, ô let them ſoone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy ſore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* ſpake
Of bold *Pantheſilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekiſh* bloud ſo oft in *Troian* Plaine;
But when I read, how ſtout *Debora* ſtrake
Proud *Siſera*, and how *Camill'* hath ſlaine
The huge *Orſilochus*, I ſwell with great diſdaine.

Yet

3

Yet theſe, and all that elſe had puiſſance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chaſtitie and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy ſtock, from which the branches ſprong,
That in late yeares ſo faire a bloſſome bare,
As thee, ô Queene, the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

4

Who when through ſpeeches with the *Redcroſſe* knight,
She learned had th'eſtate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her ſelfe inform'd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To ſeeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeſt meed.

5

But *Britomart* kept on her former courſe,
Ne euer doft her armes, but all the waie
Grew penſiue through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the *Redcroſſe* knight did earſt diſplay
Her louers ſhape, and cheualrous array;
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhiond in her mind,
And in her feining fancie did purtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for loue could finde,
Wiſe, warlike, perſonable, curteous, and kinde.

6

With ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grieuous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grieuous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart;
That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guidance of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe had addreſt.

7

There ſhe alighted from her light-foot Beaſt,
And ſitting downe vpon the rockie ſhore,
Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creaſt;
Tho, hauing viewd awhile the ſurges hore,
That gainſt the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging ſurquedry diſdayn'd,
That the faſt earth affronted them ſo ſore,
And their deuouring couetize reſtrayn'd,
Thereat ſhe ſighed deepe, and after thus complayn'd;

8

Huge ſea of ſorrowe, and tempeſtuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is toſſed long,
Far from the hoped Hauen of reliefe,
Who do thy cruell billowes beat ſo ſtrong,
And thy moyſt mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to ſwallow vp my fearefull life?
O do thy cruell wrath and ſpightfull wrong
At length allay, and ſtint thy ſtormy ſtrife,
Which in theſe troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

9

For, elſe my feeble veſſell craz'd, and crackt
Through thy ſtrong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it muſt be wrackt
On the rough rockes, or on the ſandy ſhallowes,
The whiles that loue it ſteres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a reſtleſs mind
And fortune Boat-ſwaine no aſſurance knowes,
But ſaile withouten ſtarres, gainſt tide and wind:
How can they other do, ſith both are bold and blind?

10

Thou God of winds, that reigneſt in the ſeas,
That reigneſt alſo in the Continent,
At laſt blowe vp ſome gentle gale of eaſe,
The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,
Vnto the gladſome port of her intent:
Then when I ſhall my ſelfe in ſafety ſee,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

11

Then ſighing ſoftly ſore, and inly deepe,
She ſhut vp all her plaint in priuie griefe;
For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old *Glaucé* gan with ſharpe repriefe
Her to reſtraine, and giue her good reliefe,
Through hope of thoſe, which *Merlin* had her tolde
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the ſacred mould
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

12

Thus as ſhe her recomforted, ſhe ſpyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With haſty gallop towards her did ride;
Her dolour ſoone ſhe ceaſt, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her Courſer mounting light:
Her former ſorrowe into ſuddein wrath,
Both cooſen paſſions of diſtroubled ſpright,
Conuerting, forth ſhe beates the duſty path;
Loue and deſpight attonce her courage kindled hath.

13

As when a foggy miſt hath ouercaſt
The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroſt,
The world in darkneſſe dwels, till that at laſt
The watry South-winde from the ſea-bord coſt
Vpblowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
And poures it ſelfe forth in a ſtormy ſhowr;
So the faire *Britomart* hauing diſclo'ſt
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull ſtowre,
The miſt of griefe diſſolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

14

Eftſoones her goodly ſhield addreſſing faire,
That mortall ſpeare ſhe in her hand did take,
And vnto battell did her ſelfe prepare.
The knight, approching, ſternely her beſpake;
Sir knight, that doeſt thy voyage raſhly make
By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
Ne doeſt by others death enſample take,
I read thee ſoone retire, whiles thou haſt might,
Leaſt afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild

13

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.
Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

16

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce fury and great puissance,
That through his threesquare scuchin pearcing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17

Like as the sacred Oxe, that careless stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astown'd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

18

The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond: which as she ouer-went,
She sawe bestrowed all with rich array
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despised all; for, all was in her powre.

19

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

20

There he this knight of her begot; whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred vp, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
For, neuer man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Fary lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And to aduance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,
T'endow her sonne, with threasure and rich store,
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22

The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flowe;
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollowe bosome forth to throwe
All the huge threasure, which the sea belowe
Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrowe
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keep.

23

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pass
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,
And all that elsse was pretious and deare,
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere.

24

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scathe of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
Least his too haughty hardinesse might reare
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
For-thy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloudy battell, and to stirre vp strife,
But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

25

And for his more assurance, she enquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell
(For *Proteus* was with prophecie inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For, of a woman he should haue much ill,
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

26

For-thy she gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for liuing claie,
From loue in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flie;
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates die:
Dy, whoso list for him, he was loues enemy.

But

27

But ah, who can deceiue his deſtiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he ſleepes in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or ſoone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleſhly arme.
His mother bade him womens loue to hate,
For, ſhe of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarme.

28

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecied ſhould him diſmay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſonne vnto his laſt decay.
So tickle be the tearmes of mortall ſtate,
And full of ſubtile ſophiſmes, which doe play
With double ſenſes, and with falſe debate,
T'approue the vnknowne purpoſe of eternall fate.

29

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in ſenſeleſſe ſwound,
Through heauy ſtroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother deare did vnderſtond,
And heauy tydings heard, where-as ſhe playd
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a Pond,
Gathering ſweet Daffadillies, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to ſhade;

30

Eftſoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
To ſorrow huge ſhee turnd her former play,
And gameſome mirth to grieuous dreriment:
Shee threw her ſelfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did ſpeake, but lay as in a ſwoune,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling out-cries, and with ſhrieking ſowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31

Soone as ſhee vp out of her deadly fit
Aroſe, ſhee bade her charet to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſit,
Bade eke attonce their charets to be ſought;
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penſiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
And forth togither went, with ſorrow fraught.
The waues, obedient to their beheaſt,
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

32

Great *Neptune* ſtood amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they ſoftly ſlid,
And eke himſelfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wayling meant, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly Monſters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

33

A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
Drew the ſmooth charet of ſad *Cymöent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long traines, at her commaundement:
As ſwift as Swallows on the waues they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no ſome did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them ſent;
The reſt, of other fiſhes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did sheare.

34

Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich ſtrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the ſomy ſhore,
Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbate ſore
Their tender feet vpon the ſtony ground:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The luckleſſe *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwound;

35

His mother ſwouned thrice, and the third time
Could ſcarce recouered be out of her paine;
Had ſhee not been deuoyd of mortall ſlime,
She ſhould not then haue been reliu'd againe:
But ſoone as life recouered had the raine,
She made ſo pittious moane and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarce from teares refraine,
And all her ſiſter Nymphes with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad complement.

36

Deare image of my ſelfe, ſhe ſaid, that is,
The wretched ſonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduauncement? ô is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
Thy Grandſire *Nereus* promiſt to adorne?
Now lyeſt thou of life and honour reft;
Now lyeſt thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irrevocable deſtiny be weft.

37

Fond *Proteus*, father of falſe prophecis,
And they more fond that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
That ſo deepe wound through theſe deare members
I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue;
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
Nath'leſſe, to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my ſelfe, and to accurſed fate
The guilt I doe aſcribe: deare wiſedome bought too late.

38

O what auailes it of immortall ſeed
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;
Farre better I it deeme to die with ſpeed,
Then waſte in woe and wailefull miſerie.
Who dyes, the vtmoſt dolour doth abie;
But who that liues, is left to waile his loſſe:
So life is loſſe, and death felicitie.
Sad life worſe then glad death: and greater croſſe
To ſee friends Graue, then dead the Graue ſelfe to engroſs.

39

But if the heauens did his dayes envie,
And my ſhort bliſſe maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*
I mote haue cloſed, and him bid farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them, farewell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farewell my ſweeteſt ſonne, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

40

Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly gan to ſearch his grieſly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindg'd with ſiluer round,
They ſoftly wip't away the ielly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,
They pourd-in ſoueraigne balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

41

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at laſt her wombe did fill
With heauenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Paon* ſprong)
Did feele his pulſe, ſhee knew there ſtaied ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpaire ſhe from her flong.

42

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
They eaſily vnto her charet beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet ſtands,
Whiles they the corſe into her wagon reare,
And ſtrowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the reſt into their coches clim,
And through the brackiſh waues their paſſage sheare;
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they ſofrly ſwim,
And to her watry chamber ſwiftly carry him.

43

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,
Like to thick clowdes, that threat a ſtormy ſhowre,
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him layd in eaſie couch well dight;
And ſent in haſte for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the ſouetaine leach is hight.

44

The whiles, the Nymphes ſit all about him round,
Lamenting his miſhap and heauy plight;
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
Curſed the hand that did ſo deadly ſmight
Her deareſt ſonne, her deareſt harts delight.
But none of all thoſe curſes overtooke
The warlike Mayd, th'enſample of that might,
But fairely well ſhe thriu'd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right courſe for ought forſooke.

45

Yet did falſe *Archimage* her ſtill purſew,
To bring to paſſe his miſchieuous intent,
Now that he had her ſingled from the crew
Of curteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beautie excellent
She left, purſewing that ſame foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from ſhame, and to reuenge her wrong.

46

Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through plains,
Thoſe two great champions did attonce purſew
The fearefull Damzell, with inceſſant paines:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters ſwift, and ſent of houndes trew.
At laſt, they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themſelues they did diſpart, each to aſſay,
Whether more happy were, to win ſo goodly pray.

47

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked foſter fiercely went.
So beene they three three ſundry waies ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befell,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoone he did repent
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

48

At laſt, of her farre off hee gained view:
Then gan he freſhly pricke his ſomy ſteed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needleſſe dreed:
Full milde to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meeke words, to ſtay and comfort her withall.

49

But nothing might relent her haſtie flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule ſwaine
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off eſpyde a Taſſell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine,
Doubleth her haſte for feare to be fore-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

50

With no leſſe haſte, and eke with no leſſe dreed,
That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
Yet former feare of beeing foully ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well ſhe view'd,
Her ſelfe freed from that foſter inſolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her ſewd,
Yet ſhe no leſſe the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

His

51

His vncouth ſhield and ſtrange armes her diſmayd,
Whoſe like in Faery lond were ſildome ſeene,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſſe affrayd
Then of wilde beaſts if ſhee had chaſed beene:
Yet he her follow'd ſtill with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyceous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52

All ſuddenly dim woxe the dampiſh ayre,
And grieſly ſhadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thouſand ſtarres was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull ſight)
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceaſe his ſuit, and loſe the hope
Of his long labour, he gan foully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aſlope,
And curſed night, that refr from him ſo goodly ſcope.

53

Tho, when her waies he could no more deſcry,
But to and fro at diſaventure ſtrayd:
Like as a ſhip, whoſe Load-ſtar ſuddainly
Couered with clowdes, her Pilot hath diſmayd;
His wearilome purſuit perforce he ſtayd,
And from his loftie ſteed diſmounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himſelfe he layd
Vpon the graſſie ground, to ſleepe a throwe;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteele his pillowe.

54

But gentle Sleepe envide him any reſt;
In ſtead thereof ſad ſorrow, and diſdaine
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breſt,
And thouſand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vaine:
Oft did he wiſh, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were ſuch as ſhee:
And euer haſtie Night he blamed bitterly.

55

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heauy Death, and nurſe of Woe,
Which waſt begot in Heauen, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt downe to Hell belowe;
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* ſlowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy daies dooſt lead in horrour hideous.

56

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall courſe to keepe,
That dooſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in ſleepe,
The ſlothfull body, that doth loue to ſteepe
His luſtleſſe limbes, and drowne his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddeſſe in his errour blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

57

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
In ſtead of reſt thou lendeſt rayling teares,
In ſtead of ſleepe thou ſendeſt troublous feares,
And dreadfull viſions, in the which aliue
The drearie image of ſad death appeares:
So from the wearie ſpirit thou dooſt driue
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſſe depriue.

58

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent;
Foule horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe ſhunne, for feare of being ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſſe loue, doe hate the light to ſee.

59

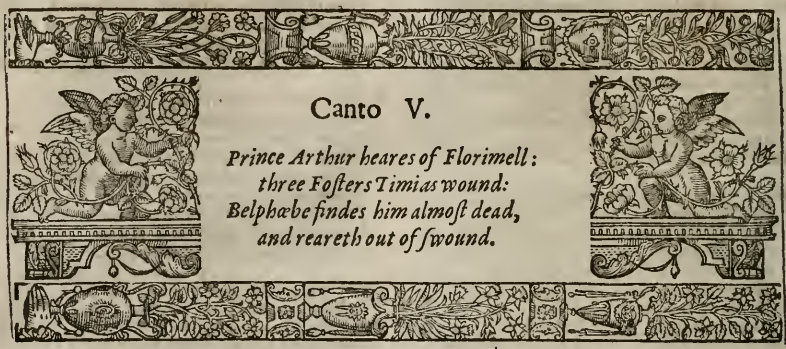
For, day diſcouers all diſhoneſt wayes,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The prayſes of high God he faire diſplayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Dayes deareſt children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſſe ſhall ſubdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot of ſin.
Our life is day: but death with darkneſſe doth begin.

60

O when will day then turne to mee againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to ſpread abroad thy beamez bright,
And chaſe away this too long lingring night;
Chaſe her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
She, ſhee it is, that hath mee done deſpight:
There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

61

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weare,
In reſtleſſe anguiſh and vnquiet paine:
And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp aroſe, as halfe in great diſdaine,
And clombe vnto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpiſh paſe, that plaine
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.



Canto V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Fosters Timias wound:
Belphœbe findes him almost dead,
and reareth out of swound.

1

Wonder it is to see in diuerse minds,
How diuersly Loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowely clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

2

Ne suffereth it vncomely idleness,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentleness,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowely fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

3

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To find some issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifide
With some late peril, which he hardly past,
Or other accident, which him agast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he trauelled so fast.
For, sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was besweatcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

4

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

5

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her fayre locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

6

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did fore-goe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

7

Perdy, me leuer were to weeren that
Said he, then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her errour strange I haue great ruth and mone.

8

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she bee,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,
Faire *Florimell*, belov'd of many a knight;
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

9

A Sea-nymphes ſonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
In other none, but him, ſhe ſets delight:
All her delight is ſet on *Marinell*;
But he ſets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe
Did him (they ſay) forwarne through ſacred ſpell.
But fame now flyes, that of a forraine foe
Hee is yſlaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10

Fiue dayes there be, ſince hee (they ſay) was ſlaine,
And foure ſince *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him aliue or dead ſhee did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counſell, or bold hardiment,
Or ſuccour her, or me direct the way;
Doe one, or other good, I you moſt humbly pray.

11

So may you gaine to you full great renowme,
Of all good Ladies through the world ſo wide,
And haply in her hart find higheſt roome
Of whom yee ſeeke to be moſt magnifide:
At leaſt, eternall meede ſhall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,
I heere avow thee neuer to forſake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vſe for Ladies ſake.

12

So with the Dwarfe hee back return'd againe,
To ſeeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous penſiue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For, him he loued aboue all man-kind,
Hauing him true and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights ſide.

13

VVho, all this while, full hardly was aſſayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord purſewd that noble Mayd,
After that Foſter foule he fiercely rid,
To beene avenged of the ſhame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long
Through the thick woods, wherein he would haue hid
His ſhamefull head from his avengement ſtrong:
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14

Nath'leſſe, the villaine ſped himſelfe ſo well,
Whether through ſwiftneſſe of his ſpeedy beaſt,
Or knowledge of thoſe woods, where he did dwell,
That ſhortly he from danger was releaſt,
And out of ſight eſcaped at the leaſt:
Yet not eſcaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increaſt,
Ne ceaſed not, till him oppreſſed hard
The heauy plague, that for ſuch leachours is prepar'd.

15

For, ſoone as hee was vaniſht out of ſight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And caſt t'avenge him of that foule deſpight,
Which he had borne of his bold enemee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one graceleſſe Sire,
And vnto them complained, how that hee
Had vſed beene of that foole-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he ſtird to bloudy ire.

16

Forth-with, themſelues with their ſad inſtruments
Of ſpoyle and murder they gan arme bylaue,
And with him forth into the foreſt went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earſt reviue
In their ſterne breaſts, on him which late did driue
Their brother to reproche and ſhamefull flight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
Out of that foreſt ſhould eſcape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with ſuch deſpight.

17

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrowe foord (to them well knowne)
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that ſame way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates paſſe; for-thy themſelues they ſet
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his paſſage through the ford to let.

18

It fortuned, as they deuiſed had,
The gentle Squire came riding that ſame way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treaſon bad,
And through the ford to paſſen did aſſay;
But that fierce Foſter which late fled away,
Stoutly forth ſtepping on the further ſhore,
Him boldly bade his paſſage there to ſtay,
Till he had made amends, and full reſtore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19

With that, at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
With ſo fell force and villanous deſpight,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his ſoft fleſh to bite:
That ſtroake the hardy Squire did ſore diſpleaſe,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no meanes the high banke he could eaſe,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diſeaſe.

20

And ſtill the Foſter with his long bore-ſpeare
Him kept from landing at his wiſhed will;
Anone one ſent out of the thicket neare
A cruell ſhaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vnlucky quill;
The wicked ſteele ſtayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21

At laſt (through wrath and vengeance making way)
Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did ſore aſſay,
And droue at him with all his might and maine
A forreſt-bill, which both his hands did ſtraine;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his ſpeare requited him againe,
That both his ſides were thrilled with the throwe,
And a large ſtreame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22

Hee, tumbling downe, with gnaſhing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the balefull houſe of endleſſe night,
Where wicked ghoſts doe waile their former ſin.
Tho, gan the battell freſhly to begin;
For, nathemore for that ſpectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both ſides him beſtad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23

Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him ſo rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carcaſſe groueling fell;
His ſinfull ſoule, with deſperate diſdaine,
Out of her fleſhly ferme fled to the place of paine.

24

That ſeeing now the onely laſt of three,
Who with that wicked ſhaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-ſee
The fearefull end of his avengement ſad,
Through which he follow ſhould his brethren bad,
His bootleſſe boaw in feeble hand vpcaught,
And there-with ſhot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, ſcarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25

VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as hee entring was into the flood,
And ſtrooke at him with force ſo violent,
That headleſſe him into the ford he ſent:
The carcaſſe with the ſtreame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So miſchiefe fell vpon the meaners crowne; (nowne:
They three be dead with ſhame, the Squire liues with re-

26

Hee liues, but takes ſmall ioy of his renowne;
For, of that cruell wound he bled ſo ſore,
That from his ſteed he fell in deadly ſwowne;
Yet ſtill the bloud forth guſht in ſo great ſtore,
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentleſt Squire aliue:
Elſe ſhall thy louing Lord thee ſee no more;
But both of comfort him thou ſhalt depriue,
And eke thy ſelfe of honour, which thou didſt atchieue.

27

Prouidence heauenly paſſeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortleſſe now lay.
In thoſe ſame woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntereſſe did wonne,
Shee, that baſe *Braggadocchio* did affray,
And made him faſt out of the foreſt runne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* ſunne.

28

Shee, on a day, as ſhee purſewd the chace
Of ſome wild beaſt, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the ſame along did trace
By tract of bloud, which ſhe had freſhly ſeene,
To haue beſprinkled all the graſſie Greene;
By the great perſue which ſhe there perceau'd,
Well hoped ſhe the beaſt engor'd had beene,
And made more haſte, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29

Shortly ſhe came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly ſwound:
In whoſe faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The cryſtall humour ſtood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
And his ſweet lips, on which before that ſtound
The bud of youth to bloſſome faire began,
Spoyld of their roſie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy ſight,
That could haue made a rock of ſtone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
(Beſides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All ſuddainly abaſht, ſhe changed hew,
And with ſterne horrour backward gan to ſtart:
But, when ſhe better him beheld, ſhe grew
Full of ſoft paſſion and vnwonted ſmart:
The poynt of pitty pearced through her tender hart.

31

Meekely ſhe bowed downe, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;
And feeling by his pulſes beating rife,
That the weake ſoule her ſeat did yet retaine,
She caſt to comfort him with buſie paine:
His double-folded neck ſhee rear'd vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon ſhe did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

32

Into the woods thence-forth in haſte ſhe went,
To ſeeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For, ſhe of hearbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nurſed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The

33

The ſoueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She pownded ſmall, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did ſcruze,
And round about (as ſhe could well it vze)
The fleſh there-with ſhee ſuppled and did ſteepe,
T'abate all ſpaſme, and ſoke the ſwelling bruze;
And after, hauing ſearcht the intuſe deepe,
She with her ſcarfe did bind the wound frō cold to keepe.

34

By this, he had ſweet life recur'd againe;
And groning inly deepe, at laſt his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like deawy raine,
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,
From whence deſcend all hopeleſſe remedies:
There-with he ſigh't, and turning him aſide,
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace) he by him eſpide,
Her bowe and gilden quiuer lying him beſide.

35

Mercy deare Lord, ſaid hee, what grace is this,
That thou haſt ſhewed to mee ſinfull wight,
To ſend thine Angell from her bowre of bliſs,
To comfort me in my diſtreſſed plight?
Angell, or Goddeſſe doe I call thee right?
What ſeruice may I doe vnto thee meet,
That haſt from darkneſſe mee return'd to light,
And with thy heauenly ſalues and med'cines ſweet,
Haſt dreſt my ſinfull wounds? I kiſſe thy bleſſed feet.

36

Thereat ſhe bluſhing ſaid, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddeſſe I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a wooddy Nymph, deſire
No ſeruice, but thy ſafety and ayde;
Which if thou gaine, I ſhall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whoſe liues and fortunes bee
To common accidents ſtill open layd,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To ſuccour wretched wights, whom we captiued ſee.

37

By this, her Damſels, which the former chace
Had vndertaken, after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloudy place,
And thereby deem'd the beaſt had been depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
For-thy, the bloudie tract they follow faſt,
And euery one to runne the ſwifteſt ſtriv'd:
But two of them the reſt far overpaſt,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the laſt.

38

Where, when they ſaw that goodly boy, with blood
Defouled, and their Lady dreſſe his wound,
They wondred much, and ſhortly vnderſtood,
How him in deadly caſe their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heauie ſtound.
Eftſoones his warlike courſer, which was ſtrayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in ſwound,
Shee made thoſe Damſels ſearch, which beeing ſtayd,
They did him ſet thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39

Into that foreſt farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade,
With mountaines round about enuironed,
And mighrie woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately Theatre it made,
Spreading it ſelfe into a ſpatious Plaine.
And in the midſt a little riuer plaid
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, which ſeem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his courſe they did reſtraine.

40

Beſide the ſame, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds ſung many a louely lay
Of Gods high praiſe, and of their loues ſweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradiſe had beene:
In whoſe incloſed ſhadow there was pight
A faire Pauilion, ſcarcely to beſeene,
The which was all within moſt richly dight,
That greateſt Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In eaſie couch his feeble limbes to reſt.
Hee reſted him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better ſalues new dreſt;
Daily ſhe dreſſed him, and did the beſt
His grieuous hurt to gariſh, that ſhe might,
That ſhortly ſhe his dolour hath redreſt,
And his foule ſore reduced to faire plight:
It ſhe reduced, but himſelfe deſtroyed quight.

42

O fooliſh Phyſick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was ſound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endleſſe durance
Of ſorrow and deſpaire without aleggeance?

43

Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So ſtill his hart woxe ſore, and health decayd:
Madneſſe to ſaue a part, and loſe the whole.
Still when-as hee beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaiſters to his wound ſhe layd,
So ſtill his malady the more increaſt,
The whiles her matchleſſe beauty him diſmayd.
Ah God! what other could he doe at leaſt,
But loue ſo faire a Lady, that his life releaſt?

44

Long while he ſtroue in his courageous breſt,
With reaſon dew the paſſion to ſubdew,
And loue for to diſlodge out of his neſt:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her ſoueraigne bounty, and celeſtiall hew,
The ſame to loue he ſtrongly was conſtraind:
But when his meane eſtate he did renew,
He from ſuch hardy boldneſſe was reſtraind,
And of his luckleſſe lot and cruell loue thus plaind;

45

Vnthankfull wretch, ſaid he, is this the meed,
With which her ſoueraigne mercy thou dooſt quight?
Thy life ſhe ſaued by her gracious deed,
But thou dooſt weene with villainous deſpight
To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then ſo diſloyally
Deeme of her high deſert, or ſeeme ſo light:
Faire death it is to ſhunne more ſhame, to die:
Die rather, die, then euer loue diſloyally.

46

But if to loue diſloyaltie it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah! farre be ſuch reproche fro mee.
What can I leſſe do, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her due reward cannot reſtore:
Dye rather, die, and dying doe her ſerue,
Dying her ſerue, and liuing her adore;
Thy life ſhe gaue, thy life ſhe doth deſerue:
Dye rather, die, then euer from her ſeruice ſwerue.

47

But fooliſh boy, what bootes thy ſeruice baſe
To her, to whom the heauens doe ſerue and ſew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowely place,
She heauenly borne, and of celeſtiall hew.
How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:
And doth not higheſt God vouchſafe to take
The loue and ſervice of the baſeſt crew?
If ſhee will not, dye meekly for her ſake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer ſo faire loue forſake.

48

Thus warreid hee long time againſt his will,
Till that (through weakeneſſe) he was forc't at laſt
To yield himſelfe vnto the mighty ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranſack faſt
His inward parts, and all his entrailes waſte,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blaſt;
As pearcing levin, which the inner part
Of euery thing conſumes, and calcineth by art.

49

Which ſeeing, faire *Belphœbe* gan to feare,
Leaſt that his wound were imly well nor healed,
Or that the wicked ſteele empoyſned were:
Little ſhee weend, that loue he cloſe concealed;
Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnowe congealed,
When the bright ſunne his beames thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
But rather choſe to die for ſorrow great,
Then with diſhonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50

Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did ſpare
To doe him eaſe, or doe him remedie:
Many Reſtoratiues of vertues rare,
And coſtly Cordialles ſhee did apply,
To mitigate his ſtubborne malady:
But that ſweet Cordiall, which can reſtore
A loue-ſick hart, ſhee did to him envy;
To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did envy that ſoueraigne ſalue, in ſecret ſtore.

51

That dainty Roſe, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life ſhee tendered, whoſe flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne ſuffred ſhe the Middayes ſcorching powre,
Ne the ſharp Northerne wind thereon to ſhowre,
But lapped vp her ſilken leaues moſt chaire,
When-ſo the froward ſky began to lowre:
But ſoone as calmed was the Cryſtall ayre,
She did it faire diſſpred, and let to floriſh faire.

52

Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make enſample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradiſe whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,
And did in ſtock of earthly fleſh enrace,
That mortall men her glory ſhould admire:
In gentle Ladies breſt, and bountious race
Of woman-kind it faireſt flowre doth ſpire,
And beareth fruite of honour and all chaſte deſire.

53

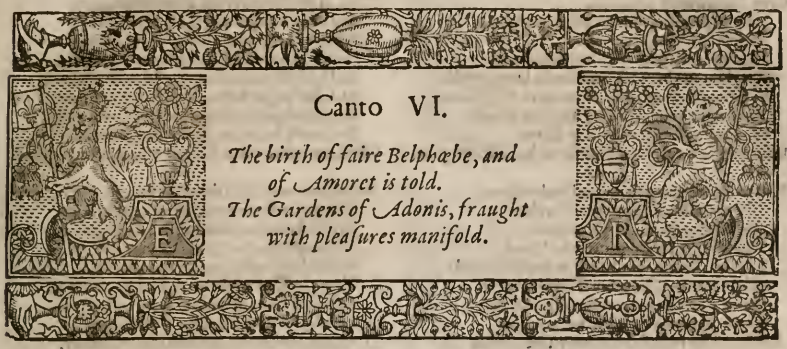
Faire impes of beauty, whoſe bright ſhining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
Subdew, through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chaſtitie and vertue virginall,
That ſhall embelliſh more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54

To your faire ſelues a faire enſample frame,
Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphœbe* faire;
To whom, in perfect loue and ſpotleſſe fame
Of chaſtitie, none liuing may compaire:
Ne poyſnous Envy iuſtly can empaire
The prayſe of her freſh flowring Maidenhead;
For-thy ſhe ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtaire
Of th'honourable ſtage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may followe her enſample dead.

55

In ſo great prayſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtitie,
Nath'leſſe, ſhe was ſo curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemed thoſe two vertues ſtroue to find
The higher place in her Heröick mind:
So ſtriuing each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the prayſe of woman-kind,
And both encreaſt her beauty excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.



Canto VI.

The birth of faire Belphœbe, and of Amoret is told.
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught with pleasures manifold.

1

Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolemistresse of all curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

2

But to this fayre *Belphœbe* in her berth
The heauens so fauourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
And *Phœbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

3

Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shewe
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was shee trained vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed,
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

4

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore *Belphœbe*, she bore in like case
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

5

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what strange accident faire *Chrysogone*
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For, not as other wemens common brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

6

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shiny day
(When *Titan* fayre his hot beames did display)
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

7

Till faint through irkesom wearinesse, adown
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Beeing through former bathing mollifide,
And peare't into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sense and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

8

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue, and quickned are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

Great

9

Great father hee of generation
Is rightly cald, th'authour of life and light;
And his faire ſiſter for creation
Miniſtreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heat and humour, breedes the liuing wight.
So ſprong theſe twinnes in wombe of *Chryſogone*,
Yet wiſt ſhe nought thereof, but ſore affright,
Wondred to ſee her belly ſo vp-blone,
Which ſtill increaſt, till ſhe her terme had full out-gone.

10

Whereof conceiuing ſhame and foule diſgrace,
Albe her guiltleſſe conſcience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderneſſe a ſpace,
Till that vnweeldy burden ſhe had reard,
And ſhund dishonour, which as death ſhe feard:
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to reſt
Her ſelfe ſhe ſet, and comfortably cheard;
There a ſad clowd of ſleepe her ouerkeſt,
And ſeized euery ſenſe with ſorrow ſore oppreſt.

11

It fortuned, faire *Venus* hauing loſt
Her little ſonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doue,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for ought him ſharply did reproue,
And wandred in the world in ſtrange array, (wray.)
Diſguiz'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him be-

12

Him for to ſeeke, ſhe left her heauenly hous
(The houſe of goodly formes and faire aſpects,
Whence all the world derines the glorious
Features of beauties, and all ſhapes ſelect,
With which high God his workmanſhip hath deckt)
And ſearched euery way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promiſt kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

13

Firſt, ſhee him ſought in Court, where moſt he vſed
Whylome to haunt, but there ſhe found him not;
But many there ſhe found, which ſore accuſed
His falſehood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did ſpot:
Ladies and Lordes ſhee euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoyſned ſhot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And ſo had left them languiſhing twixt hope and feare.

14

She then the Cities ſought, from gate to gate,
And euery one did aske, did he him ſee;
And euery one her anſwerd, that too late
Hee had him ſeene, and felt the crueltie
Of his ſharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And euery one threw forth reproches rife
Of his miſchieuous deedes, and ſaid, That hee
Was the diſturber of all ciuill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all ſtrife.

15

Then, in the Countrey ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rurall cottages enquired;
Where alſo, many plaints to her were brought,
How hee their heedleſſe harts with loue had fired,
And his falſe venim through their veines inſpired;
And eke the gentle ſhepheard ſwaines, which ſat
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,
She ſweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her ſonne bad to them doen; yet ſhee did ſmile thereat.

16

But when in none of all theſe ſhee him got,
Shee gan aviſe where elſe he mote him hide:
At laſt, ſhe her be-thought, that ſhee had not
Yet ſought the ſalvage woods and foreſts wide,
In which full many lonely Nymphes abide,
Mongſt whom might be, that he did cloſely lye,
Or that the loue of ſome of them him tyde:
For-thy ſhe thither caſt her courſe t'apply,
To ſearch the ſecret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17

Shortly, vnto the waſtefull woods ſhee came,
Where-as ſhee found the Goddeſſe with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beſide a fountaine in a rewe,
Some of them waſhing with the liquid dewe
From off their daintie limbes the duſty ſweat,
And ſoyle, which did deforme their liuely hewe;
Other lay ſhaded from the ſcorching heat;
The reſt, vpon her perſon, gaue attendance great.

18

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her boaw and painted quiuer, had vnlac't
Her ſiluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breaſts vnbrac't,
After her heat the breathing cold to taſte;
Her golden locks, that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hong vndight,
And were with ſweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

19

Soone as ſhe *Venus* ſaw behind her back,
Shee was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpriſed;
And woxe halfe wroth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before aviſed,
But ſuffred her ſo careleſly diſguiſed
Be overtaken. Soone her garments looſe,
Vpgath'ring, in her boſome ſhe empriſed,
Well as ſhee might, and to the Goddeſſe roſe,
Whilſt all her Nymphes did like a girlond her encloſe.

20

Goodly ſhee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,
And ſhortly asked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſſe (for her vnmeet)
From her ſweet bowres, & beds with pleaſures fraught:
That ſuddaine change ſhe ſtrange adventure thought.
To whom (halfe weeping) ſhee thus anſwered,
That ſhee her deareſt ſonne *Cupido* ſought,
Who in his frowardneſſe from her was fled;
That ſhe repented ſore, to haue him angered.

Thereat

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;
Great pitty sure, that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote yee been apayd.
But shee was more engrieued, and replide;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd
A dolefull hart with so disdainefull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22

As you in woods and wanton wilderneſſe
Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts;
So my delight is all in ioyfulneſſe,
In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
And all becomes you with your loftie creasts,
To scorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
We both are bound to follow heauens behests,
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:
Spare (gentle sister) with reproche my paine to eeke;

23

And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am afeard,
Least he like one of them himselfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:
For, he is faire and freſh in face and guize,
As any Nymph (let not it be envide.)
So saying, euery Nymph full narrowly shee eyde.

24

But *Phœbe* there-with sore was angered,
And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall aby:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeased,
She inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said: to her shee soone appeased,
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
Shee was well pleasd, and forth her damzels sent,
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26

To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forest euery where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shadie covert, where-as lay
Faire *Chrysogone* in slumbry traunce whilere:
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:
She bore without en paine, that shee conceiued
Without en pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes ayde: which when they both perceiued,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaued,
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
At last, they both agreed, her (seeming grieued)
Out of her heauy swoune not to awake,
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28

Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered.
Dame *Phœbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her selfe, her name *Belphœbe* red:
But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,
To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,
And in her little Loues stead, which was straid,
Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her dismaid.

29

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwell.
Where most shee wonnes, when shee on earth does
So faire a place, as Nature can deuise:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by tryall, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is by her lost Louers name,
The Garden of *Adonis*, farre renowm'd by fame.

30

In that same Garden, all the goodly flowres
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
According to their kinds. Long worke it were,
Heere to account the endlesse progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt-in with two walles on either side;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-stride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pass;
Th'one faire and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That hee with fleshly weedes would them attire;
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After

33

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Garden planted be againe;
And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the changefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,
To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,
All things as they created were, doe growe,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clowdes, to moysten their rootes dry;
For, in themselues, eternall moysture they imply.

35

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse ranks along enranged were,
That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

36

Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in euerlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes
In hatefull darkenesse, and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37

All things from thence doe their first beeing fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
The state of life, out of the grieſly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altred to and fro.

38

The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
But th'onely forme and outward fashion;
For, euery substance is conditioned
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For, formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beauty fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mowe the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:
Hee flyes about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

40

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was peare't with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
For, all that liues is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41

But, were it not that *Time* their trouble is,
All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
Should happy be, and haue immortall bliss:
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet loue gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancour, or fond iealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42

There is continuall spring, and harueſt there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
And their true loues without suspicion tell abrode.

43

Right in the middest of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

44

And, in the thickest couert of that shade,
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton Ivie-twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond aboue within their inmost part,
That neither *Phœbus* beames could through the throng,
Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45

And all about grewe euery ſort of flowre,
To which ſad louers were transform'd of yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramoure
And deareſt loue,
Fooliſh *Narciſſe*, that likes the watry ſhore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whoſe purple gore
Me ſeemes I ſee *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom ſweet Poets verſe hath giuen endleſſe date.

46

There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,
And reape ſweet pleaſure of the wanton boy;
There yet ſome ſay in ſecret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and precious ſpycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue enuie:
But ſhe her ſelfe, when euer that ſhe will,
Poſſeſſeth him, and of his ſweetneſſe takes her fill.

47

And ſooth, it ſeemes, they ſay: for, he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he ſubiect to mortaltie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by ſucceſſion made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and changed diuerſly:
For, him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48

There now he liueth in eternall bliſs,
Ioying his goddeſſe, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath empriſoned for aye
(That her ſweet loue his malice mote auoyd)
In a ſtrong rockie Cave, which is they ſay, (may.
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him looſen

49

There now he liues in euerlaſting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himſelfe in ſafe felicitie:
Who, when he hath with ſpoiles and crueltie
Ranſackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
Of many wretches ſet his triumphes hie,
Thither reſorts, and laying his ſad darts
Aſide, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

50

And his true loue faire *Pſyche* with him playes,
Faire *Pſyche* to him lately reconcyl'd,
After long troubles and vnmeet vprayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,
And eke himſelfe her cruelly eryl'd:
But now in ſtedfaſt loue and happy ſtate
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,
Pleaſure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleaſure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Pſyche* late.

51

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of *Chryſogonee*,
And vnto *Pſyche* with great truſt and care
Committed her, yfoſtered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitee:
Who no leſſe carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleaſure*, to whom ſhee
Made her companion, and her leſſoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52

In which when ſhe to perfect ripeneſſe grew,
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes view,
To be th'enſample of true loue alone,
And Load-ſtarre of all chaſte affectione,
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court ſhe came, where many one
Admyr'd her goodly haueour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

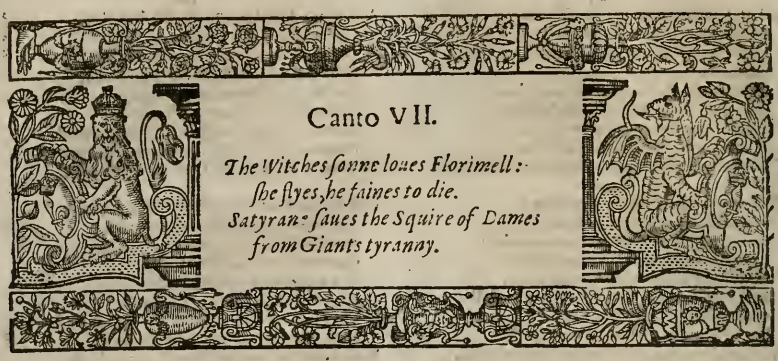
53

But ſhe to none of them her loue did caſt,
Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing heart ſhe linked faſt
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his deareſt ſake endured ſore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue and ſtedfaſt loialtie,
As ye may elſewhere reade that ruefull hiſtory.

54

But well I weene, ye firſt deſire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled ſo faſt from that ſame foſter ſtearne,
Whom with his brethren *Timias* ſlew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to ſeek her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her deareſt *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

O Canto



Canto VII.

The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
she flyes, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyranny.

1

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast:
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noise she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whyleare.

2

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

3

So long as breath, and hable puissaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pase he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

4

And forc't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueller vnwonted to such waie:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueld, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

5

Through th'tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

6

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all careless of her needes;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide.
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-euer she enuide.

7

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vpstarted from the dusty ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze; (daze.
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

8

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With

8

With that, adowne out of her Cryſtall eyne,
Few trickling teares ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles, did purely ſhine
Vpon her ſnowie cheek; and therewithall
She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtiall,
Nor ſauluge heart, but ruth of her ſad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiouſly appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In miſchiefe, was much moued at ſo pitious ſight;

9

And gan recomfort her in her rude wiſe,
With womanniſh compaſſion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her ſuffuſed eyes,
And bidding her ſit downe, to reſt her faint
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor ſ'dteignfull of ſo homely faſhion,
Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,
Sate downe vpon the duſty ground anon,
As glad of that ſmall reſt, as Bird of tempeſt gon.

10

Tho, gan ſhe gather vp her garments rent,
And her looſe lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch when as the wicked Hag did view,
She was aſtomſht at her heauenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or ſome goddeſſe, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
T'adore thing ſo diuine as beauty, were but right.

11

This wicked woman had a wicked ſonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laeſie loord, for nothing good to donne,
But ſtretched forth in idleneſſe alwaies,
Ne euer caſt his mind to couet praiſe,
Or ply himſelfe to any honeſt trade;
But all the day before the ſunny rayes
He vs'd to ſlug, or ſleepe in ſlothfull ſhade:
Such laeſineſſe both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12

He, comming home at vndertime, there found
The faireſt creature that he euer ſaw,
Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his baſe thought with terror and with awe
So inly ſmote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth ſoone withdrawe
His feeble eyne, with too much brightneſſe dazed;
So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amazed.

13

Softly at laſt he gan his mother aske,
What miſter wight that was, and whence deriued,
That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did maske,
And by what accident ſhe there arriued:
But ſhe, as one nigh of her wits depriued,
With nought but ghaſtly lookes him anſwered,
Like to a ghoſt, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* ſhores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14

But the faire Virgin was ſo meeke and milde,
That ſhe to them vouchſafed to embaſe
Her goodly port, and to their ſenſes vild
Her gentle ſpeach applide, that in ſhort ſpace
She grew familiar in that deſert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her ſo kinde
And curteiſe vſe conceiu'd affection baſe,
And caſt to loue her in his brutiſh mind;
No loue, but brutiſh luſt, that was ſo beaſtly tin'd.

15

Cloſely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And ſhortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vtter his deſire;
His caitiue thought durſt not ſo high aſpire:
But with ſoft ſighes, and louely ſemblances,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She ſhould aread; many reſemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16

Oft from the forreſt wildings he did bring,
Whoſe ſides empurpled were with ſmiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to ſing
His miſtreſſe prayſes ſweetly caroled,
Girlonds of flowres ſometimes for her faire head
He fine would dight; ſometimes the ſquirell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow ſeruant vild;
All which ſhe of him took with countenance meek & mild.

17

But paſt awhile, when ſhe fit ſeaſon ſawe,
To leaue that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt
In ſecret wiſe her ſelfe thence to withdrawe,
For feare of miſchiefe, which ſhe did forecaſt
Might be the witch or that her ſonne compaſt:
Her weary Palfrey, cloſely as ſhe might,
Now well recouered after long repaſt,
In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
His late miſwandred waies now to remeaſure right.

18

And early ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth iſſewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noiſe affeard,
And of each ſhade, that did it ſelfe preſent;
For, ſtill ſhe feared to be ouer-hent,
Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile ſonne:
Who, when too late awaking well they kent
That their faire gueſt was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been vndonne.

19

But that lewd louer did the moſt lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his breſt with deſperate intent,
And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his ſad mother ſeeing his ſore plight,
Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare
Leaſt his fraile ſenſes were emperiſht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, ſith loue is franticke hight.

20

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Asswage the fury, which his entrailes teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho, when all other helpes she sawe to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her diuelish arts thought to preuaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage haue appald;
Monstrous misshap't, and all his back was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Therero so swift, that it all beasts did pass:
Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;
But likest it to an *Hyæna* was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grass.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thick and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attraind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster, swift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die:
And her flit Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whil'st his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free life her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pase gan wex areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremitie full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approache to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could fly no more,
But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in deiperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th'*Aegæan* strond,
As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Therto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As she arriued on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty Maine,
A little boate lay houing her before,
In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his diuelish despight,
He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight
To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloudy field did fight;
But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly seruices took no delight,
But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:
For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;
He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a Satyres hed:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For, her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

Hee

32

He wiſt not, how him to deſpoile of life,
Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
Sith him he ſawe ſtill ſtronger growe through ſtrife,
And him ſelfe weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiouſly
Hurling his ſword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the Beaſt, that with great cruelties
Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:
Yet the perforce him held, and ſtrokes vpon him hept.

33

As he that ſtriues to ſtop a ſuddein flood,
And in ſtrong bankes his violence encloſe,
Forceth it ſwell aboue his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,
That all the countrey ſeemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne;
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To ſee his whole yeeres labour loſt ſo ſoone,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boone:

34

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bet ſo long,
That at the laſt his fiercenesſe gan abate,
And meekely ſtoup vnto the victour ſtrong:
Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he ſuppoſed donne to *Florimell*,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of ſteele his carcaſs could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him ſo well.

35

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her ſlender waſte, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the Beaſt that loud did rore
For great deſpight of that vnwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withſtand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him follow'd on the ſtrand,
As he had long been learned to obay;
Yet neuer learned he ſuch ſeruice, till that day.

36

Thus as he led the Beaſt along the waie,
He ſpide far off a mighty Gianteſſe,
Faſt flying on a Courſer dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardineſſe
Her hard purſewd, and ſought for to ſuppreſs:
She bore before her lap a doleſull Squire,
Lying athwart her horſe in great diſtreſſe,
Faſt bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom ſhe did meane to make the thrall of her deſire.

37

Which when as *Satyrane* beheld, in haſte
He left his captiue Beaſt at libertie,
And croſt the neareſt way, by which he caſt
Her to encounter, ere ſhe paſſed by:
But ſhe the way ſhund nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallopt faſt: which when he ſpide,
His mighty ſpeare he couched warily,
And at her ranne: ſhe, hauing him deſcride,
Her ſelfe to fight addreſt, and threw her lode aſide.

38

Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing ſpide on hight
An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth ſheare
The ſubtile ayre, ſtouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell deſpight,
And to the battell doth her ſelfe prepare:
So ran the Gianteſſe vnto the fight;
Her firy eyes with furious ſparkes did ſtare,
And with blaſphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

39

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith ſhe many had of life depriued;
But ere the ſtroke could ſeize his aymed place,
His ſpeare amids her ſun-broad ſhield arriued;
Yet nathemore the ſteele aſunder riued,
All were the beame in bigneſſe like a maſt,
Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſaddle driued,
But glauncing on the tempred metall, braſt
In thouſand ſhiuers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

40

Her Steed did ſtagger with that puiſſant ſtroke;
But ſhe no more was moued with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to aſſay,
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to ſmite:
But who that ſmites it, marres his ioyous play,
And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

41

Yet therewith ſore enrag'd, with ſterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
Which on his helmet martelled ſo hard,
That made him lowe incline his lofty creſt,
And bow'd his battred viſour to his breſt:
Wherewith he was ſo ſtund, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from Eaſt to Weſt:
Which when his cruell enemy eſpide,
She lightly vnto him adioyned ſide to ſide;

42

And on his collar laying puiſſant hand,
Out of his wauering ſeate him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withſtand,
Or help himſelfe: and laying thwart her horſe,
In loathly wiſe like to a carion corſe,
She bore him faſt away. Which when the knight,
That her purſewed, ſaw, with great remorſe
He neere was touched in his noble ſpright,
And gan increaſe his ſpeed, as ſhe increaſt her flight.

43

Whom when as nigh approching ſhe eſpide,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For, ſhe liſt not the battell to abide,
But made her ſelfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight purſew'd ſo nie,
That almoſt in the backe he oft her ſtrake:
But ſtill when him at hand ſhe did eſpy,
She turn'd, and ſemblance of faire fight did make;
But when he ſtayd, to flight againe ſhe did her take.

44

By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entraunce;
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which reft him from so faire a cheuisance:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuance
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the mire,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies heart with loues consuming rage)
Now in the blessome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

46

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;
That Giantesse *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped hils on hight,
To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her sire *Typhæus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47

For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appeare.

48

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to deuoure
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49

But ouer all the countrey she did range,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thurst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth (trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50

Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lie,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,
Then breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squyre of Dames:* that me beseemeth well.

51

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe
That Giantesse, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,
And deeds of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,
And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52

Her well beseemes that Quest, quoth *Satyrane:*
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long sute and weary seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

53

I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bade her commaund my life to saue, or spill:
Eftsoones she bade me, with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaste and sound.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In-

56

Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denay'd?
Or all they seemed sure auiz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

57

The first which then refused me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
Because I could not giue her many a lane.
(The reat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58

The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:
Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;
But was as farre at last, as when I first begonne.

59

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladyes

60

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.

Canto VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wrongd by Carle, by Proteus sau'd,
is sought by Paridell.

1

SO oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causeless of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then repriefe.

2

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enrankled her malitious heart,
That she desir'd th'abbridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,
Tyde with her broken girdle; it, a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had erst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

3

An I with it running hastily to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reuiued,
Much more then erst, and would haue algates riued
The hart out of his breast: for, sith her dead
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

4

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue ſlaine,
Had ſhe not fled into a ſecret mew,
Where ſhe was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The maſters of her art: there was ſhe faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
To counſell her ſo carefully diſmayd, (cayd.
How ſhe might heale her ſonne, whoſe ſenſes were de-

5

By their aduiſe, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whoſe like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature ſelfe enuide the ſame,
And grudg'd to ſee the counterfet ſhould ſhame
The thing it ſelfe. In hand ſhe boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in ſhape and looke
So liuely and ſo like, that many it miſtooke.

6

The ſubſtance, whereof ſhe the body made,
Was pureſt ſnowe in maſſie mould congeal'd,
Which ſhe had gathered in a ſhady glade
Of the *Riphæan* hils, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The ſame ſhe tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that neuer yet was ſeal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a liuely ſanguine it ſeem'd to the eye.

7

In ſtead of eyes, two burning lamps ſhe ſet
In ſiluer ſockets, ſhining like the skies,
And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
To ſtir and roll them, like a womans eyes:
In ſtead of yellow lockes ſhe did deuiſe,
With golden wire to weaue her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not ſo yellow thrice
As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a Spright to rule the carcaſſe dead;

8

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire reſemblance aboue all the reſt,
Which with the Prince of darkneſſe fell ſomewhile,
From heauens bliſs and euerlaſting reſt;
Him needed not inſtruct, which way were beſt
Himſelfe to faſhion likeſt *Florimell*,
Ne how to ſpeake, ne how to vſe his geſt:
For, he in counterfeiſance did excell;
And all the wyles of womens wits knew paſſing well.

9

Him ſhaped thus ſhe deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That whoſo then her ſawe, would ſurely ſay,
It was her ſelfe whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then her ſelfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then ſhe forth her brought
Vnto her ſonne, that lay in feeble ſtate;
Who ſeeing her gan ſtraight vpſtart, and thought
She was the Lady ſelfe, whom he ſo long had ſought.

10

Tho, faſt her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extreamely ioyed in ſo happy ſight,
And ſoone forgot his former ſickly paine;
But ſhe, the more to ſeeme ſuch as ſhe hight,
Coily rebutted his embracement light;
Yet ſtill with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long ſhe ſo with ſhadowes entertained,
As her Creatreſſe had in charge to her ordained;

11

Till on a day, as he diſpoſed was
To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
Her to diſport, and idle time to paſs,
In th'open freſhneſſe of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boaſtfull Swaine,
That deeds of armes had euer in deſpaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repoſe, and credit did maintaine.

12

He ſeeing with that Chorle ſo faire a wight,
Decked with many a coſtly ornament,
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foule diſparagement:
His bloudy ſpeare eftſoones he boldly bent
Againſt the ſilly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell ſtraight to ground in great aſtoniſhment.
Villein, ſaid he, this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gaineſay: I will away her beare.

13

The fearefull Chorle durſt not gaineſay, nor doo,
But trembling ſtood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leaſure her to wooe,
On *Tromparts* ſteed her mounted without ſtay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himſelfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being poſſeſſed of that ſpoile, which ſeemed
The faireſt wight on ground, and moſt of men eſteemed.

14

But when he ſawe himſelfe free from purſute,
He gan make gentle purpoſe to his Dame,
With tearms of loue and lewdneſſe diſſolute;
For, he could well his glozing ſpeeches frame
To ſuch vaine vſes, that him beſt became:
But ſhe thereto would lend but light regard;
As ſeeming ſory, that ſhe euer came
Into his powre, that vſed her ſo hard,
To reaue her honour, which ſhe more then life prefard.

15

Thus as they two of kindneſſe treated long,
There them by chance encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courſer ſtrong,
Whoſe trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in diſmay;
Who ſeem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
And her to ſaue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

16

Fiercely that ſtranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that ſame boaſter, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory ſeeme,
And fild his ſenſes with abaſhment great;
Yet ſeeing nigh him ieopardy extream,
He it diſſembled well, and light ſeem'd to eſteeme;

17

Saying, Thou fooliſh knight, that ween'ſt with words
To ſteale away that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous ſwords:
But if thee liſt to ſee thy Courſer ronne,
Or proue thy ſelfe, this ſad encounter ſhonne,
And ſeek elſe without hazard of thy hed.
At thoſe proud words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his ſteed about, or ſure he ſhould be dead.

18

Sith then, ſaid *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt
Thy daies abbridge, through proofe of puiſſance,
Turne we our ſteedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This ſaid, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyr'd their ſteeds, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudy lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to loſs, and fled himſelfe apace.

19

The knight, him ſeeing fly, had no regard
Him to purſew, but to the Lady rode;
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his courſer ſet the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that faireſt *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And ſo her ſelfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him think himſelfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20

But *Florimell* her ſelfe was farre away,
Driuen to great diſtreſſe by fortune ſtraunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late miſchaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for ſea, at random there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengereſſe,
Not ſatisfide ſo farre her to eſtrange
From courtly bliſs and wonted happineſſe,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchedneſſe.

21

For, being fled into the Fiſhers boat,
For refuge from the Monſters cruelty,
Long ſo ſhe on the mighty Maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelеſly;
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the ſky,
And all his windes *Dan Aeolus* did keep
From ſtirring vp their ſtormy enmity,
As pitying to ſee her waile and weepe;
But all the while the Fiſher did ſecurely ſleepe.

22

At laſt, when drunk with drowſineſſe, he woke,
And ſawe his drouer driue along the ſtreame,
He was diſmayd, and thrice his breſt he ſtroke,
For maruell of that accident extreame;
But when he ſaw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He maruelled more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that ſome extaſie
Aſſotted had his ſenſe, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
To be no viſion, nor fantaſticke ſight,
Great comfort of her preſence he conceiued,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and ſtir his frozen ſpright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how ſhe thither came.
Ah, ſayd ſhe, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the ſame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in ſafetie am.

24

But thou good man, ſith farre in ſea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to ſwell,
That now no more we can the maine-land ſee,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Leaſt worſe on ſea then vs on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaid, his boat the way could wiſely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her ſnowy skin.

25

The ſight whereof, in his congealed fleſh,
Infixt ſuch ſecret ſting of greedy luſt,
That the dry withered ſtock it gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoone in flame forth bruſt:
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, raſhly would haue thruſt:
But ſhe with angry ſcorne him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproued for his rudeneſſe fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her ſharpe rebuke full little did eſteem;
Hard is to teach an olde horſe amble trew.
The inward ſmoke, that did before but ſteeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreame,
And now he ſtrength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle miſſeeme:
Beaſtly he threw her downe, ne car'd to ſpill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

27

The ſilly virgin ſtroue him to withſtand,
All that ſhe might, and him in vaine reuil'd:
She ſtruggled ſtrongly both with foot and hand,
To ſaue her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.
O ye braue knights, that boaſt this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhe you reproue
Of falſhood, or of ſlouth, when moſt it may behoue.

But

28

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didſt weete,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her ſory ſtate,
How ſoone would ye aſſemble many a fleete
To fetch from ſea, that ye at land loſt late?
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
In your auengement and diſpiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it preſage,
No liuing creature could his cruelty aſſwage.

29

But ſith that none of all her knights is nie,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And ſoueraigne fauour towards chaſtity,
Do ſuccour ſend to her diſtreſſed caſe:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whileſt thus ſhe ſtifly ſtroue,
And the wide ſea importuned long ſpace
With ſhrilling ſhriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
Along the ſomy waues driuing his finny droue.

30

Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;
An aged ſire with head all frory hore,
And ſprinkled froſt vpon his dewy beard:
Who when thoſe pittifull outeries he heard
Through all the ſeas ſo ruefully reſound,
His Charet ſwift in haſte he thither ſteard;
Which, with a teeme of ſcaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31

And comming to that Fiſhers wandring bote,
That went at will, withouten carde or ſayle,
He therein ſawe that yrkeſome ſight, which ſmote
Deepe indignation and compaſſion fraile
Into his heart attonce: ſtreight did he haile
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little faile,
And with his ſtaffe that driues his heard aſtray,
Him bet ſo ſore, that life and ſenſe did much diſmay.

32

The whiles the pitious Lady vp did riſe,
Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy ſoile,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle
To ſaue her ſelfe from that outrageous ſpoile:
But when ſhe looked vp, to weet what wight
Had her from ſo infamous fact aſſoild,
For ſhame, but more for feare of his grim ſight,
Downe in her lap ſhe hid her face, and loudly ſhright.

33

Her ſelfe not ſaued yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
From the ſharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to ſeeke for ſuccour there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels ſhe does ſpy,
With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
In ſuch diſtreſſe and ſad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* ſhe did ſee thereby.

34

But he endeuoured with ſpeeches milde,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himſelfe; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all preuaild;
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbd ſo inly, that her wits nigh faild,
And all her ſenſes with abaſhment quite were quaild.

35

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full ſoftly kiſt,
Whiles the cold yſicles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory breſt:
Yet he himſelfe ſo buſily addreſt,
That her out of aſtoniſhment he wrought,
And out of that ſame fiſhers filthy neſt
Remouing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle tearms her faire beſought.

36

But that old leachour, which with bold aſſault
That beautie durſt preſume to violate,
He caſt to puniſh for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him yet trembling ſith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd ſo ſore:
So dragd him through the waues in ſcornefull ſtate,
And after caſt him vp vpon the ſhore;
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37

His bowre is in the bottome of the Maine,
Vnder a mighty rock, gainſt which do raue
The roring billowes in their proud diſdaine;
That with the angry working of the waue,
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
That ſeemes rough Maſons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engraue:
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was ſeene,
Saue one olde Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38

Thither he brought the ſory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the beſt he might;
And *Panopé* her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattring words he ſweetly wooed her,
And offered faire giftes t'allure her ſight:
But ſhe both offers and the offerer
Deſpiſde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer ſuffred her to be at reſt:
But euermore ſhe him refuſed flat,
And all his fained kindneſſe did deteſt;
So firmely ſhe had ſealed vp her breſt.
Sometimes he boaſted, that a God he hight:
But ſhe a mortall creature loued beſt:
Then he would make himſelfe a mortall wight;
But then ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

40

Then like a Faery knight himſelfe he dreſt;
For, euery ſhape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her expreſt,
And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing ſawe preuaile,
With harder meanes he eaſt her to ſubdew,
And with ſharpe threats her often did aſſayle,
So thinking for to make her ſtubborne courage quaile.

41

To dreadfull ſhapes he did himſelfe transforme,
Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a ſtorme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wiſhed end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He elſe could doe, he ſawe himſelfe eſteem'd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

42

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,
Then loſſe of chaſtitee, or change of loue:
Die had ſhe rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any ſhould of falſeneſſe her reproue,
Or looſeneſſe, that ſhe lightly did remooue.
Moſt vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly praiſe with Saints aboue,
Where moſt ſweet hymnes of this thy famous deed
Are ſtill emongſt them ſung, that far my rimes exceed.

43

Fit ſong, of Angels caroled to bee;
But yet what ſo my feeble Muſe can frame,
Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chaſtitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of euery honorable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endleſſe fame.
It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull ſtate,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
A long diſcourſe of hir aduentures vaine,
The which himſelfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be ſlaine,
With that ſame *Squire*, returned backe againe
To his firſt way. And as they forward went,
They eſpide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,
As if he were on ſome aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

45

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addreſſe,
To weet what wight he was, and what his queſt:
And comming nigh, eſtſoones he gan to gheſſe
Both by the burning heart, which on his breſt
He bare, and by the colours in his creſt,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him ſaluting, as beſeemed beſt,
Gan firſt inquire of tydings farre abroad;
And afterwards on what aduenture now he rode.

46

Who thereto anſwering, ſayd; The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning ſad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And ſuddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,
To ſauegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongſt the reſt, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

47

Ah gentle knight, ſaid then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is loſt, I greatly dread,
That haſt a thankleſſe ſeruice on thee ta'ne,
And offreſt ſacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I ſurely doubt, thou maiſt aread
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may ſore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for euer ſory be.

48

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly change, and ſeem'd diſmaid to bee;
Then ſaid, Faire Sir, how may I ween it trew
That ye do tell in ſuch vncertaintee?
Or ſpeake ye of report, or did ye ſee
Iuſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
For, perdy elſe how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand ſhould dare for to engore
Her noble bloud? the heauens ſuch cruelty abhore.

49

Theſe eyes did ſee, that they will euer rew
T'haue ſeene, quoth he, when as a monſtrous beaſt
The Palfrey, whereon ſhe did trauell, ſlew,
And of his bowels made a bloudy feaſt:
Which ſpeaking token ſheweth at the leaſt
Her certaine loſſe, if not her ſure decay:
Beſides, that more ſuſpicion encreaſt,
I found her golden girdle caſt aſtray,
Diſtayn'd with durt and bloud, as relique of the prey.

50

Aye me, ſayd *Paridell*, the ſignes be ſad,
And but God turne the ſame to good ſoothſay,
That Ladies ſafety is ſore to be drad:
Yet will I not forſake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you ſucceed,
Ne long ſhall *Satyrane* behind you ſtay,
But to the reſt, which in this Queſt proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their ſpeed.

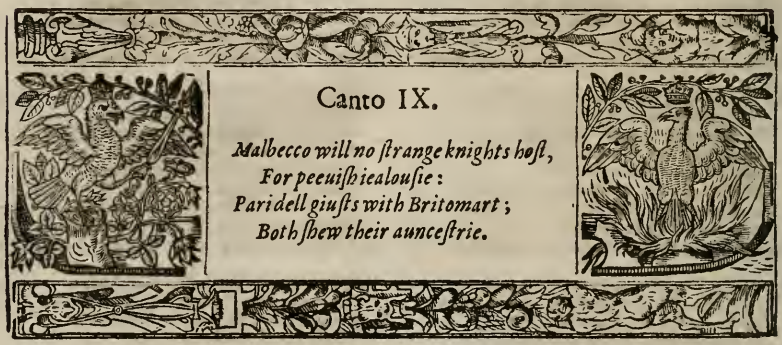
51

Ye noble knights, ſayd then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye ſpeed in ſo praiſe-worthy paine:
But ſith the Sunne now ginnes to ſlake his beames,
In dewy vapours of the weſterne Maine,
And loſe the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
Your zealous haſte, till morrowe next againe
Both light of heauen, and ſtrength of men relate:
Which if ye pleaſe, to yonder Caſtle turne your gate.

That

52

That counſell pleaſed well; ſo all yfere
Forth marched to a Caſtle them before,
Where ſoone arriuing, they reſtrained were
Of ready entrance, which ought euermore
To errant knights be common: wondrous ſore
Thereat diſpleas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them informe the cauſe, why that ſame dore
Was ſhut to all, which lodging did deſire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.



Canto IX.

Malbecco will no ſtrange knights hoſt,
For peeuiſh iealouſie:
Paridell giuſts with Britomart;
Both ſhew their aunceſtrie.

1

REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right ſore I feare, leaſt with vnworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes ſhould ſhend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhining glory of your ſoueraigne light,
And knighthood foule defaced by a faithleſſe knight.

2

But neuer let th'enſample of the bad
Offend the good: for, good by paragone
Of euill, may more notably be rad,
As white ſeemes fairer, matcht with blacke attone;
Ne, all are ſhamed by the fault of one:
For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodneſſe is,
Emongſt the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bliſs;
What wonder then, if one of women all did miſs?

3

Then liſten Lordings, if ye liſt to weet
The cauſe, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertain'd, as ſeemed meet,
Into that Caſtle (as that Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no ſkill of Court nor courteſie,
Ne cares, what men ſay of him, ill or well;
For, all his daies he drownes in priuity,
Yet has full large to liue, and ſpend at libertie.

4

But all his minde is ſet on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten maſſe,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himſelfe;
Yet is he linked to a louely Laſſe,
Whoſe beauty doth his bounty farre ſurpaſſe,
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
And alſo far vnlike conditions has;
For, ſhe does ioy to play emongſt her peares,
And to be free from hard reſtraint and iealous feares.

5

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladies ſeruice to ſupply;
The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway
Suſpect her truth, and keepe continuall ſpy
Vpon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of liuing wight
Approche to her, ne keep her companie,
But in cloſe bowre her mewes from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

6

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* ſhe hight,
Vnfitly yok't together in one teeme:
That is the cauſe, why neuer any knight
It ſuffred here to enter, but he ſeeme
Such, as no doubt of him he needе misdeeme.
Thereat Sis *Satyrane* gan ſmile and ſay;
Extreamely mad the man I ſurely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard reſtraint to ſtay
A womans will which is diſpos'd to goe aſtraie.

7

In vaine he feares that which he cannot ſhonne:
For, who wotes not, that womans ſubtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when ſhe liſt misdonne?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull ſpyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But faſt good will with gentle courteſies,
And timely ſeruice to her pleaſures meet
May her perhaps containe, that elſe would algates fleet.

Then

8

Then, is he not more mad, ſaid *Paridell*,
That hath himſelfe vnto ſuch ſeruice ſold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For, ſure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we deuiſe of others ill,
Whiles thus we ſuffer this ſame dotard old
To keepe vs out, in ſcorne of his owne will,
And rather doe not ranſack all, and himſelfe kill?

9

Nay, let vs firſt, ſaid *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his meſpriſe,
As may be worthy of his haynous ſin.
That counſell pleaſd: Then *Paridell* did riſe,
And to the Caſtle gate approch't in quiet wiſe.

10

Whereat ſoft knocking, entrance he deſir'd.
The good-man ſelfe (which then the Porter plaid)
Him anſwered, that all were now retir'd
Vnto their reſt: and all the keyes conuaid
Vnto their Maiſter, who in bed was laid,
That none him durſt awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently praid.
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,
And threatned him with force, and puniſhment extreame.

11

But all in vaine; for nought more him relent.
And now ſo long before the wicket faſt
They waited, that the night was forward ſpent,
And the faire welkin (ſoully over-caſt)
Gan blowen vp a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhowre and haile ſo horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laſt
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwine was ordered.

12

It fortuned, ſoone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempeſt thither brought,
Came to that Caſtle; and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance deare beſought:
But, like ſo as the reſt, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was diſpleas'd, and thought
How to auenge himſelfe ſo ſore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curteſie accus'd.

13

But, to avoyd th'intolerable ſtowre,
Hee was compeld to ſeeke ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſhed (to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre)
Hee came, which full of gueſts he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And ſwore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them diſlodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And them defied each, and ſo defide them both.

14

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkneſſe to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liefe his boaſting to abate;
But chiefely *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten ſo deſpightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kennell rate,
That durſt not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was defide, in coward corner ly.

15

Tho, haſtily remounting to his ſteed,
Hee forth iſſew'd; like as a boiſtrous wind,
Which in th'earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And ſhut vp faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agaſt,
Vntill that it an iſſue forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkyes doth ouer-caſt.

16

Their ſteele-head ſpeares they ſtrongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horſe,
That each (awhile) lay like a ſenſeleſſe corſe:
But *Paridell*, ſore bruſed with the blowe,
Could not ariſe, the counterchange to ſcorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he his bright ſword, & gan about him throwe.

17

But *Satyrane*, forth ſtepping, did them ſtay,
And with faire treatie pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that Caſtles Lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with vnquenchable fire,
And that vncurteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

18

Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ranne with fearefull ſpeed;
And to them calling from the Caſtle wall,
Beſought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of ſeruaunts bad abuſe,
And ſlack attendance vnto ſtrangers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuſe,
Though nought believ'd, & entrance late did not refuſe.

19

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And ſerv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet ſecretly their hoſt did on them lowre,
And welcomd more for feare then charitee;
But they diſſembled what they did not ſee,
And welcomed themſelues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

20

And eke that ſtranger knight, emongſt the reſt,
Was for like need enforc't to diſarray:
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty creſt,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Vp-bounden, did themſelues adowne diſplay,
And raught vnto her heeles; like ſunny beames,
That in a clowd their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded, ſhew their golden gleames,
And through the perſent ayre ſhoot forth their azure (ſtreames.

21

She alſo doft her heauy haberjeon,
VVhich the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which ſhe did won
To tuck about her ſhort when ſhe did ride,
Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank ſide
Downe to her foot, with careleſſe modeſtee.
Then of them all ſhee plainely was eſpide
To be a woman-wight (vnwiſt to bee)
The faireſt woman-wight that euer eye did ſee.

22

Like as *Minerua*, being late returnd
From ſlaughter of the Giants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoſe wide noſethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with the ſpeare, downe tumbled ded
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;
Hath looſd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* ſhield gins to vntie
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victory.

23

Which when as they beheld, they ſmitten were
With great amazement of ſo wondrous ſight;
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if ſuddaine great affright
Had them ſurpris'd. At laſt, aviſing right,
Her goodly perſonage and glorious hew,
Which they ſo much miſtooke, they tooke delight
In their firſt errour, and yet ſtill anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24

Yet n'ote their hungry view be ſatisfied;
But ſeeing, ſtill the more deſir'd to ſee,
And euer firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie:
But moſt they meruaild at her cheualree
And noble proweſſe, which they had approued,
That much they faind to knowe who ſhee mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
Yet euery one her lik't, and euery one her loued.

25

And *Paridell*, though partly diſcontent
VVith his late fall, and foule indignity,
Yet was ſoone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curteſie,
That of his Lady they might haue the ſight,
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26

But he, to ſhift their curious requeſt,
Gan cauſen why ſhee could not come in place;
Her craſed health, her late recourſe to reſt,
And humid euening, ill for ſicke folkes caſe:
But none of thoſe excuſes could take place;
Ne would they eate, till ſhee in preſence came.
Shee came in preſence with right comely grace,
And fairely them ſaluted, as became,
And ſhew'd her ſelfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

27

They ſate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
Was her before, and *Paridell* beſide;
But he himſelfe ſate looking ſtill aſcaunce,
Gainſt *Britomart*, and euer cloſely eyde
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that ſided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his ſight did hide:
On her faire face ſo did hee feede his fill,
And ſent cloſe meſſages of loue to her at will.

28

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With ſpeaking lookes, that cloſe embaſſage bore,
Hee roy'd at her, and told his ſecret care:
For, all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was ſhee ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wiſely red,
And with the like him anſwerd euermore:
She ſent at him one firie dart, whoſe hed
Empoiſned was with priuy luſt, and iealous dred.

29

Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;
The wicked engine through falſe influence
Paſt through his eyes, and ſecretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did ſorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that ſame paine,
Ne paine at all; for he ſo oft had tryde
The power thereof, and lov'd ſo oft in vaine,
That thing of courſe he counted, loue to entertaine.

30

Thence-forth to her hee ſought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the ſiluer plate
He on the table daſht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to let his loue be ſhowne;
VVhich well ſhe red out of the learned line;
(A ſacrament profane in myſterie of wine.)

31

And when-ſo of his hand the pledge ſhe raught,
The guilty cup ſhe fained to miſtake,
And in her lap did ſhed her idle draught,
Shewing deſire her inward flame to ſlake:
By ſuch cloſe ſignes they ſecret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch eſcape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
VVho Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now

32

Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was mooued by that gentle Dame,
Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And euery one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
Abounded) being glad of so fit tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde:

33

Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried lowe doost lye,
Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,
Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory stent?

34

Most famous VVorthy of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renowm'd through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fairest Dame
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse;

35

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That made'st many Ladies deare lament
The heauy losse of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
With carcasses of noble warriours,
Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with bloud all ouerflowne.

36

From him, my linage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She of his Father, *Parius* did name;
VVho, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
Gath'red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th'Isle of *Paros* came.

37

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nausa*: there he many yeares did raigne,
And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore;
The which he dying, left next in remaine
To *Paridas* his sonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My native soile haue left, my dayes to spend
In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

38

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt
(The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*)
She was empassiond at that pittious act,
VVith zealous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that Nation, from whose race of old
She heard that shee was lineally extract:
For, noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

39

Then sighing soft awhile, at last, she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,
And of all *Asia* bore the soueraigne crowne,
In one sad night consum'd, and throwen downe:
What stony hart, that heares thy hapelesse fate,
Is not empeare't with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That flowres so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

40

Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine:
For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
As Countries cause, and common foes disdaine.
But, if it should not grieue you backe againe
To turne your course, I would to heare desire
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

41

Anchyses sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,
Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where hee through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the *Lybick* sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forraine lands,
To saue his people sad from Victors vengefull hands.

42

At last, in *Latium* hee did arriue,
Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind
To contract wedlock: (so the Fates ordaind.)
VVedlock contract in bloud, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riuall slaine, the Victor (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly prayst his wedlock good.

43

Yet after all, hee Victor did surviue,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gan to striue,
Into their names the title to conuart,
His sonne *Iülus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,
VVhere faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44

There, there, ſaid *Britomart*, afreſh appear'd
The glory of the later world to ſpring,
And *Troy* againe out of her duſt was rear'd,
To ſit in ſecond ſeate of ſoueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdome yet is to ariſe,
Out of the *Troians* ſcattered of-ſpring,
That in all glorie and great enterpriſe,
Both firſt and ſecond *Troy* ſhall dare to equaliſe.

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamis* waſhed is along,
Vpon whoſe ſtubborne neck (where-at he raues
With roring rage, and ſore himſelfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes ſtrong)
She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is ſong
In forraine Lands; and all which paſſen by,
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threats the ſky.

46

The *Troiane Brute* did firſt that Citie found,
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by Weſt,
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the reſt.
So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt,
To be the compaſſe of his kingdomes ſeat:
So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
Ne in ſmall meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered firſt by warlike feat.

47

Ah! fayreſt Lady-knight, ſaid *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedleſſe over-ſight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.
Indeed, he ſaid, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Troiane* ſtock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmoſt Angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that ſame *Brute* (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his ſpeech) was *Sylvius* his ſonne,
Whom hauing ſlaine, through luckleſs arrowes glaunce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had miſdonne,
Or elſe for ſhame, ſo foule reproche to ſhonne;
And with him led to ſea a youthly traine,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* maine,
And great adventures found, that now were long to ſaine.

49

At laſt, by fatall courſe they driuen were
Into an Iſland ſpacious and brode,
The furtheſt North, that did to them appeare:
And (after reſt they ſeeking farre abrode)
Found it the fitteſt ſoyle for their abode;
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholly waſte, and voyd of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing fleſh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50

Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with loſſe of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Goemagot* of ſtrong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were ouerthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,
VVhich quaked vnder their ſo hideous maſs:
A famous hiſtory to be entold
In euerlaſting moniments of braſs,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did paſs.

51

His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowmed far away,
That who from Eaſt to Weſt will end-long ſeeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: ſo heard I ſay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the ſtrife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

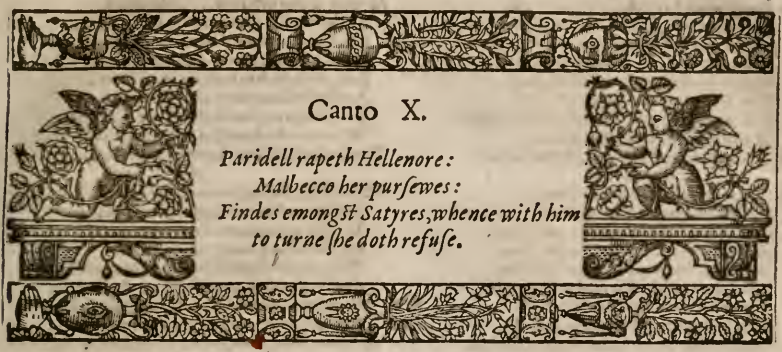
52

But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Faſhioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgardes at her let fly.

53

So long theſe knights diſcourſed diuerſly,
Of ſtrange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th'old man ſeeing well (who too long thought
Euery diſcourſe, and euery argument,
Which by the houres he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt. So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Canto



Canto X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purſewes:
Findes emongſt Satyres, whence with him
to turne ſhe doth refuſe.

1

THe morrow next, ſo ſoone as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with earely light,
And freſh *Aurora* had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Faire *Britomart* and that ſame *Faerie* knight
Vproſe, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

2

So forth they far'd; but he behind them ſtaid,
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grieuouſly
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needs obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meaſure, moueth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruly maiſtery;
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honeſt long he kept vneath.

3

But patience perforce: he muſt abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelfe once to abſent.
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelfe torment.

4

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occaſion for his turne to find:
Falſe loue, why doe men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancie feine thee blind,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight dooſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt euery ſecret of the mind:
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

5

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccoes* halfen eye did wile,
His halfen eye he wilʃd wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
That he there ſoiourned his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* ſelfe it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmile,
To weet how he her loue away did ſteale,
And bade, that none their ioyous treaſon ſhould reueale.

6

The learned Louer loſt no time nor tide,
That leaſt avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo faire a ſaule, that none eſpide
His ſecret drift, till he her layd abord.
When-ſo in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common ſpeech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoſte n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentleneſſe, or hoſpitages breach.

7

But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his falſe engins faſt he plide,
And all the ſleights vnboſomd in his hart;
He ſigh't, he ſobd, he ſwound, he perdy dide,
And caſt himſelfe on ground her faſt beſide:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and waild, and falſe laments belide,
Saying, but if ſhee Mercie would him giue,
That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgiue.

8

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleaſing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now ſinging ſweetly, to ſurpriſe her ſprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Branſles, Ballads, virelayes, and verſes vaine;
Oft purpoſes, oft riddles he deuis'd,
And thouſands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old deſpis'd,

9

And euery where he might, and euery while
He did her seruice dutifull, and sewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but shee it viewed,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
Thus finely did he his false nets dissprad,
With which he many weake harts had subdewed
Of yore, and many had ylike missed:
What wonder then, if shee were likewise carried?

10

No fort so sensible, no walles so strong,
But that continuall battery will riue,
Or daily siege through disparuayance long,
And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;
And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the Victors will bylaw:
That stratageme had oftentimes assaid
This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid.

11

For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of guine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Deuized hath, and to her Louer told.
It pleased well. So well they both agree:
So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

12

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,
When chaunc't *Malbecco* busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof shee countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for despight;
As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight,
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
And ranne into her Lovers armes right fast;
Where straight embraced, shee to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,
And meant to rauish her, that rather had to die.

14

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,
And ready seeing him with her to flye,
In his disquiet mind was much dismaide:
But, when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
Hee was there-with distressed diuersly,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

15

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; loue, money ouercame:
But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; money did loue disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,
Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

16

Thus, whilst all things in troublous vprore were,
And all men busie to suppresse the flame,
The louing couple need no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the patroness of loue-stealth faire)
Gaue them safe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfeare (a wanton paire
Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

17

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waues of griefe and iealousie
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;
Hee rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he loud did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

18

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,
He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
Ten thousand waies he cast in his confused thought.

19

At last, resoluing like a pilgrim pore
To search her forth, where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him threasure in close store,
The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And euery where that he more vnderstond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

20

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And he too simple euer to surprise
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine
With weary pase, he farre away espide
A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)
Which houed close vnder a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

Well

21

Well weened he, that thoſe the ſame mote bee:
And as he better did their ſhape avize,
Him ſeemed more their manner did agree;
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
Diſcolour'd like to womanish diſguiſe,
He did reſemble to his Lady bright;
And euer his faint hart much yearned at the ſight.

22

And euer faine hee towards them would goe,
But yet durſt not for dread approchen nie,
But ſtood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with ſoues extremitie,
That is the father of foule Iealouſie,
He cloſely neerer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he eaſily
Might ſeeme, that it was not his ſweeteſt ſweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his ſheet.

23

But it was ſcornefull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his ſeruaunt *Trompart* houerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earneſt foe:
Whom ſuch when as *Malbecco* ſpyed clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* running haſtily, him did ſtay,
And bade before his ſoueraine Lord appere:
That was him loath, yet durſt he not gaine-ſay,
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24

The Boaſter, at him ſternely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,
And awfull terror deepe into him ſtrooke,
That euery member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what dooſt thou here,
Vnfitly furniſht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,
To proue ſome deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

25

The wretched man, at his imperious ſpeach,
Was all abaſht, and lowe proſtrating, ſaid;
Good Sir, let not my rudeneſſe be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune ſtraid,
A ſilly Pilgrim driuen to diſtreſſe,
That ſeeke a Lady. There he ſuddaine ſtaid,
And did the reſt with grieuous ſighes ſuppreſſe,
While teares ſtood in his eyes (few drops of bitterneſſe.)

26

What Lady, man? ſaid *Trompart*, take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to ſhew thy ſmart
Then now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſaid; O moſt redoubted Pere,
Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches caſe to heare.

27

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long, ſaid hee,
Since I enioyde the gentleſt Dame alriue;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But ſhame of all that doe for honour ſtriue,
By treacherous deceit did me depriue;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foule force vnto his will did driue,
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to reuenge, and puniſh if they may.

28

And you (moſt noble Lord) that can and dare
Redreſſe the wrong of miſerable wight,
Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpeare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainſt a faithleſſe knight;
So ſhall your glory be aduaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my ſelfe (albe I ſimple ſuch)
Your worthy paine ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

29

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of threaſure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornefully askew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baſelie nempt;
And ſaid; Thy offers baſe I greatly loth,
And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
I tread in duſt thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for ſhame; So turned from him wroth.

30

But *Trompart*, that his maiſters humour knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rounded cloſe behind:
Yet ſtoupt he not, but lay ſtill in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to ſeaſe;
Till *Trompart* lowlie to the ground inclin'd,
Beſought him his great courage to appeaſe,
And pardon ſimple man, that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

31

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzepere,
At laſt, he thus; Thou clod of vileſt clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeneſſe beare;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that elſe the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And moov'd amiſſe with maſſie mucks vnmeet regard.

32

And more, I graunt to thy great miſerie
Gratious reſpect, thy wife ſhall backe be ſent:
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood ſhent,
By *Sanglamors* my ſword, whoſe deadly dent
The bloud hath of ſo many thouſands ſhed,
I ſweare, ere long ſhall dearelie it repent;
Ne hee twixt heauen and earth ſhall hide his head,
But ſoone he ſhall be found, and ſhortlie doen be dead.

33

The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho, forth the Boaſter marching, braue begonne
His ſtolen ſteed to thunder furiouſly,
As if he heauen and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitie.

34

Thus, long they three together trauailed,
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
To ſeeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But thoſe two ſought nought but the preſent pray,
To weet, the threaſure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and harts were wholly ſet,
With purpoſe how they might it beſt betray;
For, ſith the houre that firſt he did them let (whet.
The ſame behold, there-with their keene deſires were

35

It fortuned as they together far'd,
They ſpide where *Paridell* came pricking faſt
Vpon the Plaine, the which himſelfe prepar'd
To giuſt with that braue ſtranger knight a caſt,
As on aduenture by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, hauing filcht her bels, her vp he caſt
To the wide world. and let her fly alone,
He n'ould be clogd. So had he ſerued many one.

36

The gentle Lady, looſe at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde aduenture, like a forlorne weſt,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her eſpide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as houſewife euer to abide,
To milke their goates, and make them cheeſe & bred,
And euery one as common good her handeled;

37

That ſhortly ſhee *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
Who from her went to ſeeke another lot,
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,
Where thoſe two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the old man ſaw Sir *Paridell*,
Hee fainted, and was almoſt dead with feare,
Ne word he had to ſpeake, his griefe to tell,
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38

And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.
I take no keepe of her, ſaid *Paridell*:
She wonneth in the foreſt there before.
So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;
The whiles, the Boaſter from his lofty ſell
Fayned to alight, ſomething amiſſe to mend;
But the freſh Swaine would not his leaſure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he paſſed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

39

Perdy nay, ſaid *Malbecco*, ſhall ye not:
But let him paſſe as lightly as he came:
For, little good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to ſhame.
But, let vs goe to ſeeke my deareſt Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder foreſt wild:
For, of her ſafety in great doubt I am,
Leaſt ſauage beaſts her perſon haue deſpoyld:
Then all the world is loſt, and we in vaine haue toyld.

40

They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah! but ſaid crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
That yonder in that waſtefull wilderneſſe
Huge Monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend
All trauellers; therefore aviſe ye well,
Before yee enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too ſoone to euill end.

41

Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſell crav'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great threaſure, I thinke beſt
Heere for to ſtay in ſafety behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide forreſt.
That counſell pleaſed not *Malbeccoes* mind;
For, he was much affraid, himſelfe alone to find.

42

Then is it beſt, ſaid he, that yee doe leaue
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecuritie,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,
Till we returne againe in ſafetie:
As for vs two, leaſt doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne pruie be vnto your threaſures Graue.
It pleaſed: ſo he did; Then they march forward braue.

43

Now, when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagbipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the foreſt did with horror fill:
That dreadfull ſound the boaſters hart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not flie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44

Yet afterwards, cloſe creeping as he might,
Hee in a buſh did hide his fearefull hed:
The iolly *Satyres*, full of freſh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all beſpred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their louely fellowſhip full glade,
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell ſhade.

The

45

The silly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vnkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great lustihed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46

Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to trusse,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a busse
To *Hellenore*: so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly deaw, and the Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselues, whiles sleep their sences did invade.

47

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goate emongst the Goates did rush,
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,
And mistie dampe of misconceiuing night,
And eke through likenesse of his goatish beard,
Hee did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

48

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he viewd,
Where-as his louely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with iealousie did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,
When one so ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell;
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was hee, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

50

At last, with irksome trouble shee abraid;
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,
Shee was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her side;
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To saue his life, ne let him be descride,
But harken to his lore, and all his counsell hide.

51

Tho, gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of fresh accord,
And shee receiu'd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespasse euer had beene donne:
But shee it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

52

Hee wooed her, till day spring hee espide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery side,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heauens faireft light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heards out of their folds were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

53

So soone as hee the Prison doore did pass,
Hee ranne as fast as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping close, emongst the hiues to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carcasse teare,
That hardly he away with life does flie,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

54

Ne staid he, till he came vnto the place
Where late his threasure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* base
Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)
With extreame fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away:
That who so strangely had him seene bestad,
With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From *Limbo* lake him late escaped sure would say.

55

High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and despight, and iealousie, and scorne
Did all the way him followe hard behind:
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

56

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne staid his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Ouer the sea suspended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
From thence he threw himselfe despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seem'd no help for him was left in liuing sight.

But

57

But through long anguiſh, and ſelfe-murdring thought,
Hee was ſo waſted and fore-pined quight,
That all his ſubſtance was conſum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an airie Spright,
That on the rocks he fell ſo flit and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;
VVhence he with crooked clawes ſo long did crall,
That at the laſt he found a Caue with entrance ſmall.

58

Into the ſame hee creepes, and thence-forth there
Reſolu'd to build his balefull manſion,
In drery darkneſſe, and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon
Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer ſleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occaſion;
Ne euer reſts he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beate his bowre ſo boiſtrouſly.

59

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs (his paſture poyſonous)
VVhich in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread ſuſpicious,
That doth with cureleſſe care conſume the hart,
Corrupts the ſtomacke with gall vitious,
Croſs-cuts the liuer with internall ſmart,
And doth transfixe the ſoule with deathes eternall dart.

60

Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,
And doth himſelfe with ſorrow new ſuſtaine,
That death and life attonce vnto him giues,
And painefull pleaſure turnes to pleaſing paine.
There dwels he euer, miſerable ſwaine,
Hateſull both to himſelfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,
Is woxen ſo deform'd that he has quight
Forgot hee was a man, and *Iealouſie* is hight.

Canto XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour diſtreſt:
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
where Loues ſpoyles are expreſt.

1

HAteſull helliſh Snake, what fury furſt
Brought thee frō baleful houſe of *Proſerpine*,
Where in her boſom ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Foule Iealouſie, that turneſt loue divine
To ioyleſſe dread, and mak'ſt the louing hart
VVith hateſull thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

2

O! let him farre be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Loue for euer dwell;
Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure Pleaſures Well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wiſely well,
And of faire *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as true in loue, as Turtle to her make.

3

VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as earſt yee red)
Forth riding from *Malbeccoes* hoſtleſſe hous,
Far off eſpide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Giant, that with hideous
And hateſull out-rage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argantè* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

4

For, as the ſiſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceed all woman-kind,
So hee ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine,
In beaſtly vſe that I did euer find;
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearefull boy ſo greedily purſew,
Shee was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'imploy her puiſſaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where ſhe him did view.

Ne

5

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
But with like fierceneſſe did enſew the chace:
Whom, when the Giant ſaw, he ſoone reſigned
His former ſuit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
And each did ſtriue the other to out-goe:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace,
For, he was long, and ſwift as any Roe,
And now made better ſpeed, t'eſcape his feared foe.

6

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chaſtity;
For, he the powre of chaſte hands might not beare,
But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:
And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a foreſt neare,
VVhere hee is ſhrowded in ſecurity:
The wood they enter, and ſearch euery where,
They ſearched diuerſly; ſo both diuided were.

7

Faire *Britomart* ſo long him followed,
That ſhe at laſt came to a fountaine ſheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the graſſy ground, and by him neare
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his ſpeare;
A little off, his ſhield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depainted was, full eaſie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where-euer it in field was ſhowne.

8

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
As if he had been ſlumbring in the ſhade,
That the braue Maid would not for courteſie,
Out of his quiet ſlumber him abrade,
Nor ſeeme too ſuddainly him to inuade:
Still as ſhee ſtood, ſhe heard with grieuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with moſt painefull pangs to ſigh and ſob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

9

At laſt, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He ſaid: O ſoueraigne Lord that ſitſt on hie,
And raign'ſt in bliſs emongſt thy bleſſed Saints,
How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
Or haſt thou, Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
Or doth thy iuſtice ſleepe, and ſilent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodneſſe find no grace, nor righteouſneſſe no meed?

10

If good find grace, and righteouſneſſe reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
Or if that heauenly iuſtice may withſtand
The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is *Buſirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, thefe teauen moneths day, in ſecret den
My Lady and my loue ſo cruelly to pen?

11

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend
In dolefull darkneſſe from the view of day,
Whil'ſt deadly torments do her chaſte breaſt rend,
And the ſharp ſteele doth riue her hart in tway,
All for ſhe *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art ſound,
Ne canſt her ayde, ne canſt her foe diſmay;
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom ſo faire a Lady feeles ſo ſore a wound.

12

There an huge heape of ſingults did oppreſſe
His ſtrugling ſoule, and ſwelling throbs empeach
His ſolting tongue with pangs of drerineſſe,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife ſpeach,
As if his daies were come to their laſt reach.
Which when ſhee heard, and ſaw the gaſtly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour ſhe was ſmit,
Fearing leaſt from her cage the weary ſoule would flit.

13

Tho, ſtooping downe, ſhee him amoued light;
Who there-with ſome-what ſtarting, vp gan looke,
And ſeeing him behind a ſtranger knight,
Where-as no liuing creature he miſtooke,
With great indignance hee that ſight forſooke,
And downe againe himſelfe diſdaineſu'lly
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead ſtrooke:
Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
Fit medcine to his griefe, and ſpake thus curteſly:

14

Ah! gentle knight, whoſe deepe conceiued griefe
Well ſeemes t'exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace ſome good reliefe
You ſend, ſubmit you to high prouidence;
And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
That all the ſorrow in the world, is leſſe
Then vertues might, and values confidence:
For, who nill bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
Muſt not heere thinke to liue, for, life is wretchedneſſe.

15

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to eaſe your woe,
And wreake your ſorrow on your cruell foe,
At leaſt, it faire endeuour will apply.
Thoſe feeling words ſo neere the quick did goe,
That vp his head he reared eaſily;
And leaning on his elbow, theſe few words let fly:

16

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreſt,
And ſowe vaine ſorrow in a fruitleſſe eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned breſt,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
By ſtrong enchauntments, and black Magick leare,
Hath in a dungeon deep her cloſe embard,
And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Becauſe to yield him loue ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her conſtraine
Loue to conceiue in her diſdainefull breſt;
Till ſo ſhe doe, ſhee muſt in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releſt:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redreſt?

18

With this ſad herſall of his heauy ſtreſſe,
The warlike Damzell was empaſſioned ſore,
And ſaid; Sir Knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe
Then is your ſorrow, certes if not more;
For, nothing ſo much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſſe miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will (with proofe of laſt extreamity)
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentleſt Knight aliue, ſaid *Scudamore*;
VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie
Dwels in thy bountious breſt? what could'ſt thou (more,
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
O ſpare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me die that ought;
More is more loſſe: one is enough to die.
Life is not loſt, ſaid ſhe, for which is bought
Endleſſe renowme, that more then death is to be ſought.

20

Thus, ſhee at length perſwaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
Mote him befall vpon new enterpriſe.
His armes, which he had vow'd to diſprofeſſe,
She gathered vp, and did about him dreſſe,
And his forwandred ſteed vnto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſſe,
And march not paſt the mount'naunce of a ſhot,
Till they arriu'd, where-as their purpoſe they did plot.

21

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold,
And ſtoutly came vnto the Caſtle gate;
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;
But in the Porch (that did them ſore amate)
A flaming fire, ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke,
And ſtinking Sulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* diſmaid,
Ne in that ſtownd wiſt, how her ſelfe to beare;
For, danger vaine it were, to haue aſſaid
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can ſuffer to approchen neare:
And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus ſayd;
What monſtrous enmity prouoke we here,
Foole-hardy, as th'Earthes children, the which made
Battell againſt the Gods? ſo we a God inuade.

23

Danger without diſcretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beaſt-like is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what courſe of you is ſafeſt dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is, quoth he, the dolorous deſpight,
Which earſt to you I plaind: for, neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the ſame do ſtay.

24

What is there elſe, but ceaſe theſe fruitleſſe paines,
And leaue me to my former languiſhing?
Faire *Amoret* muſt dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here die with ſorrowing.
Perdy not ſo, ſaid ſhe; for, ſhamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuiſaunce,
For ſhew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterpriſed praiſe for dread to diſauaunce.

25

There-with, reſolv'd to proue her vtmoſt might,
Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
And (her ſwords point directing forward right)
Aſſaild the flame, the which eftſoones gaue place,
And did it ſelfe diuide with equall ſpace,
That through ſhe paſſed; as a thunder-bolt
Pearceth the yielding ayre, and doth diſplace
The ſoring clowds into ſad ſhowres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* ſaw paſt the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewiſe gan aſſay,
With greedie will, and envious deſire,
And bade the ſtubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatfull pride; but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and his imperious ſway
Him forc't (maulgre) his fierceneſſe to relent,
And back retire, all ſcoreht and pittifully brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow that he could not paſs,
Then for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodneſſe he effiered was,
And wilfully him throwing on the graſs,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breaſt full ſore:
The whiles, the Championeſſe now entred has
The vtmoſt roome, and paſt the formoſt dore,
The vtmoſt roome abounding with all precious ſtore.

28

For, round about, the wals yclothed were
With goodly Arras of great maieſty,
Wouen with gold and ſilke ſo cloſe and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As fayning to be hid from enuious eye;
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
It ſhewed it ſelfe, and ſhone vnwillingly;
Like a diſcolour'd Snake, whoſe hidden ſnares (clares.
Through the greene graſs, his long bright burniſht back de-

And

29

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtracts, and many a faire feate:
And all of Ioue, and all of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Kesars, into thraldome brought.

30

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his heart-pearcing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she sawe
The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31

Soone after that into a golden shoure
Him-selfe he chang'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish guarde, that little knew
Of such deceipt, kept th'yron dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

32

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And brushing his faire breast, did her inuade;
She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,
How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33

Then shew'd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*,
Deceiv'd of iealous *Iuno* did require
To see him in his soueraine maiestee,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likenesse more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, his pleasures lenger to partake.

34

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:
Once when he with *Asterié* did scape;
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy so faire
He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35

In *Satyres* shape, *Antiopa* he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* assayd:
A shepheard, when *Mnemosyné* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd.
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageants phyd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36

And thou, faire *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnesse:
For-thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphné*, which thee loued lesse:
Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust desart;
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinct*,
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare;
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his girlond euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

38

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of *Clymené* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent,
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Fore't him eftsoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39

He loued *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,
And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cow-heard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

40

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billowes, that on euery side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wise tide.

41

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amaine;
And from their nosethrilles blowe the briny streame,
That made the sparkling waues to smoake againe,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creame
Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The god himselfe did pensiue seem and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For, priuy loue his breast empearced bad;
Ne ought, but deare *Bisaltis*, ay could make him glad.

42

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight:
For whom he turnd himselfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
Her turnd him selfe into a Dolphin faire;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-lock *Meduſa* to repaire,
On whom he got faire *Pegaſus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

43

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That sullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is sullein, and *Saturn*-like seene,
As he did for *Erigoné* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
So proov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When for to compasse *Phillirás* hard loue,
He turnd him selfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

44

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he maked meeke
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eeke
For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek;
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Priuily moistening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

45

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strowe,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds sad louers nightly theeueries.

46

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,
Were heap't together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing sense it fayld.

47

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of precious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.
When her discolourd boaw she spreds through heauen

48

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bowe and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,
Whose hideous taile his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

49

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightnesse her fraile senses dazed.

50

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Ouer the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-read,
Yet could not finde what sense it figured:
But what-so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bolde steps into the next roome went.

51

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlyer by many parts arrayd:
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare.
For, loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

52

And all about, the ghastring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swords & speares were broke, & hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the Victors might and merciless intent.

The

53

The warlike Mayd, beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could ſatisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long ſpace:
But more ſhe meruaild, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſtefull emptineſſe,
And ſolemne ſilence ouer all that place:
Strange thing it ſeem'd, that none was to poſſeſſe
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulneſſe.

54

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold,
How ouer that ſame dore was likewiſe writ
Be bold, Be bold, and euery where *Be bold*;
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any riddling skill, or common wit.
At laſt ſhe eſpide, at that roomes vpper end,
Another iron dore, on which was writ
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

55

Thus there ſhe waited vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none ſhe ſawe appeare:
And now ſad ſhadowes gan the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darkneſſe dreare;
Yet n'ould ſhe d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of ſecret danger, ne let ſleepe oppreſſe
Her heauy eyes with Natures burdein deare,
But drew her ſelfe aſide in ſickerneſſe,
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her dreſſe.

Canto XII.

The Maſk of Cupid, and th'enchanted
Chamber are diſplaid;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charms decayd.

1

THo, when as cheareleſſe Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuerſall cloud,
That euery wight, diſmayd with darkneſſe ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleepe themſelues did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling Trompet ſound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

2

With that, an hideous ſtorme of winde aroſe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would loſe
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull ſtench of ſmoke and ſulphure mixt
Enſewd, whoſe noyance fild the fearefull ſted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the ſixt;
Yet the bold *Britoneſſe* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſeuered.

3

All ſuddenly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped euery dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had been tore:
And forth iſſewd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome Theatre, a graue perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in mind he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſigne of ſilence, as to heare a Play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred ſoft away:
And paſſing by, his name diſcouered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5

The noble mayd, ſtill ſtanding, all this viewd,
And merueild at his ſtrange intendiment;
With that, a ioyous fellowſhip iſſewd
Of Minſtrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent;
All which together ſung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with ſweet concent:
After whom, marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

6

The whiles a moſt delicious harmony,
In full ſtrange notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſſe of the melody
The feeble ſenſes wholly did confound,
And the franle ſoule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceaſt ſhrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceaſt, it gan again to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
Of rare aſpect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and choſe his cup to beare,
Or that ſame dainty lad, which was ſo deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dide,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood and euery valley wide
He fild with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride.

8

His garment neither was of ſilke nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare;
For, ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd ſtill here and there.

9

And him beſide marcht amorous *Deſire*,
Who ſeem'd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine;
Yet was that other ſwaine this elders ſyre,
And gaue him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was diſguiled very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparks he cloſe did ſtraine,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd cote, of ſtrange diſguiſe,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And ſleeues dependant *Albaneſe*-wiſe:
He lookt askew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrinke he did auyſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

11

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares ſkin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grieſly ſhade;
A net in th'one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th'other was: this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap:

12

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow mouing to and fro:
And his owne armes when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he alwaies bent a brazen ſhield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

13

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handſome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arrayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway ſmyl'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deawe,
With which ſhe ſprinkled ſauours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhewe;
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

14

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:
For, ſhe was gentle, and of milde aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of ſilke ſhe twynd.

15

But he was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And euer as *Diſſemblance* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer reſt in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid miſchaunce,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peepe, as forward he did paſe.

16

Next him went *Grieſe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Grieſe, all in ſable ſorrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then ſeeming ſad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languour and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtfull lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For, from her backe her garments ſhe did teare,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled heare:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roming here and there;
As a diſmayed Deere in chace emboſt,
Forgetfull of his ſafety, hath his right way loſt.

After

18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance;
She cheerefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
That euill matched paire they seem'd to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had:
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

19

After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two gryesie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20

Her breast all naked, as net iuory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Craftes-man wonts it beautifie,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did stiruay his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coloured winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproache the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and lame:
Reproache despightfull, carelesse, and vnkinde;
Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproache* did scould,
Reproache sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmitie*,
Vile *Powertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I n'ote readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
And which disguised marcht in masking wise,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned (hauing marched thrice)
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened; and bore all away.
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,
In secret shade, and sawe both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28

Where force might not auaile, there sleights and art
She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprize;
For-thy, from that same roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appear'd with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercise,
Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second euening
Her couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

30

So soone as she was entred, round about
She cast her eyes, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she sawe without:
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
Ne liuing wight she sawe in all that roome,
Saue that same woefull Lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

31

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring strange characters of his art:
With liuing bloud he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

32

Soone as that virgin knight he sawe in place,
His wicked bookes in haste he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented body to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

33

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest;
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest,
That little drops empurpled her faire breast.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

34

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
Dernely vnto her called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For, else her paine
Should be remedilesse, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee;
For, life she him enuide, and longed reuenge to see:

35

And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

36

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He read, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins heart to perse,
And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloudy lines rehearse;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

37

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers dout;
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last, that mighty chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

38

The cruell steele which thrild her dying heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,
Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
And euery part to safety full sound,
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

39

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying; Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in liew of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall praise, and glory wide,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifide,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40

But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,
Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
In stead therof knowe, that your louing Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

41

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and woe.

Retur-

42

Returning backe, thoſe goodly roomes, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally arrayd,
Now vaniſht vtterly, and cleane ſubuerſt
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That ſight of ſuch a change her much diſmayd.
Thence, forth deſcending to that perlous Porch,
Thoſe dreadfull flames ſhe alſo found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

43

More eaſie iſſew now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And paſſage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vaniſht quite, as it were not the ſame,
And gaue her leaue at pleaſure forth to paſs.
Th'Enchaunter ſelfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To haue efforc't the loue of that faire laſs,
Seeing his work now waſted, deepe engrieued was.

44

But when the Victoreſſe arriued there,
Where late ſhe left the penſiue *Scudamore*
With her owne truſty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them ſhe found where ſhe them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was ſtoniſht ſore;
But moſt, faire *Amoret*, whoſe gentle ſpright
Now gan to feede on hope, which ſhe before
Conceiued had, to ſee her owne deare knight,
Being therof beguyl'd was fild with new affright.

45

But he ſad man, when he had long in dreed
Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
Yet ſawe her not nor ſigne of her good ſpeed,
His expectation to deſpaire did turne,
Miſdeeming ſure that her thoſe flames did burne;
And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourſlings loſſe no leſſe did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whileſt here I doe reſpire.

The end of the third Booke.

A Vision vpon this conceipt of the Faerie QVEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.
For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse;
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

THe praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast Beauty prayse, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COllin, I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
and loath the layes that longs to lowely swaynes,
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy lowely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet round elayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So mought'st thou now in these refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe scauning skill
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene *of thine,*
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Infusing, by those beauties fiers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou doest vaile in type of Faery land,
Elyza's *blessed field, that* Albion *hight:*
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.

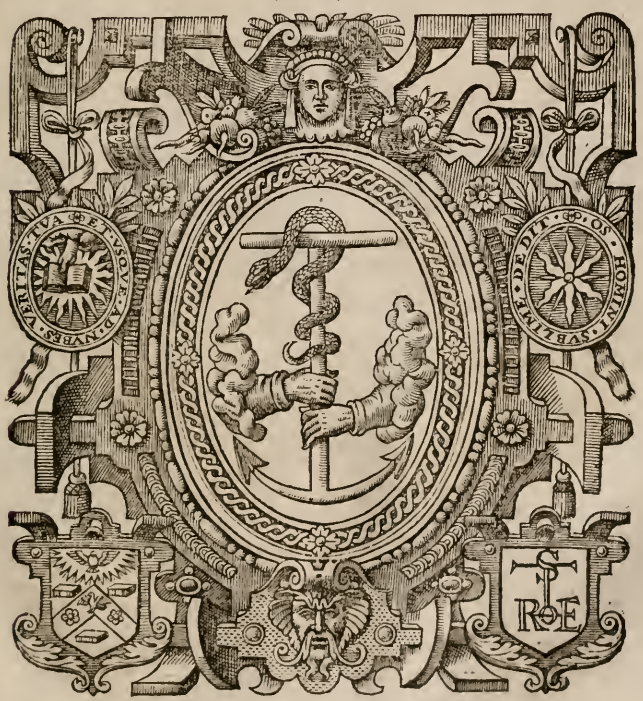
THE SECOND PART OF THE

FAERIE QVEENE:

Containing

THE { FOVRTH, FIFT, & SIXT BOOKE.

By Ed. Spenser.



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lownes.*
1609.

THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL & TELAMOND,

OR

Of Friendſhip.

1

THe rugged forhead, that with graue foreſight
Wields kingdomes cauſes, & affaires of State,
My looſer rimes, I wote, doth ſharply wite,
For prayſing loue as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which, fraile youth is oft to folly led,
Through falſe allurement of that pleaſing baite,
That better were in vertues diſcipled,
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

2

Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their froſen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultleſſe blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the ſame.
For, it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall bliſs,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiſs.

3

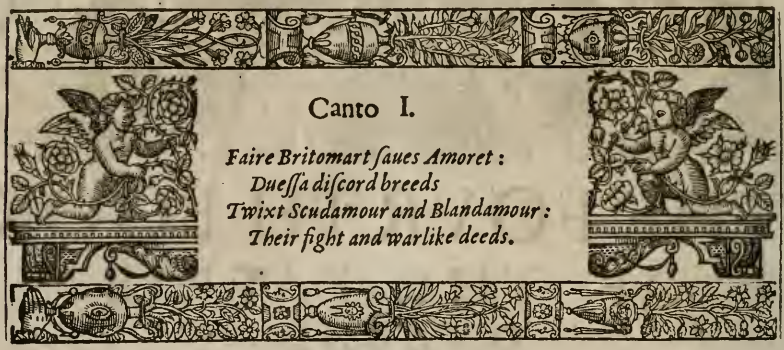
Which whoſo liſt look backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of thoſe wiſe ſages,
And braue exploits which great Heröes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witneſſe the father of Pluloſophie,
Which to his *Critias*, ſhadded oft from ſunne,
Of loue full many leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoick Cenſours cannot well decoy.

4

To ſuch therefore I doe not ſing at all;
But to that ſacred Saint my ſoueraigne Queene,
In whoſe chaſte breaſt all bounty naturall,
And treaſures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her ſexe that euer yet was ſeene;
To her I ſing of loue, that loueth beſt,
And beſt is lov'd of all aliue I weene:
To her, this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen bleſt.

5

Which that ſhe may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dread infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high ſpirit chaſe imperious feare,
And vſe of awefull Maieſtie remoue:
In ſtead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambroſiall kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweet ſmyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage ſoften,
That ſhe may hearke to loue, and reade this leſſon often.



Canto I.

Faire Britomart ſaues Amoret:
Dueſſa diſcord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

1

O Flouers ſad calamities of old,
Full many piteous ſtories do remaine:
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Florimels* vnworthy paine:
The deare compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
My ſoftened heart ſo ſorely doth conſtraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pitie it,
And oftentimes doe wiſh it neuer had been writ.

2

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, ſhe neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty knights, that did him all aſſay:
Yet fairely well he did them all diſmay:
And with great glory both the ſhield of loue,
And eke the Lady ſelfe he brought away;
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen miſchiefe did from him remoue.

3

For, that ſame vile Enchaunter *Buſyran*,
The very ſelfe ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
Amidſt the bridale feaſt, whil'ſt euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedleſſe and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was ſhowen:
And there the Lady ill offriends beſtedded,
By way of ſport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

4

Seauen months he ſo her kept in bitter ſmart,
Becauſe his ſinfull luſt ſhe would not ſerue,
Vntill ſuch time as noble *Britomart*
Releaſed her, that elſe was like to ſterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now ſhe is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wiſe, that could deſerue
No ſpot of blame, though ſpite did oft aſſay
To blot her with diſhonour of ſo faire a prey.

5

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant tale, to tell
The diuerſe vſage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Leſt ſhe with blame her honour ſhould attaint,
That euery word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,
And euery looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euery limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could ſhe not but courteous countenance to her make.

6

For, well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed,
That her liues Lord, and Patrone of her health,
Right well deſerued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her ſeruice, and her vtmoſt wealth.
All is his iuſtly, that all freely dealth:
Nathleſſe her honour, dearer then her life,
She ſought to ſaue, as thing reſeru'd from ſtealth;
Die had ſhe leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be falſe in loue, profeſt a virgine wife.

7

Thereto her feare was made ſo much the greater
Through fine abuſion of that Briton mayd:
Who, for to hide her fained ſex the better,
And maske her wounded minde, both did and ſayd
Full many things ſo doubtfull to be wayd,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gheſſe:
For, other whiles to her ſhe purpoſe made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,
That much ſhe fear'd his mind would growe to ſom exceſs.

8

His will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought
To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no ſeruice ſhe too much eſteemed;
Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of foule diſhonor,
Made her not yeeld ſo much, as due ſhe deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It

9

It so befell one euening, that they came
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
VVhere many a Knight, and many a louely Dame
VVas then assembled, deedes of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mou'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no Loue nor Leinman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

10

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd
That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The war-like Virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inly wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

11

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was over-throwne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no lesse was courteous and stout,
Cast how to saue, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

12

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:
Whom she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,
That did her win, and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then sith that strange Knights loue from him was
She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:
So none should be out-shut, sith all of Loues were fitted.

13

With that, her glistring helmet shee vnlaced;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were vp-bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the shining sky in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

14

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And euery one gan growe in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit.
Some thought, that some enchauntment fained it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that war-like wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diuersly each one did sundry doubts deuise.

15

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,
And doubly ouercommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare.

16

Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
And hard aduentures twixt themselues alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And griefe-full pitty priuately bemone.
The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,
They both vp-rose, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one
That to their wiles could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

17

Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pase,
And each of them had riding by his side
A Lady, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,
Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wary wise appeare.

18

The one of them, the false *Duessa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For, she could d'on so many shapes in sight,
As euer could Chameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other, no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And daily more offensiue vnto each degree.

19

Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,
And all dissension, which doth daily growe
Amongst fraile men, that many a publique state
And many a priuate oft doth ouer-throwe.
Her, false *Duessa*, who full well did knowe
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
VVhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe,
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

20

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,
VVhich punish wicked men, that walke amis:
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For, discord harder is to end then to begin.

21

And all within, the riuen walles were hung,
VVith ragged monuments of times forepaſt;
All which, the ſad effects of diſcord ſung:
There were rent roabes, and broken ſcepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Diſhiuered ſpeares, and ſhields ytorne in twaine,
Great Cities ranſackt, and ſtrong Caſtles ras't,
Nations captiued, and huge armies ſlaine:
Of all which ruines there ſome reliques did remaine.

22

There was the ſigne of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of ſacred Salem, and ſad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cauſe of all their wrong)
For which the three faire Goddeſſes did ſtriue:
There alſo was the name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which ſhar'd to them the ſpoyles that he had got aliue.

23

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloudy feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken ſoules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull diſcord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
That each of life ſought others to depriue,
All mindleſſe of the Golden-fleece, which made the ſtriue.

24

And eke of priuate perſons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of ſworne friendes, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall;
Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:
Witneſſe their broken bands there to be ſeene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres deſpoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the firſt, when they were freſh and greene.

25

Such was her houſe within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which ſhee her ſelfe had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little ſeedes,
The ſeedes of emill words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeneſſe due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increaſe, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which moſt often end in bloud-ſhed and in warre.

26

And thoſe ſame curſed ſeedes doe alſo ſerue
To her for bread, and yield her liuing food:
For, life it is to her, when others ſterue
Through miſchieuous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhee may ſuck their life, and drink their blood,
With which ſhe from her childhood had been fed.
For, ſhee at firſt was borne of helliſh brood,
And by infernall Furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous ſhape might eaſily be red.

27

Her face moſt foule and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted eyes contrary waies intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words, that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did ſpeake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, ſo was her hart diſcided,
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly ſtill was guided.

28

Als as ſhee double ſpake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matcheleſſe eares deformed and diſtort,
Fild with falſe rumors and ſeditious trouble,
Bred in aſſemblies of the vulgar ſort,
That ſtill are led with euery light report.
And as her eares, ſo eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike; th'one long, the other ſhort,
And both miſplac't; that when th'one forward yode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29

Likewiſe vnequall were her handes twaine:
That one did reach, the other puſht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And ſought to bring all things vnto decay;
VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their poſſeſſours often did diſmay.
For, all her ſtudy was, and all her thought, (wrought.
How ſhee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30

So much her malice did her might ſurpaſs,
That euen th'Almighty ſelfe ſhe did maligne,
Becauſe to man ſo mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures ſo benigne,
Sith ſhee her ſelfe was of his grace indigne:
For, all this worlds faire workmanſhip ſhe tride,
Vnto his laſt confuſion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together tide.

31

Such was that hag, which with *Dueſſa* rode;
And ſeruing her in her malicious vſe,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To ſell her borrowed beauty to abuſe.
For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As freſh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
Shee was become, by change of her eſtate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32

Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,
That bore great ſway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did deſcry
His fickle mind full of inconſtancie.
And now himſelfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithleſſe *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridell*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

Now

33

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From farre espide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,
With his faire Paragon (his conquests part)
Approching nigh, ettsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting said;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitty that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

34

By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld,
Albe in hart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:
But answerd, Sir, him wise I neuer held,
That hauing once escaped perill neare,
VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

35

This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did allay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

36

The warlike *Britonesse* her loone addrest,
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That beeing forc't his saddle soone to leaue,
Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
And made himselfe th'ensample of his folly.
VVhich done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iolly,
VVell warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

37

VVhich when his other company beheld,
They to his succour ran with ready ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind
And shame, hee shew'd himselfe to be dismayd,
More for the Loue which he had left behind,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

38

Nath'lesse, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his company,
Dissembling his disease and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espy
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedy course, as bent to charge them new.
VVhom, when as *Blandamour*, approching nie,
Perceiu'd to be such as they seem'd in view,
Hee was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

39

For, th'one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore
The God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;
VVhom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:
VVhich when he thought, it grieued him full sore,
That through the bruzes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

40

For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* bespake,
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Yee will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

41

VVith that, he put his spurres vnto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a boaw preuenting speed.
But *Scudamore* was shortly well aware
Of his approche, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meet.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarcely weete.

42

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrary tydes,
Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
VVith roring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, diuides
The doubtfull current into diuers waies:
So fell those two in spight of both their prides;
But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raise,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

43

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound,
All careless of his taunt and bitter raile:
Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,
Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,
With busie care they stroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

44

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he said,
False faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by slight
And foule aduantage this good knight dismaid,
A knight much better then thy selfe behight;
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doost him ouer-ronne:
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.

45

Hee little anſwer'd, but in manly hart
His mighty indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth beare
An hideous ſtorme, is by the Northerne blaſt
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
But that it all the sky doth over-caſt
With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to waſt.

46

Ah! gentle knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* ſaid,
VVhy doe ye ſtriue for Ladies loue ſo ſore,
Whoſe chiefe deſire is loue and friendly ayd
Amongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
That ſhe your Loue liſt loue another knight,
Ne doe your ſelfe diſlike a whit the more;
For, loue is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.

47

So falſe *Dueſſa*: but vile *Até* thus;
Both fooliſh Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtriue and ſtorme with ſtirre out-rageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loues another, with whom now ſhe go'th
In louely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes;
Whil'ſt both you here with many a curſed oth,
Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre vp bloudy frayes,
To win a Willow-bough, whil ſt other weares the Bayes.

48

Vile hag, ſayd *Scudamore*, why dooſt thou lye?
And falſly ſeek'ſt a vertuous wight to ſhame?
Fond Knight, ſaid ſhee, the thing that with this eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?
Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre who-ſo it heares.
I ſaw, quoth ſhe, a ſtranger Knight, whoſe name
I wote not well, but in his ſhield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpeares.

49

I ſaw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I ſaw him kiſſe, I ſaw him her embrace,
I ſaw him ſleepe with her all night his fill,
All many nights, and many by in place,
That preſent were to teſtifie the caſe.
Which when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian ſtrikes a Stag with ſhiuering dart,
The beaſt aſtoniſht ſtands in middeſt of his ſmart.

50

So ſtood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
Ne word he had to ſpeake for great diſmay,
But lookt on *Glaucé* grim, who wox affeard
Of out-rage for the words which ſhe heard ſay,
Albe vntrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay.
But *Blandamour*, when as he did eſpy
His change of cheare, that anguiſh did bewray,
He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51

Lo, recreant, ſaid he, the fruitleſſe end
Of thy vaine boaſt, and ſpoyle of loue miſgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dooſt ſhend,
And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:
All things not rooted well, will ſoone be rotten.
Fie, fie, falſe knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* cryde,
Vnworthy life that loue with guile haſt gotten;
Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deſide.

52

But *Scudamore* (for paſſing great deſpight)
Staid not to aunſwer, ſcarcely did refraine,
But that in all thoſe knights and Ladies ſight,
He for reuenge had guiltleſſe *Glaucé* ſlaine:
But beeing paſt, he thus began amaine;
Falſe traytour Squire, falſe Squire of falſeſt Knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abſtaine,
Whoſe Lord hath done my Loue this foule deſpight?
Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

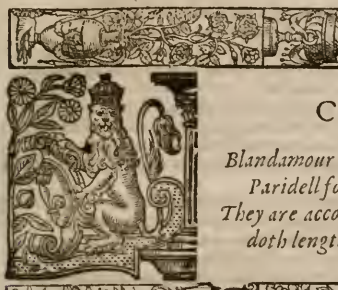
53

Diſcourteous, diſloyall *Britomart*,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniuſt,
VVhat vengeance due can equall thy deſart,
That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinfull luſt
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt?
Let vgly ſhame, and endleſſe infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruſt.
Yet thou falſe Squire his fault ſhalt deare aby,
And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt ſupply.

54

The aged Dame him ſeeing ſo enraged,
Was dead with feare; nath'leſſe as need required,
His flaming furie ſought to haue aſſwaged
VVith ſober words, that ſufferance deſired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expired:
And euermore ſought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fired,
And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrice he drew it backe: ſo did at laſt forbeare.

Canto



Canto II.

Blandamour winnes falſe Florimell,
Paridell for her ſtriues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her ſonnes liues.

1

Firebrand of Hell, firſt tind in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand Furies, & from thence out-thrown
Into this world, to worke confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire (by force vnknown)
Is wicked Diſcord; whoſe ſmall ſparks, once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like man can ſlake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtrife was grown
Amongſt thoſe famous impes of *Greece*, did take
His ſiluer Harp in hand, and ſhortly friends them make.

2

Or ſuch as that celeſtiall Pſalmiſt was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other paſs,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such muſick is wiſe words with time concented,
To moderate ſtiffe mindes, diſpos'd to ſtriue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
What time his people into parts did riue,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

3

Such vs'd wiſe *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempeſt of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule deſpight,
And *Paridell* her ſcorn'd, and ſet at nought,
And old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they vnwiſe, and wareleſſe of the euill,
That by themſelues, vnto themſelues is wrought,
Through that falſe Witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

4

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſtie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his ſide,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The ſnowy *Florimell*, whoſe beauty bright
Made him ſeeme happy for ſo glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

5

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whoſe fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the wauering wind,
After each beauty that appear'd in ſight)
Beheld, eſtſoones it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt, that reaſons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* theſe words he ſent;
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Since ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
So faire a ſpoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

6

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad iſſue of his counſell vaine,
Liſt not to harke, but made this faire deniall;
Laſt turne was mine, well proued to my paine:
This now be yours, God ſend you better gaine.
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking halſe in ſcorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed, as in diſdaine
Againſt that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

7

Who, with the ſuddaine ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Vpon the grouud awhile in ſlumber lay;
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo, ſluggiſh Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing ſo faire indeed (as he did ſay)
His hart with ſecret enuy gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

8

Nathl'eſſe, proud man himſelfe the other deemed,
Hauing ſo peereleſſe paragon ygot:
For, ſure the fureſt *Florimell* him ſeemed,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whoſe like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did ſerue, did wooe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuiſe, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

9

Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And ſuch fond fauours ſparingly diſpenc't:
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with looſe dalliance;
Some-times eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That hauing caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
Hee ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe, (wiſe.
And prou'd himſelfe moſt foole, in what hee ſeem'd moſt

10

So great a miſtreſſe of her art ſhee was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himſelfe he thought to paſs,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft,
Had thouſand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was ſurpriz'd: for, that falſe ſpright,
Which that ſame Witch had in this forme engraft,
Was ſo expert in euery ſubtile ſlight,
That it could over-reach the wiſeſt earthly wight.

11

Yet hee to her did daily ſeruice more,
And daily more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him envied therefore,
As ſeeming plac't in ſole felicitie:
So blind is luſt, falſe colours to deſcry.
But *Até* ſoone diſcouering his deſire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To ſtir vp ſtrife, twixt loue, and ſpight, and ire,
Did priuily put coales vnto his ſecret fire.

12

By ſundry meanes there-to ſhe prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of thoſe ſpightfull ſpeaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendſhip, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his paſſion is allayd,
She it reuiues, and new occaſion reaches:
That on a time, as they together way'd,
Hee made him open chalenge, and thus boldly ſayd:

13

Too boaſtfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs thou dooſt mee day by day:
Well know'ſt thou, when we friendſhip firſt did ſweare,
The couenaunt was, that euery ſpoyle or pray
Should equally be ſhar'd betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
VVhom to thy ſelfe thou takeſt quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or anſwere for thy wrong, as ſhall fall out in fight.

14

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter anſwere to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridell*, that fayreſt flowre
Would'ſt gather paine, and yet no paines would'ſt take:
But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake:
This hand her wonne, this hand ſhall her defend.
With that, they gan their ſhiuering ſpeares to ſhake,
And deadly points at either's breaſt to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

15

Their firy ſteeds, with ſo vntamed force,
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their ſpeares with pittileſſe remorſe,
Through ſhield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
VVhere lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
The perilous preſent ſtound, in which their liues were ſet:

16

As when two warlike Brigandines at ſea,
VVith murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meet together on the watry lea,
They ſtemme each other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhock of their owne heedleſſe might,
Their woodden ribs are ſhaken nigh aſunder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadful ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch vnwonted wonder.

17

At length, they both vpſtarted in amaze;
As men awaked raſhly out of dreme,
And round about themſelues awhile did gaze,
Till ſeeing her, that *Florimell* did ſeeme,
In doubt to whom ſhe victory ſhould deeme,
There-with their dulled ſprights they edg'd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extreeme,
Like two mad maſtiffes, each on other flew, (hew.
And ſhields did ſhare, and mailes did raſh, and helmes did

18

So furiouſly each other did aſſaile,
As if their ſoules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their breaſts, that ſtreames of bloud did raile
Adowne, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was ſprent,
And all their armours ſtaind with bloudy gore:
Yet ſcarcely once to breathe would they relent;
So mortall was their malice and ſo ſore,
Become of fayned friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

19

And that which is for Ladies moſt beſitting,
To ſtint all ſtrife, and ſoſter friendly peace,
Was from thoſe Dames ſo far and ſo vnfitting,
As that in ſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe:
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cauſe releaſe.
With which vaine termes ſo much they did them moue,
That both reſolv'd the laſt extremities to proue.

20

There they (*I* weene) would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)
By great aduenture trauelled that way;
Who ſeeing both bent to ſo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cauſe of their debate:
And firſt, layd on thoſe Ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeeke t'appeaſe their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their eſtate.

And

21

And then, thoſe Knights he humbly did beſeech
To ſtay their hands, till he awhile had ſpoken:
Who looke a little vp at that his ſpeech,
Yet would not let their battell ſo be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them ſo earneſtly did call,
And them coniur'd by ſome well known token,
That they at laſt, their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him ſpeake, and glad to reſt withall.

22

Firſt, he deſir'd their cauſe of ſtriſe to ſee:
They ſaid, it was for loue of *Florimell*.
Ah! gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,
And ſhe ſo farre aſtray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then ſaid *Paridell*,
Seeſt not the Lady there before thy face?
Hee looked backe, and her aviſing well,
VVeend as he ſaid, by that her outward grace,
That fayreſt *Florimell* was preſent there in place.

23

Glad man was he to ſee that ioyous ſight
(For, none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
And lowely to her louting, thus behight;
Faireſt of faire, that fayreneſſe dooſt excell,
This happy day I haue to greet you well,
In which you ſafe I ſee, whom thouſand late
Miſdoubted loſt through miſchiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happy ſtate.
Shee little aunſwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24

Then, turning to thoſe Knights, he gan anew;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Lady preſent in your view,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,
Certes (mee ſeemes) been not adviſed well:
But rather ought in friendſhip for her ſake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That ſeeke perforce her from you both to take;
And of your gotten ſpoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance ſterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him beſpake;
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Heerein, as thus: It lately ſo befell,
That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,
VVell knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*;
Which for her ſake he wore, as him beſeemed well.

26

But, when as ſhee herſelfe was loſt and gone,
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That loſt fayre Ladies ornament ſhould weare,
And gan therefore cloſe ſpight to him to beare:
Which he to ſhun, and ſtop vile envies ſting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A ſolemne feaſt, with publique turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27

And of them all, ſhee that is faireſt found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;
And of thoſe Knights who is moſt ſtout on ground,
Shall to that faireſt Lady be prefard.
Sith therefore ſhe herſelfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Againſt all thoſe that chalenge it to gird,
And ſaue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That ſhall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28

When they the reaſon of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to aſſwage.
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell ſtrong to wage
Gainſt all thoſe knights, as their profeſſed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, ſaue they alone.

29

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but awhile;
And of all old diſlikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd, and ſpred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How-euer gay and goodly be the ſtile,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end enure:
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts moſt ſure.

30

Thus, as they marched all in cloſe diſguiſe
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to ouer-take
Two knights, that linked rode in louely wiſe,
As if they ſecret counſels did partake;
And each not farre behind him had his Make,
To weet, two Ladies of moſt goodly hew,
That twixt themſelues did gentle purpoſe make,
Vnmindfull both of that diſcordfull crew,
The which with ſpeedie paſe did after them purſew.

31

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They ſent that Squire afore, to vnderſtand
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
Returned ready newes, that thoſe ſame were
Two of the proweſt Knights in Faery lond;
And thoſe two Ladies their two Louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and ſtout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in louely bond.

32

Whylome, as antique ſtories tellen vs,
Thoſe two were foes, the felloneſt on ground,
And battell made, the draddeſt dangerous
That euer ſhrilling trumpet did reſound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed Poet them compiled,
VVith warlike numbers, and Heroick ſound,
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of Engliſh vndefiled)
On Fames eternall bead-roll worthy to be filed.

33

But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And workes of nobleſt wits to nought out-weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defac't,
And robd the world of threaſure endleſſe deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O curſed Eld! the canker-worme of writs;
How may theſe rimes (ſo rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, ſith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

34

Then pardon, ô moſt ſacred happy ſpirit,
That I thy labours loſt may thus reviue,
And ſteale from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durſt euer whil'ſt thou waſt aliue,
And beeing dead, in vaine yet many ſtriue:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweet
Of thine owne ſpirit (which doth in me ſurviue)
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meet.

35

Cambelloes ſiſter was faire *Canacee*,
That was the learneſt Lady in her dayes,
Well ſeene in euery Science that mote bee,
And euery ſecret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wiſe ſoothſayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beaſts and burds:
And (that augmented all her other prayſe)
Shee modeſt was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaſte of life, yet lov'd of Knights & Lords.

36

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,
For dread of blame, and honours blemiſhment:
And eke vnto her lookes a law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of order went;
But like to warie Centonels well ſtayd,
Still watcht on euery ſide, of ſecret foes affraid.

37

So much the more as ſhe refus'd to loue,
So much the more ſhe loued was and ſought,
That oftentimes vnquiet ſtrife did moue
Amongſt her Louers, and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was ſtout and wiſe)
Perceiu'd would breed great miſchiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote riſe,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wiſe.

38

One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhee ſhould bee;
All mightie men, and dreadfull derring dooers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould chuſe the ſtouteſt three,
That with himſelfe ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all, the Victor ſhould his ſiſter take.

39

Bold was the chalenge, as himſelfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his ſiſters skill vnto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happy ſpeed,
Conceiued by a ring, which ſhee him ſent;
That mongſt the many vertues (which we reed)
Had power to ſtaunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout ſo much appall,
That none of them durſt vndertake the fight:
More wiſe they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vncertaine by ſuch outward ſight
(Though for her ſake they all that perill tooke)
Whether ſhe would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41

Amongſt thoſe Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,
That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be fond:
Her name was *Agapé*, whoſe children werne
All three as one; the firſt hight *Priamond*,
The ſecond, *Diamond*, the youngeſt, *Triamond*.

42

Stout *Priamond*, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike;
Strong *Diamond*, but not ſo ſtout a knight;
But *Triamond* was ſtout and ſtrong alike:
On horſe-backe vſed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horſe and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vſed *Diamond* to ſmite,
And *Triamond* to handle ſpeare and ſhield,
But ſpeare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43

Theſe three did loue each other dearely well,
And with ſo firme affection were allide,
As if but one ſoule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriu'd their vitall ſap:
And like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full bleſſed hap,
Theſe three ſo noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of ſecret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which ſhee by art could vſe vnto her will,
And to her ſeruice bind each liuing creature,
Through ſecret vnderſtanding of their feature.
There-to ſhee was right faire, when-ſo her face
Shee liſt diſcouer, and of goodly ſtature;
But ſhe (as Fayes are wont) in priuy place
Did ſpend her dayes, and lov'd in foreſts wilde to ſpace.

There

45

There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,
Seeking aduentures in the saluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As shee late careleſſe by a cryſtall flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as ſeem'd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That ſtroue in vaine him long to haue withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as it is told) (bold.
Got theſe three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46

VVhich ſhee, with her, long foſtred in that wood,
Till that to ripeneſſe of mans ſtate they grew:
Then ſhewing forth ſignes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knight-hood did enſew,
Seeking aduentures where they any knew.
Which when their mother ſaw, ſhe gan to doubt
Their ſafeties; leaſt by ſearching dangers new,
And raſh prouoking perils all about,
Their daies mote be abbridged throgh their courage ſtout.

47

Therefore, deſirous th'end of all their dayes
To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall Siſters houſe ſhe went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyſſ*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darkneſſe pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens bliſs,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadful dwelling is.

48

There ſhee them found, all ſitting round about
The direfull diſtaffe ſtanding in the mid;
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grieſly *Lacheſis* was ſpun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftſoones vndid,
With curſed knife cutting the twiſt in twaine:
Moſt wretched mē, whoſe dayes depend on thrids ſo vaine!

49

Shee them ſaluting, there by them ſate ſtill,
Beholding how the thrids of life they ſpan:
And when at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cauſe of coming ſhee to tell began.
To whom, fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durſt
Come ſee the ſecret of the life of Man,
VVell woorthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurſt,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be aſunder burſt.

50

Where-at ſhe ſore affrayd, yet her beſoughe
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That ſhe might ſee her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the meaſure of their vtmoſt date,
To them ordained by eternall Fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, ſhewed her the ſame:
That when ſhee ſaw, it did her much amate,
To ſee their thrids ſo thin, as Ipyders frame,
And eke ſo ſhort, that ſeem'd their ends out ſhortly came.

51

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That ſo their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lacheſis* thereat gan to repine,
And ſayd, Fond Dame, that deem'ſt of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chang'd at pleaſure for thoſe Impes of thine.
Not ſo: for, what the Fates doe once decree,
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himſelfe can free.

52

Then ſith, quoth ſhe, the tearme of each mans life
For nought may leſſened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye ſhred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldeſt of the three,
Which is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
Eftſoones his life may paſſe into the next:
And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended bee,
That both their liues may likewiſe be annext
Vnto the third, that his may ſo be trebly wext.

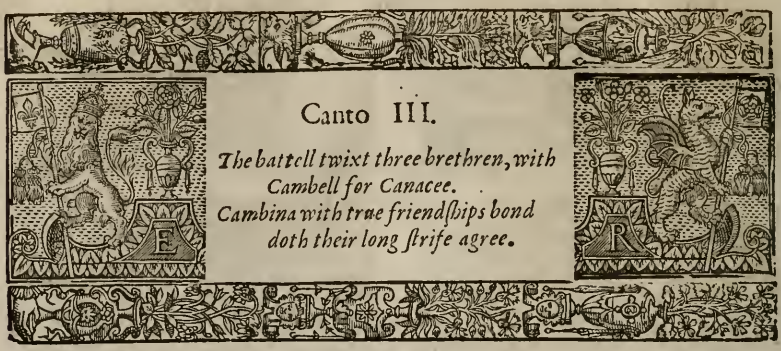
53

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mind;
And comming home, in warlike freſh array
Them found all three according to their kind:
But vnto them what deſtiny was aſſign'd,
Or how their liues were eekt, ſhee did not tell;
But euermore, when ſhee fit time could find,
She warned them to tend their ſafeties well,
And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54

So did they ſurely during all their dayes,
And neuer diſcord did amongſt them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praiſe.
And now t'increaſe affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this ſame great battell grew
(Great matter growing of beginning ſmall;)
The which for length I will not here purſew,
But rather will reſerue it for a Canto new.

Canto



Canto III.

The battell twixt three brethren, with Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendſhips bond doth their long ſtrife agree.

1

WHy doe wretched men ſo much deſire
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmoſt date,
And doe not rather wiſh them ſoone expire,
Knowing the miſery of their eſtate,
And thouſand perils which them ſtill awate,
Toſſing them like a boate amid the Maine,
That euery howre they knock at Dearhes gate?
And hee that happy ſeemes, and leaſt in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth plaine.

2

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in ſeeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whil'ſt they liued, none did euer ſee
More happy creatures then they ſeem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their curteſie:
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their cheualrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

3

Theſe three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was ſet, that all might vnderſtand,
And pledges pawnd the ſame to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddeſt day that liuing wight
Did euer ſeevpon this world to ſhine)
So ſoone as heauens window ſhewed light,
Theſe warlike Champions, all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the challenge to define.

4

The field with liſtes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preaſe of people farre away;
And at th'one ſide ſix Iudges were diſpos'd,
To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:
And on the other ſide, in freſh array,
Faire *Canacee* vpon a ſtately ſtage
Was ſet, to ſee the fortune of that fray,
And to be ſeene, as his moſt worthy wage,
That could her purchaſe with his liues adventur'd gage.

5

Then entred *Cambell* firſt into the liſt,
With ſtately ſteps, and feareleſſe countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In braue array, and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt, and bauders broad diſplayd:
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,
The whiles ſhrill trumpets & loud clarions ſweetly playd.

6

Which doen, the doughty Chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to poynt his chalenge to abet:
Gainſt whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himſelfe did forward ſet.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Careleſſe of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that life to loſſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

7

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly skild in vſe of ſhield and ſpeare;
Ne leſſe approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne leſſe his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mighty ſtrokes on either ſide
Were ſent, that ſeemed death in them to beare:
But they were both ſo watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did ſlyde.

8

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnlucky glaunce,
Through *Cambels* ſhoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his ſhield to diſadvaunce:
Much was hee grieued with that graceleſſe chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell: (ſwell.
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to

With

9

With that, his poynaunt speare he fierce aventred,
With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, ready way did yield,
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vp-reare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe at euery storme doth stagger here and there.

10

Whom so dismaid when *Cambell* had espide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:
Where fast infixed, whil'st he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
Hee all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

11

Lo faitour, there thy meede vnto thee take,
The meed of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But to forbeare, doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And passing forth with furious affret,
Peare'd through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12

There-with asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely reft:
And with such fury back at him it heft,
That making way vnto his deerest life,
His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud, issuing rife,
Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13

His weary ghost, assoyld from fleshly band,
Did not (as others wont) directly fly
Vnto her rest in *Plutoes* griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne changed was into a starre in sky:
But through traduction was eftsoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren, that surviued;
In whom he liu'd anew, of former life depriued.

14

Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sory for so heauy sight,
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:
But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuersion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

15

With that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to deuoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But riued were, like rotten wood asunder,
Whil'st through their rifts the ruddy bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

16

As when two Tigers prickt with hungers rage,
Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to assuage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either disdaines with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

17

Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood feareless of her foe:
Till *Diamond*, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

18

The dreadfull stroake, in case it had arriued,
Where it was meant (so deadly was it ment)
The soule had sure out of his body riued,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swaru'd aside,
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did slide.

19

As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,
His dreadfull souse avoydes, it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth slight.

20

Which faire adventure when *Cambello* spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,
From dangers dread to ward his naked side,
He can ler driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in euill howre,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse trunk, as headlesse of that stowre,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly slept.

They

21

They, which that pittious ſpectacle beheld,
VVere much amaz'd the head-leſſe trunke to ſee
Stand vp ſo long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnwecting of the Fates divine decree,
For lifes ſucceſſion in thoſe brethren three.
For, notwithſtanding that one ſoule was reft,
Yet had the body not diſmembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reviued eft;
But, finding no fit ſeate, the life-leſſe corſe it left.

22

It left: but that ſame ſoule which therein dwelt,
Straight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner parts had been ythrild
With poynt of ſteele, that cloſe his hart-bloud ſpild,
He lightly leapt out of his place of reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the empty field,
Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt;
Who, him affronting, ſoone to fight was ready preſt.

23

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight
After he had ſo often wounded beene,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing ſeene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in ſight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
Caſts off his ragged skin, and freſhly doth him dight.

24

All was through vertue of the ring he wote,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did reſtore
His weakned powers, and dulled ſpirits whet,
Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſſe mighty met,
Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt?
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
Ne deſperate of glorious victory,
But ſharply him aſſayld, and ſore beſted,
VVith heapes of ſtroakes, which he at him let fly,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the sky:
He ſtrooke, he ſouſt, he foynd, he hew'd, he laſht,
And did his iron brond ſo faſt apply,
That from the ſame the fiery ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rock are daſht.

26

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:
So thick they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)
Backe to retire, and ſome-what to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had ſpent:
VVhich when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh, with new encouragement,
Did him aſſaile, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward earſt, now backward to retrate.

27

Like as the tyde that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrary force,
And over-tuling him in his owne raine,
Driues backe the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other ſourſe:
But when the floud is ſpent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forc't to redisbourſe,
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
VVith diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his foe;
Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;
Yet Victors both themſelues alwaies eſteemed.
And all the while, the diſentrayled bloud
Adowne their ſides like little riuers ſtremed;
That with the waſting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

29

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his bloud to waſte, ne powres emperiſht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheriſht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruſes guariſht:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often ſeene full freſhly to haue floriſht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyle.

30

Through which advantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
That through the ſeame, which did his haubeck cloſe,
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens ſight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
As all men doe, that loſe the liuing ſpright:
So did one ſoule out of his body fly
Vnto her natiue home, from mortall miſery.

31

But natheleſſe, whilſt all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All vnawares he ſtarted vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame beene rear'd,
And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth ſight, as hee ſome ghoſt had ſeene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
Till hauing often by him ſtriken beene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue himſelfe from teene.

32

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
As one in feare the *Stygian* gods t'offend,
Ne follow'd on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Himſelfe to ſaue, and danger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;
A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

Whereof

33

Whereof full blithe, eftſoones his mighty hand
He heau'd on high, in mind with that ſame blowe
To make an end of all that did withſtand:
Which *Cambell* ſeeing come, was nothing flowe
Him ſelfe to ſaue from that ſo deadly throwe;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſword
Cloſe vnderneath his ſhield, that ſcarce did ſhowe,
Strook him, as he his hand to ſtrike vp-reard,
In th'arm-pit ful, that through both ſides the woũd appeard.

34

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his waie,
And falling heauy on *Cambelloes* creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſwowne he lay;
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt:
And ſure, had it not happily found reſt
Vpon the brim of his broad plated ſhield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breſt.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other ſeem'd the victory to yield.

35

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges roſe, and Marſhals of the field
Broke vp the liſtes, their armes away to rend;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her deareſt friend.
All ſuddenly they both vpſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And fiercely each aſſayling, gan afreſh to fight.

36

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begoone:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill ſhonne,
Deſirous both to haue the battell donne:
Ne either cared life to ſaue or ſpill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
That life it ſelfe ſeem'd loathſome, and long ſafety ill.

37

Whil'ſt thus the caſe in doubtfull ballance hong,
Vnſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,
And ſecret feare to ſee their fatall fine;
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyſe,
That ſeem'd ſome perilous tumult to deſine,
Confus'd with womens cries, and ſhouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38

Therеat the Champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment;
Lo, where they ſpide with ſpeedy whirling paſe,
One in a charet of ſtrange furniment,
Towards them driuing like a ſtorme out ſent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wiſe,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian Monarks antique guiſe
Such as the maker ſelfe could beſt by art deuiſe.

39

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lions, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heſt, as ſeemed good.
And therein ſate a Lady paſſing faire
And bright, that ſeemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould haue the greater ſhare.

40

Thereto ſhe learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that ſubtill wits diſcouer,
Hauing therein been trayned many a yeare,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the ſame ſhe farre exceld all other.
Who vnderſtanding by her mighty art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her deareſt brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſte to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife, which cauſd ſo deadly ſmart.

41

And as ſhe paſſed through th'vnruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like ſheepe in narrow fold,
For haſte did ouer-runne, in duſt enrould;
That thorough rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhriekt, ſome being harmed hould,
Some laught for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſome that would ſeem wiſe, their wonder turnd to dout.

42

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhe bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tayles together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* ſonne doth wield,
Wherewith the helliſh fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup ſhe hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fild.

43

Nepenthe is a drink of ſoueraigne grace,
Deuized by the gods, for to aſſwage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which ſtirs vp anguiſh and contentious rage:
In ſtead therof, ſweet peace and quiet age
It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mind.
Fewe men, but ſuch as ſober are and ſage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof aſſyn'd;
But ſuch as drink, eternall happineſſe do finde.

44

Such famous men, ſuch Worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the ſkie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth;
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drink hereof; whereby, all cares forepaſt
Are waſht away quite from their memory.
So did thoſe olde Heröes hereof taſte,
Before that they in bliſs amongſt the gods were plac't.

45

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For, that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46

At last, arriuing by the listes side,
She with her rod did softly smite the raile;
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coach she gan availe,
And pasing fairely forth did bid All haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile:
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

47

They lightly her requit (for, small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And eft them turned both againe to fight.
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloudy Plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine
From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke)
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whil'st their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty draught.

49

Of which so soone as they once tasted had
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)
In stead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And louely haulst from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so fairhfully affrended,
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And entertaioing her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

51

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome cheere.
Those warlike Champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselues there to repose:
And wise *Cambina*, taking by her side
Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52

Where making ioyous feasts their dayes they spent
In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their daies such louers were not found elswhere.

Canto

Canto IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

1

FIT often fals (as here it earſt befell)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
And friends profeſt, are chang'd to foe-men fell:
The cauſe of both, of both their minds depends;
And th'end of both, likewiſe of both their ends.
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th'occaſion ends;
And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded ſeeds.

2

That well (me ſeemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by courſe befalls me here to tell:
Who, hauing thoſe two other knights eſpide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deſcride,
And eke thoſe masked Ladies riding them beſide.

3

Who, backe returning, tolde as he had ſeene,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;
And thoſe two Ladies, their two loues vnſeene;
And therefore wiſht them without blot or blame,
To let them paſs at will, for dread of ſhame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious ſpright,
And rather ſtird by his diſcordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſſe fight.

4

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle beſpake,
Diſgracing them, him ſelfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont: ſo weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where-ſo he came in place,
And with lewd tearmes their louers to deface.
Whoſe ſharp prouokement them incenſt ſo ſore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vſage baſe,
And gan their ſhields addreſſe them ſelues afore:
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

5

But faire *Cambina*, with perſwaſions mild,
Did mitigate the fierceneſſe of their mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcyl'd,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abroad,
And ſtrange aduentures, all the way they rode:
Amongſt the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty moſt excell.

6

To which folke-mote they all with one conſent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whoſe beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright armes with ready ſpeare in reſt,
That toward them his courſe ſeem'd to apply,
Gainſt whom Sir *Paridell* him ſelfe addreſt,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repreſt.

7

Which th'other ſeeing, gan his courſe relent,
And vaunted ſpeare eſſoones to diſaduance,
As if he nought but peace and pleaſure ment,
Now falne into their fellowſhip by chance,
Whereat they ſhewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eye did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his ſide:
Whom ſure he weend, that he ſomwhere tofore had eyde.

8

It was to weet, that ſnowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* wonne;
Whom he now ſeeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the wiſches ſonne,
He ſoone her loſt: wherefore he now begonne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to repriſe:
Which ſcornfull offer *Blandamour* gan ſoone deſpiſe.

9

And ſayd, Sir Knight, ſith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to loſe ſo light,
(For, ſo to loſe a Lady, were great ſhame)
Yee ſhall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo ſhee ſhall be placed here in ſight,
Together with this Hag beſide her ſet,
That who-ſo winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he ſhall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

10

That offer pleaſed all the company,
So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadocchio* ſayd, he neuer thought
For ſuch an Hag, that ſeemed worſe then nought,
His perſon to imperill ſo in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had ſought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would ſpend to iuſtifie his right.

11

At which his vaine excuſe they all gan ſmile,
As ſcorning his vnmanly cowardiſe:
And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
That for her ſake refus'd to enterpriſe
The battell, offred in ſo knightly wiſe.
And *Até* eke prouok't him priuily,
With loue of her, and ſhame of ſuch meſpriſe.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For, in baſe mind nor friendſhip dwels nor enmity.

12

But *Cambell* thus did ſhut vp all in ieſt,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, when moſt vs needeth reſt,
That we may vs reſerue both freſh and ſtrong,
Againſt the Turneiment which is not long;
When who-ſo liſt to fight, may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
Whether ſhall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill.

13

They all agreed: ſo turning all to game,
And pleaſant bord, they paſt forth on their way.
And all that while, where-ſo they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their ſport and play.
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in freſh array
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame
Aſſembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
Themſelues aſunder: *Blandamour* with thoſe
Of his, on th'one; the reſt on th'other ſide.
But boaſtfull *Braggadocchio* rather choſe,
For glory vaine their fellowſhip to loſe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The reſt themſelues in troupes did eſe diſpoſe,
Like as it ſeemed beſt to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

15

Then firſt of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relique in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the darke,
He open ſhew'd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiouſly emboſt
With pearle & precious ſtone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanſhip farre paſſe the coſt:
It was the ſame, which lately *Florimell* had loſt.

16

That ſame aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beauty and of might;
The which eftſoones, diſcouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe delight,
And hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious ſight,
That all men threw out vowes and wiſhes vaine.
Thrice happy Ladie, and thrice happy knight,
Them ſeemd, that could ſo goodly riches gaine,
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great ſpeare, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And vaunting forth from all the other band
Of knights, addreſt his maiden-headed ſhield,
Shewing him ſelfe all ready for the field.
Gainſt whom, there ſingled from the other ſide
A Painim knight, that well in armes was ſkild,
And had in many a battell oft been tride,
Hight *Bruncheual* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18

So furiouſly they both together met,
That neither could the others force ſuſtaine.
As two fierce Buls, that ſtriue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with ſo hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
So theſe two Champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19

Which when the noble *Ferramont* eſpide,
He pricked forth in ayde of *Satyran*;
And him againſt, Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the ſtrength and ſtifneſſe that he can.
But the more ſtrong and ſtifly that he ran,
So much more ſorely to the ground he fell,
That on a heape were tumbled horſe and man.
Vnto whoſe reskew forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpeare he eke did quell.

20

Which *Braggadocchio* ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtfull or diſmayd.
But *Triamond* halfe wroth to ſee him ſtaid,
Sternly ſtept forth, and raught away his ſpeare,
With which ſo ſore he *Ferramont* aſſaid,
That horſe and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haſte themſelues againe vpreare.

Which

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Deum* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reſt:
For, him likewiſe he quickly downe did ſmight,
And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addreſt,
And after him, Sir *Palimord* forth preſt:
But none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand;
But all the more, the more his praiſe increaſt.
For, either they were left vpon the land,
Or went away ſore wounded of his hapleſs hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the ſwowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one diſmayd,
When as he ſawe the mercileſſe affray,
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelfe he wiſht haue beene, that in ſo bad a ſtead.

23

Eftſoones he gan to gather vp around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abroad;
And as it fell, his ſteed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſparke of fire, that from the andvile glode,
There where he ſawe the valiant *Triamond*
Chaſing, and laying on them heauy lode,
That none his force were able to withſtond,
So dreadfull were his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his hond.

24

With that, at him his beam-like ſpeare he aymed,
And thereto all his powre and might applyde:
The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And hauing now miſfortune got for guide,
Stud not, till it arriued in his ſide,
And therein made a very griſly wound,
That ſtreames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtound,
That ſcarſe he him vpheld from falling in a ſound.

25

Yet as he might, himſelfe he ſoft with-drew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,
That none againſt them battell durſt maintaine.
By that, the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell.
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th'other ſide, full many a warlike ſwaine
Aſſembled were, that glorious prize to gaine,
But mongſt them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuance of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when-ſo himſelfe he found.

27

Which *Cambell* ſeeing, though he could not ſalue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to ſalue his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfeſaunce he did frame.
The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the ſame,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwiſt, for doubt of blame,
If he miſdid; he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground;
That much he gan his glory to enuy,
Anſt caſt t'auenge his friends indignity.
A mighty ſpeare eſtoones at him he bent;
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themſelues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords themſelues betake;
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous maruels there
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Neany dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffling cloſe, now chaſing to and fro,
Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling goe,
Chauſing, and foming choler, each againſt his foe.

30

So as they courſt, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunſt Sir *Satyrane* his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſodein feare,
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
Which vantage *Cambell* did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere himſelfe he had recouered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,
That forced him to leaue his ſofty ſell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horſe feete fell.

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his ſteed,
For to haue rent his ſhield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous ſway
Of many ſwords that load on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him encloſed round,
To reſcue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him priſoner, where he ſtood on ground.

32

He with their multitude was nought diſmayd,
But with ſtout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart diſdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him ſore.

33

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;
And starting vp, straight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought: for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sory to his vew.

34

Into the thickest of that knightly preace
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with feruent zeale; ne did he cease,
Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seene,
Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,
There he amongst them cruell hauocke makes;
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to saue their proper stakes:
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight;
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues do breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and rauine without all remorse;
So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36

Fiercely they follow'd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yield the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring t'aduance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doom was to another day differd.

37

The last day came, when all those knights againe
Assembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.
Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crewe,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view.
For, from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

38

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vtmost prowesse there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and careless harmes,
By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be showen.
There might yesee loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckless riders late were ouerthrowen;
And Squiers make haste to helpe their Lords fordonne:
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

39

Till that there entred on the other side,
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed.
In queynt disguise, full hard to be descride.
For, all his armour was like saluage weed,
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaues attrapt, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word which on his raggged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

40

He at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare
At him, that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, so sore, that none him life behote.

41

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lion in his bloudy game,
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe what euer nigh him came;
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

42

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan enquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wise,
Most answerable to his wild disguise
It seemed, him to tearm the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liu'd that day, & most of might.

43

Thus was Sis *Satyrane* with all his band,
By his sole manhood and atchiuement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;
So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

44

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At *Arthegall*, in middest of his pride;
And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere
So sore, that tombling backe, he downe did slide
Ouer his horses taile aboue a stride;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

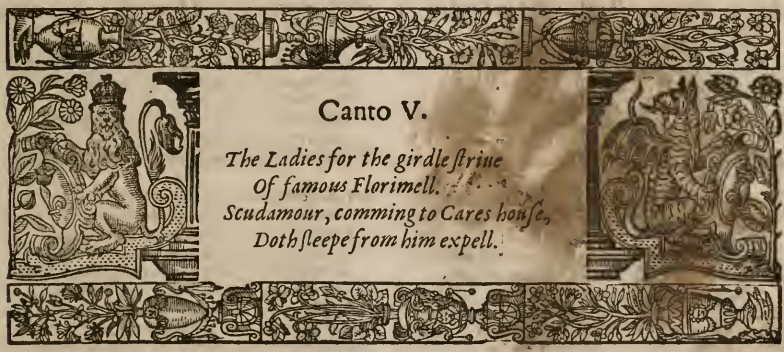
Where-

45
Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And cast t'auenge the shame doen to his friend:
But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse need of help, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

46
Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were.
Ne certes wonder; for, no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atcheued,
And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieued.

47
Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
That all brute beasts forc't to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All trauellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48
So did the warlike *Briomart* restore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day
(Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore
The prayse of proweſſe from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.



Canto V.

The Ladies for the girdle striue
Of famous Florimell.
Scudamour, comming to Cares house,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

1
IT hath been through all ages euer seene,
That with the prayse of armes and cheualry,
The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;
And that for reasons speciall priuity:
For, eyther doth on other much rely.
For, he me seemes most fit the fayre to serue,
That can her best defend from villeny;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2
So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of proweſſe ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell:*
That many wish to win for glory vaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladyes ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
But whosoeuer contrary doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she vs'd to liue in wiuely sort;
But layd aside, when so she vs'd her looser sport.

4
Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
When first he loued her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

5

The ſame one day, when ſhe her ſelfe diſpos'd
To viſite her beloued Paramoure,
The god of warre, ſhe from her middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her ſecret bowre,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre
She with the pleaſant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her firſt ages flowre
Was foſtred by thoſe *Graces*, (as they ſay)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

6

That goodly belt was *Ceſtas* hight by name,
And as her life by her eſteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the ſame
So many Ladies ſought, as ſhall appeare;
For, peereleſſe ſhe was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this, their feaſt all being ended,
The iudges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adowne deſcended,
To deeme this dontfull caſe, for which they all contended.

7

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by thoſe worthy wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had donne:
For, he laſt ended, hauing firſt begonne.
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſav'd the Victour from fordonne:
For, *Cambell* Victour was in all mens ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8

The third dayes prize vnto the ſtranger Knight,
Whom all men tearm'd Knight of the Hebene ſpeare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puiſſant ſtroke ſhe downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that Victour was whileare,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt vnconquer'd did appeare;
For, laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
The fayreſt Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repyn'd, that both of Victors meede,
And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall.
Yet mote he not withſtand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that deſpightfull deed
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee,
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next enſew'd the Paragon to ſee
Of beauties praiſe, and yeeld the fayreſt her due fee.

10

Then firſt *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, moſt perfect hew
And paſſing beauty did eſtſoones reueale,
That able was weake hearts away to ſteale.
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their ſight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnhcale;
Whoſe beauties beame eſtſoones did ſhine ſo bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His falſe *Dueſſa*, that ſhe might be ſeene;
Who with her forged beauty did ſeduce
The hearts of ſome, that faireſt her did weene;
As dinerſe wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them ſhew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and ſheene,
And after theſe an hundred Ladies moe
Appeard in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12

All which who-ſo dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth ſure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, ſince the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not ſeene
Aſſembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewties Queene,
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
So many faire did ſee, as here he might haue ſought.

13

At laſt, the moſt redoubted *Britonneſſe*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open ſhewe;
Whoſe face diſcouered, plainely did expreſſe
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her diſplay:
The ſight of whome once ſeene did all the reſt diſmay.

14

For, all afore that ſeemed faire and bright,
Now baſe and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that ſhone as *Phœbés* light,
Amongſt the leſſer ſtarres in eucning cleare.
All that her ſawe, with wonder rauiſht were,
And weend no mortall creature ſne ſhould be,
But ſome celeſtiall ſhape, that fleſh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to ſee;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not ſo faire as ſhee.

15

As guilefull Goldſmith that by ſecret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer-ſpred
Some baſer metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold inſted,
He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe in all mens view
She ſeem'd to paſſe: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

16

Then was the golden belt by doome of all
Grannted to her, as to the faireſt Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle ſmall
They thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For, euer as they faſtned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling ſecret blame.
Full oft about her waſte ſhe it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about hir waſte diſclos'd.

That

17

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did think it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was vntide.

18

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;
Alas for pitie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnbleſt.*
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

19

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuy:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet natheleſſe to her, as her dew right,
Ir yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She leſſe esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

21

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that, the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

22

Tho, vnto *Satyran* she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours euill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne leſſe thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combate with Sir *Satyrane*.
Thereto him *Até* stird, new discord to maintaine.

23

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and challenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt accordingly confessed all.

24

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyran*;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stird vp strifefull stoure,
And ready were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same;
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that faireſt Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should diſclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then look to whom she voluntary came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26

They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
As though she wished to haue pleasd them all,
At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27

Which when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very hearts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by night;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiu'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succeed,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth needе
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

For

29

For, ſoone as ſhe them ſawe to diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
Vpon her firſt aduenture forth did ride,
To ſeek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnlucky Mayd to ſeeke her enemy!
Vnlucky Mayd to ſeeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her ſelfe moſt nie,
She through his late diſguizement could him not deſcrie.

30

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe ſhe once did ſpare,
In ſeeking him, that ſhould her paine aſſoile;
Whereto great comfort in her ſad misfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewiſe ſought her louer long miſ-went,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whoſe heart whileare
That ſtryfefull hag with iealous diſconteut
Had fild, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

31

Bent to reuenge on blameleſſe *Britomart*
The crime, which curſed *Até* kindled earſt,
The which like thornes did pricke his iealous heart,
And through his ſoule like poyſoned arrow pearc't,
That by no reaſon it might be reuerſt,
For ought that *Glaucé* could or doe or ſay.
For, aye the more that ſhe the ſame rehearſt,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

32

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudy ſtorm and bitter ſhowre,
That dreadfull ſeem'd to euery liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to ſeeke ſome couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhrowd their perſons from that ſtormy ſtowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any gueſt
They eſpide a little cottage, like ſome poore mans neſt.

33

Vnder a ſteepe hilles ſide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And faſt beſide a little brooke did paſs
Of muddy water, that like puddle ſtanke;
By which, fewe crooked ſallowes grewe in ranke:
Whereto approching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,
And anſwering their weary turnes around,
That ſeemed ſome black-ſmith dwelt in that deſert groũd.

34

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelfe,
Full buſily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched wearifh elfe,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in priſon long been pent:
Full blacke and grieſly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary ſhagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely ſheare.

35

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a black-ſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made;
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

36

In which his worke he had ſixe ſeruants preſt,
About the Andvile ſtanding euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer reſt
From heaping ſtroakes, which thereon ſouſed ſore:
All ſixe, ſtrong groomes, but one then other more;
For, by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatneſſe orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did farre exceed.

37

He like a monſtrous Giant ſeem'd in ſight,
Farre paſſing *Brontes*, or *Pyracmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* auengefull threat.
So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer and ſo fierce his heat,
That ſeem'd a rock of Diamond it could riue,
And rend aſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtriue.

38

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and weary paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For, they for nought would from their work refraine,
Ne let his ſpeeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
Thoſe *Penſiuenes* did moue; and *Sighes* the bellowes were.

39

Which when that Warriour ſawe, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour laid him downe to reſt:
To reſt, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his weary limbs to haue redreſt.
And that olde aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioints layd eke adowne to reſt;
That needed much her weake age to deſire,
After ſo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

40

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
When gentle ſleepe his heauy eyes would cloſe;
Oft changing ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vproſe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But whereſoeuer he did himſelfe diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So euery place ſeem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And

41

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his sences did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and houle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shrikmg him afflicted to the very soule.

42

And if by fortune any little nap,
Vpon his heauy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his head-peece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So,oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay muzing long, on that him ill apayd.

43

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his weary sprite oppresst
With fleshly weakenesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

44

With that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,
A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake,
He felt his heart for very paine to quake,
And started vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

45

In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean maine
Began to peepe aboue this earthly masse,
With pearly deaw sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then vp he rose like heauy lumpe of lead;
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And gheesse the man to be dismayd with iealous dread.

46

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and dangerous euent
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But here my weary teeme nigh ouer-spent
Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.

Canto VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
And soon from her depart.

1

What equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her malladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride:
For which, *Dan Phœbus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

2

Who, hauing left that restlesse house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
Through misconceit; all vnawares espide
An armed knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

Which

3

Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth iſſewed
To haue r'encountred him in equall race;
But, ſoone as th'other, nigh approching, viewed
The armes he bore, his ſpeare he gan abaſe.
And void his courſe: at which ſo ſuddein caſe
He wondred much. But th'other thus can ſay;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me ſubmit, and you of pardon pray,
That almoſt had againſt you treſpaſſed this day.

4

Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without diſpleaſance for to proue his ſpeare.
But reade you Sir, ſith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne? that I mote you requite.
Certes, ſayd he, ye mote as now excuſe
Me from diſcouering you my name aright:
For, time yet ſerues that I the ſame refuſe,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vſe.

5

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
Or, doe you here within this forreſt wonne?
(That ſeemeth well to anſwere to your weed)
Or, haue ye it for ſome occaſion donne?
That rather ſeemes, ſith knowen armes ye ſhonne.
This other day, ſayd he, a ſtranger knight
Shame and diſhonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I wait to wreak that foule deſpight,
When-euer he this way ſhall paſſe by day or night.

6

Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth ſhame.
But what is he, by whom ye ſhamed were?
A ſtranger knight, ſayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene ſpeare,
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And haning me, all weary earſt, downe feld,
The fayreſt Lady reft, and euer ſince withheld.

7

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that ſpeare,
He wiſt right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt Loue did beare.
Tho, gan he ſwell in euery inner part,
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his iealous heart,
That thus he ſharply ſayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firſt vnknightly part,
Which that ſame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8

For, lately he my Loue hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The ſacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In ſhame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full deare he ſhall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may help, or ſuccour ought ſupply,
It ſhall not faile, when-ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

9

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A knight ſoft riding towards them they eſpide,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and ſtrange array:
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine deſcride
To be the ſame, for whom they did abide.
Sayd then Lir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, ſith firſt I was deſide,
That firſt I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to faile, you ſhall recure my right.

10

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull ſpeare
Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who, ſoone as ſhe him ſawe approaching neare
With ſo fell rage, her ſelfe ſhe lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as ſhe can:
But enterraind him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both horſe and man;
Whence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common harmes together did deuize.

11

But *Artegall*, beholding his miſchance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft auentring his ſteele-headed launce,
Againſt her rode, full of diſpiteous ire,
That nought but ſpoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himſelfe his felonous intent
Returning, diſappointed his deſire,
Whiles vnawares his ſaddle he forwent,
And found himſelfe on ground in great amazement.

12

Lightly he ſtarted vp out of that ſtound;
And ſnatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruſt to an Hynd within ſome couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
With ſuch fell greedineſſe he her aſſayled,
That though ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground (ſo much his force preuayled)
And ſhun his mighty ſtrokes, gainſt which no arms auailed.

13

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunc't
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrooke, that thence it glaunc't
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely bleſt
From foule miſchaunce; ne did it euer reſt,
Till on her horſes hinder parts it fell;
Where biting deepe, ſo deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the fell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on ſome ſteeple hie;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
And teares it all with terrible miſchaunce.
Yet ſhe no whit diſmayd, her ſteed forſook,
And caſting from her that enchaunted launce,
Vnto her ſword and ſhield her ſoone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke.

So

15

So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yielde vnto her weapon way to pass:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor brass
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pourd the purple bloud forth on the grass;
That all his maile yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
Heaping huge stroakes, as thicke as showre of haile,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work'st such wreck on her, to whom thou dearest art.

17

What iron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes, some hellish furie, or some fiend
This mischiefe fram'd, for their first loues defeature,
To bathe their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
There-by to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

18

Thus long they trac't, and trauerst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as aduantage they espide thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength full more, but the still more decrewed.
At last, his luckelesse hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

19

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunc't,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her Angels face (vnseene afore)
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating sore;
But somwhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heat, and labour of her weary fight.

20

And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through stirring loos'd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
For, it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

21

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke aback;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sense,
And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

22

And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or elfe vnweeting what it elfe might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,
That had done out-rage in so high degree:
Whil'st trembling horrour did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quaile.

23

Nath'lesse, she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniury.

24

Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerelesse patterne of Dame Natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25

But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce awhile;
VVhich yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

26

When *Britomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternenesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw.
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-draw.

27

Yet ſhee it forc't to haue againe vp-held,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſay'd,
Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nath'leſſe, her tongue not to her will obayd, (ſaid.
But brought forth ſpeeches milde, when ſhe wold haue miſ-

28

But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his iealous feare he falſe had found,
And how that Hag his loue abuſed had
With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnſound,
The which long time his gricued hart did wound,
He thus be-ſpake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
I ioy to ſee you lout ſo lowe on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to deſpiſe them all.

29

Soone as ſhee heard the name of *Arthegall*,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſuddaine ioy, and ſecret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To ſuccour it, themſelues gan there aſſemble;
That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plaine appear'd, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30

VVhen *Glaucé* thus gan wiſely all vp-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be ſpectators of this vncouth fit,
Which ſecret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Againſt the courſe of kind: ne meruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hitherto
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
Fearing leaſt ſhe your Loues away ſhould woo;
Feared in vaine, ſith meanes ye ſee there wants theretoo.

31

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the ſalvage knight,
Hence-forth may not diſdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in ſecond fight:
For, whylome they haue conquerd ſea and land,
And heauen it ſelfe, that nought may them withſtand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:
Which, beeing knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32

And you faire Lady knight, my deareſt Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whoſe fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but ſo that he fulfill
The penaunce, which ye ſhall to him empart:
For, Louers heauen muſt paſſe by ſorowes hell.
There-at full inly bluſhed *Britomart*;
But *Arthegall*, cloſe ſmyling, ioy'd in ſecret hart.

33

Yet durſt hee not make loue ſo ſuddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw
From one to other ſo quite contrary:
Beſides, her modeſt countenance he ſaw
So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looſer thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;
Whereby the paſſion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a ſtubborne ſteede whom ſtrong hand would re- (ſtraine.

34

But *Scudamour*, whoſe hart twixt dobtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while ſuſpence,
Deſiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and ſure intelligence,
Her thus beſpake; But ſir, without offence
Mote I requeſt you tydings of my Loue,
My *Amoret*, ſith you her freed fro thence,
Where ſhe captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her ſeeke, as doth behoue.

35

To whom, thus *Britomart*; Certes, Sir Knight,
VVhat is of her become, or whither reft,
I cannot vnto you aread aright.
For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which yee her all hopeleſſe left,
I her preſeru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villanie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then ſhe, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

46

Till on a day, as through a deſert wilde
We trauelled, both weary of the way,
We did alight, and ſate in ſhadow mild;
Where feareleſſe I to ſleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of ſleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray.
I call'd her loud, I ſought her far and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

37

VVhen *Scudamour* thoſe heauy tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But ſenſeleſſe ſtood, like to a mazed Steare,
That yet of mortall ſtroke the ſtound doth beare:
Till *Glaucé* thus; Faire Sir, be nought diſmaid
With needleſſe dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For, yet ſhe may be ſafe, though ſome-what ſtraid;
It's beſt to hope the beſt, though of the worſt affraid.

38

Nath'leſſe, he hardly of her chearefull ſpeach
Did comfort take, or in his troubled ſight
Shew'd change of better cheare: ſo ſore a breach
That ſudden newes had made into his ſpright;
Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cauſe of ſorrow, certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for, by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

There-

39

There-with he reſted, and well pleaſed was.
So peace beeing confirm'd amongſt them all,
They tooke their ſteeds, and forward thence did paſs,
Vnto ſome reſting place which mote befall;
All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.
Where goodly ſolace was vnto them made,
And daily feaſting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbes recur'd, after late vſage bad.

40

In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:
And with meeke ſeruice and much ſuit did lay
Continuall ſiege vnto her gentle hart;
Which, beeing whylome launc't with louely dart,
More eath was new impreſſion to receiue,
How-euer ſhe her paind with womaniſh art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that ſeekes it ſelfe for to deceiue.

41

So well hee woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
VVith faire entreaty and ſweet blandiſhment,
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
So as ſhee to his ſpeeches was content
To lend an eare, and ſoftly to relent.
At laſt, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, ſhee yielded her conſent
To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finiſh that accord.

42

Tho, when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard adventure yet in queſt)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her there-with full ſore diſpleas'd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make;
Her deareſt Loue full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

43

Yet hee with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wonne her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which, his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vowes from bottom of his hart,
That all ſo ſoone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, where-to he did aſpire,
He vnto her would ſpeedily revert:
No longer ſpace there-to hee did deſire,
But till the horned Moone three courſes did expire.

44

With which, ſhe for the preſent was appeaſed,
And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind diſpleated.
So, early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the cuſtome ancient
Mongſt Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Saue that ſhe algates him awhile accompanide.

45

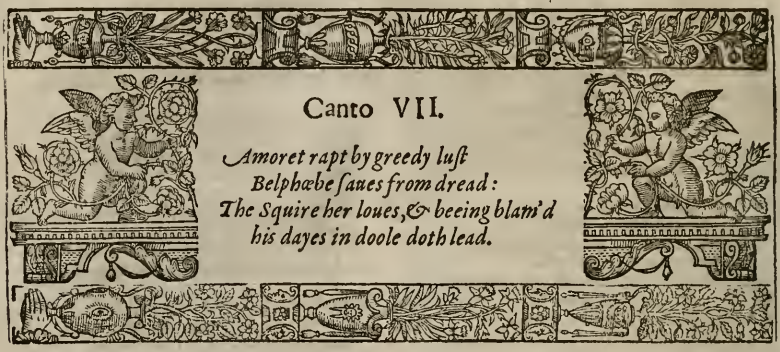
And by the way, ſhee ſundry purpoſe found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils where-to he was bound,
The feare whereof ſeem'd much her to affray:
But all ſhe did was but to weare out day.
Full often-times ſhe leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd ſome-what to ſay,
Which ſtie forgot, whereby excuſe to make:
So loth ſhee was his company for to forſake.

46

At laſt, when all her ſpeeches ſhe had ſpent,
And new occaſion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And back returned with right heauy mind,
To *Scudamour*, who ſhe had left behind:
With whom ſhe went to ſeeke faire *Amoret*,
Her ſecond care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely ſake (which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendſhip) ſhe by her did ſet.

47

Backe to that deſert foreſt they retired,
Where ſory *Britomart* had loſt her late;
There they her ſought, and euery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her eſtate;
Yet found they none. But by what hapleſſe fate,
Or hard misfortune ſhe was thence conuayd,
And ſtolne away from her beloued Mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I heere will ſtay
Vntill another tide, that I it finiſh may.



Canto VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy luſt
Belphœbe ſaues from dread:
The Squire her loues, & beeing blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.

1

GReat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Dooſt conquer greateſt conquerors on ground,
And ſett'ſt thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keaſars, to thy ſeruice bound,
VVhat glory, or what guerdon haſt thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning ſo ſore;
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou launceſt long afore,
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

2

So whylome didſt thou to faire *Florimell*,
And ſo and ſo to noble *Britomart*:
So dooſt thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*; whoſe gentle hart
Thou martyreſt with ſorrow and with ſmart,
In ſaluage foreſts, and in deſerts wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pitty is to heare the perils which ſhe tride.

3

So ſoone as ſhe, with that braue *Britonneſſe*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They trauel'd long; that now for wearineſſe,
Both of the way, and war-like exerciſe,
Both through a foreſt riding, did deuiſe
T'alight, and reſt their weary limbes awhile.
There, heauy ſleepe the eye-lids did ſurpriſe
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her paſſed paines in quiet reſt aſſoyle.

4

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walkt through the wood, for pleaſure, or for need;
When ſuddenly behind her backe ſhee heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed:
That, ere ſhe back could turne to taken heede,
Had vnawares her ſnatcht vp from the ground.
Feebly ſhe ſhrieked; but ſo feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where through weary trauell ſhe lay ſleeping ſound.

5

It was to weet, a wilde and ſaluage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All over-growne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beaſts; and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſigne whereof yet ſtain'd his bloudy lips afore.

6

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his feaſt
And cruell ſpoyle, which he had ſpar'd, to ſtowe:
And over it, his huge great noſe did growe,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both ſides, two wide long eares did glowe,
And raught downe to his waſte, when vp he ſtood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

7

His waſte was with a wreath of Ivie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment ſeene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
VVhoſe knotty ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for ſteele to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

8

This vgly creature, in his armes her ſnatcht,
And through the foreſt bore her quite away,
VVith bryers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pitty of the pray,
Which many a knight had ſought ſo many a day.
He ſtayed not, but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing, (ring.
And there hee threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea-

For

9

For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
Whil'st hee in armes her bore; but when she felt
Her selfe downe souse, she waked out of dread
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and drad horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound;
Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

10

VVith that, she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like hapelesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

11

Ay me! said shee, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What shall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
Vnhappy maid, then answerd she, whose dread
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

12

This dismall day, hath thee a caytiue made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue;
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darknesse driue:
For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
VVhose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre
Hee may them catch, vnable to guine-striue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

13

Now twenty dayes (by which the sonnes of men
Diuide their works) haue past through heauen sheene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;
During which space, these sory eyes haue seene
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman heere remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of vs three, to morrow he will sure eate one.

14

Ah! dreadfull tydings whitht thou doost declare,
Quoth shee, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breast endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15

But what I was, it irkes mee to reherse;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerse
VVith guilefull loue did secretly agree,
To ouer-throwe my state and dignity.
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;
Yet was hee meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

16

But for his meaneneſſe and disparagement,
My Sire (who mee too dearely well did loue)
Vnto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly foule reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the vtmost end to proue:
And rather then my Loue abandon so,
Both Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

17

Thence-forth, I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreed away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a Groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18

But ah! vnhappy howre me thither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind;
The shame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Aemylia*.

19

Ah! sad *Aemylia*, then said *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to mee, by what deuise or wit,
Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honour sau'd, though into thraldome throwne?
Through help, quoth she, of this old woman here
I haue so done, as she to mee hath showne:
For, euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,
Shee in my stead supplide his beastiall desire.

20

Thus, of their euils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe, where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the Caue; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in;
And spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe vnto his wonted sinne:
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

21

VVhich,when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She ſtaid not th'vtmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a gaſtly Gelt, whoſe wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haſte with hideous out-cry,
For horrour of his ſhamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vp-roſe,
And her purſewd as faſt as ſhee did fly:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtayes,
But over-leapes them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thickeſt makes her nigheſt wayes;
And euer-more when with regardfull ſight
Shee looking back, eſpies that grieſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhee gins to mend her paſe,
And makes her feare a ſpurre to haſte her flight:
More ſwift then *Myrrh'* or *Daphné* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in ſaluage chaſe.

23

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne liuing ayde for her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens helpe to redreſſe her wrong,
Moued with pitty of her plentious teares.
It fortuned *Belphœbé* with her Peeres
The wooddy Nymphes, and with that louely boy,
VVas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In theſe wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24

It ſo befell (as oft it fals in chace)
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this ſame curſed caytiue did appeare,
Purſuing that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite over-taken had:
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as ſeeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

25

Which drery ſight the gentle Squire eſpying,
Doth haſte to croſſe him by the neareſt way,
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
And him aſſayles with all the might he may:
Yet will not he the louely ſpoyle downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends himſelfe, and ſaues his gotten pray.
Yet had it been right hard him to withſtand,
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26

There-to the villaine vſed craft in fight;
For, euer when the Squire his Iauelin ſhooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puiſſance of his intended ſtroke.
And if it chaunc't (as needes it muſt in fight)
VVhil'ſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blowe on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27

Which ſubtile ſleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbeare;
For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand ſo carefully did beare,
That at the laſt he did himſelfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his ſpeare.
A ſtreame of cole-blacke bloud thence guſht amaine,
That all her ſilken garments did with bloud beſtaine.

28

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
And lying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull ſtrokes let driue at him ſo ſore,
That fore't him flie aback, himſelfe to ſaue:
Yet he there-with ſo felly ſtill did raue,
That ſcarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
But (for aduantage) ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauerſing, now here, now there;
For, bootleſſe thing it was to thinke ſuch blowes to beare.

29

Whil'ſt thus in battell they embuſied were,
Belphœbé (raunging in that foreſt wide)
The hideous noyſe of their huge ſtrokes did heare,
And drew there-to, making her eare her guide.
Whom, when that theefe approching nigh eſpide,
With boaw in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths ſole inſtrument.

30

Whom, ſeeing flie, ſhee ſpeedily purſewed
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And euer in her boaw ſhee ready ſhewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſign'd:
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruell kind,
In vengement of her mothers great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tind
Gainſt wofull *Niobés* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

31

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo far ſhe ventred,
That ere vnto his helliſh den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
Shee ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him ouer-caught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throat, there-with in two diſtraught,
That all his vitall ſpirits there-by ſpild,
And all his hairy breaſt with gory bloud was fild.

32

Whom, when on ground ſhe groueling ſaw to roule,
She ran in haſte his life to haue bereft:
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull ſoule,
Hauing his carrion corſe quite ſenſeleſſe left,
Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoile and theft.
Yet ouer him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
And oft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and oft
His mighty limbes, whil'ſt all with filthy blood
The place there, ouer-flowne, ſeem'd like a ſuddaine flood.

Thence,

33

Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darksome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but harkned now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34

Then forth the sad *Acmylia* issewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A Leman fit for such a Louer deare.
That moou'd *Belphœbé* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35

Thence she them brought, toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
There shee him found by that new louely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
VVhich softly shild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36

VVhich when she saw, with suddaine glauncing eye,
Her noble hart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
VVith that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37

Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes shee at him did threat,
And forc't him back with foule dishonour to retreat.

38

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
VVhere hardly eye mote see bright heauens face
For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39

His wonted war-like weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
Ne thence-forth euer strike in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderneſſe (of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

40

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty deaw,
Hee let to growe, and grieſly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and careleſly vnshed;
That in short time his face they ouer-grew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

41

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he neuer taste
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waste;
That out of all mens knowledge he was wotne at last.

42

For, on a day, (by fortune as it fell)
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this cabin far away,
Hè to it drew, to weet who there did wonne:
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shunne;
Or else some wood-man shrowded there from scorching (sunne.

43

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All over-growne with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like out-cast thrall.

44

But to his speech he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish ouer-cum,
And vnto euery thing did answere Mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowely, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

45

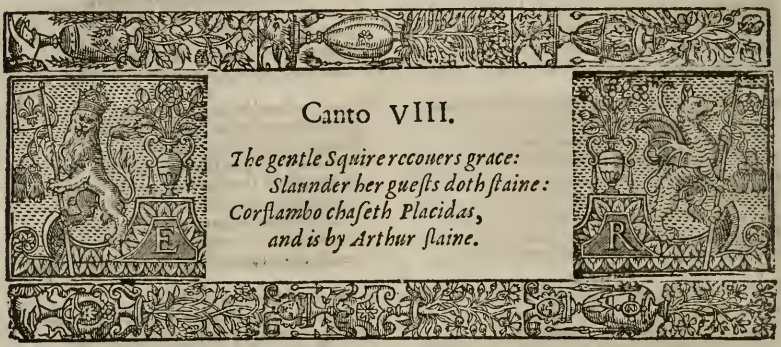
At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whylome some gentle Swaine had beene,
Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he obserud, by that he him had seene
To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

46

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which, likely was his liefest Loue to bee,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphœbe*, he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
When hee it heard, and how the ground he kist,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

47

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy prouide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



Canto VIII.

The gentle Squire recouers grace:
Slaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
and is by Arthur slaine.

1

WEll said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more drad and desperate:
For, nought the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

2

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
Whose tender hart the faire *Belphœbé* had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer tasted; but with penaunce sad,
And pensiue sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossm through heat doth languish & decay;

3

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His doole he made) there chaunc't a Turtle-Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deuise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;
Which losse, her made like passion also proue.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart
VVith deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
That she gan mone his vndeserued smart,
And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

4

Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full pitifully did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that, he forth would poure so plentious teares,
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue peare't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

5

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And euery day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion shee became, and so continued long.

Vpon

6

Vpon a day, as ſhee him ſate beſide,
By chance he certaine monuments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphœbé* threw
On him, whil'ſt goodly grace ſhe did him ſhew:
Amongſt the reſt, a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7

The ſame he tooke, and with a riband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly ſolace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Her ſelfe ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which ſuddaine accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way ſhe ſtraid.

8

But, when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eye returnd to him againe,
Full of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his iewell he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that ſweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the waſtfull aire,
Vntill ſhe came where wonned his *Belphœbé* faire.

9

There found ſhee her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert ſhade of arbors ſweet,
After late weary toile, which ſhe had tride
In ſaluage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting gnefe, that for her ſake
Her gentle Squire through her diſpleaſure did partake.

10

Shee, her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple breſt
That precious iewell, which ſhe formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribband dreſt:
There-with ſhe roſe in haſte, and her addreſt
With ready hand it to haue reſt away.
But the ſwift bird obayd not her beheſt,
But ſwaru'd aſide, and there againe did ſtay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to aſſay.

11

And euer when ſhe nigh approch't, the Doue
Would ſlit a little forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the pray,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at length, into that foreſt wide
Shee drew her farre, and led with ſlowe delay.
In th'end, ſhe her vnto that place did guide,
Where-as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12

Eftſoones ſhe flew vnto his feareleſſe hand,
And there a pitious ditty new deviz'd,
As if ſhe would haue made him vnderſtand,
His ſorrowes cauſe to be of her deſpis'd.
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weedes diſguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghoſt late riſen from his Graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,
And wiſht it were in her to doe him any grace.

13

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eyes, and like two ſtreames proceed;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her preſence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her ſent,
As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent.

14

Yet nathemore, his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe;
And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlihed
Well weend, that he had been ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That beeing mou'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake.
Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or ſelfe diſliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15

If heauen, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are ſubiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then ſoule rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs, that haue ſo cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull ſcorne
Of life it be, then better doe aviſe.
For, hee whoſe daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not vſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardiſe.

16

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoones he brake
His ſuddaine ſilence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deepe, her thus beſpake;
Then haue they all themſelues againſt me bent:
For heauen (firſt author of my languiſhment)
Envying my too great felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruell one conſent,
To clowd my daies in doolefull miſery,
And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to die.

17

Ne any but your ſelfe, ô deareſt dred,
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthleſſe wight
Your high diſpleaſure, through miſdeeming bred:
That when your pleaſure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redreſſe, and me reſtore to light.
Which ſory words, her mighty hart did mate
With mild regard, to ſee his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours ſtate.

In

18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life, with grace and good accord;
Feareleſſe of Fortunes change, or Envies dread,
And eke all mindleſſe of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking euermore, yet no where him deſcride.

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunc't to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Aemylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorowfull eſtate;
The one right feeble, through the euill rate
Of foode, which in her dureſſe ſhe had found:
The other, almoſt dead and deſperate
Through her late hurts, & through that hapleſſe wound,
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

20

VVhom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay;
But moſt was moued at the pittious view
Of *Amoret*, ſo neere vnto decay,
That her great danger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly deaw
Her wounds, that vnto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
Of that ſame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whoſe bloudy corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all thoſe ſignes he fond.

22

And euer-more, he greatly did deſire
To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare
(No ſeruice lothſome to a gentle kind)
And on his war-like beaſt them both did beare,
Himſelfe by them on foot, to ſuccour them from feare.

23

So, when that foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little cotage farre away they ſpide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman ſitting there beſide,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felneſſe and for ire,
And there-out ſucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſſe:
For, ſhee was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitterneſſe
It forth would breake, and guſh in great exceſſe,
Pouring out ſtreames of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or vertue doe profeſſe;
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne euer Knight ſo bold, ne euer Dame
So chaſte and loyall liu'd, but ſhee would ſtriue
VVith forged cauſe them falſely to defame:
Ne euer thing ſo well was doen aliue,
But ſhe with blame would blot, & of due praiſe depriue.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T'expreſſe the meaning of the inward mind;
But noyſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind;
Which, paſſing through the eares, would pearce the hart,
And wound the ſoule it ſelfe with griefe vnkind:
For, like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did prick, & wound the inner part.

27

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt Princes Court would welcome faine;
But need (that anſwers not to all requeſts)
Bade them not looke for better entertaine;
And eke that age deſpiſed niceneſſe vaine,
Enur'd to hardneſſe and to homely fare,
Which them to war-like diſcipline did traine,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
Againſt all hard miſhaps, and fortuneleſſe miſfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcommed with cold
And chearleſſe hunger) they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And raile at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto reſt themſelues all onely lent,
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be vnuſtly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſ-regard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
VVhoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeeme too light,
For thus conuerſing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to find, that heate of youthfull ſpright
For ought will from his greedy pleaſure ſpare,
More hard for hungry ſteed t'abſtaine from pleaſant lare.

But

30

But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In ſimple truth and blameleſſe chaſtitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it ſelfe in ſoueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his luſt did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31

The Lion there did with the Lambe conſort,
And eke the Doue late by the Faulcons ſide;
Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,
But did in ſafe ſecurity abide,
Withouten perill of the ſtronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing ſhortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesſe woxe bold,
And dared of all ſinnes the ſecrets to vnfold.

32

Then beauty, which was made to repreſent
The great Creators owne reſemblance bright,
Vnto abuſe of lawleſſe luſt was lent,
And made the baite of beſtiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, & foule grew faire in ſight;
And that which wont to vanquiſh God and Man,
Was made the vaſſall of the Victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Deſpis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

33

And now it is ſo vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth ſcarce remaine,
But if few plants (preſeru'd through heauenly ayde)
In Princes Court doe hap to ſprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bounty ſoueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient ſtocke of Princes ſtraine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whoſe noble kind at firſt was ſure of heauenly ſeed.

34

Tho, ſoone as day diſcouered heauens face
To ſinfull men with darkneſſe over-dight,
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampiſh night,
And did themſelues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward ſoftly paſed,
That them to view had been an vncouth ſight;
How all the way the Prince on foot-paſe traced,
The Ladies both on horſe, together faſt embraced.

35

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That ſhamefull Hag (the ſlaunder of her ſex)
Them follow'd faſt, and them reuiled ſore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: there-to ſhe did annex
Falſe crimes and facts, ſuch as they neuer ment,
That thoſe two Ladies much aſham'd did wex:
The more did ſhe purſue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till ſhe had all her poyſon ſpent.

36

At laſt, when they were paſſed out of ſight,
Yet ſhee did not her ſpightfull ſpeech forbeare,
But after them did barke, and ſtill back-bite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The ſtone, which paſſed ſtranger at him threw;
So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of eare,
Againſt the ſtones and trees did raile anew,
Till ſhe had duld the ſting, which in her tongs end grew.

37

They, paſſing forth, kept on their ready way,
With eaſie ſteps ſo ſoft as foote could ſtride,
Both for great feebleſſe, which did oft aſſay
Faire *Amoret*, that ſcarcely ſhee could ride;
And eke through beauy armes, which ſore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare:
Whoſe ſteady hand was faine his ſteed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38

At length, they eſpide, where towards them with ſpeed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie;
Bearing a little Dwarfe before his ſteed,
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
That ſeem'd his ſhrikes would rend the braſen ſky:
VVhom after did a mighty man purſew,
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of ſtature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

39

For, from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
More ſharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames,
Full of ſad powre, that poyſonous bale did breed
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſiliſk, of ſerpents ſeed,
From powrefull eyes cloſe venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40

Hee all the way did rage at that ſame Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curſes vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
Him over-tooke, before he came in view.
Whtre, when he ſaw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his caſe to rew,
And reskew him through ſuccour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him purſewd in ſight.

41

Eftſoones the Prince tooke downe thoſe Ladies twaine
From lofty ſteed, and mounting in their ſtead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread;
Who, as he gan the ſame to him aread,
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was preſt,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
That vnto death had doen him vnredreſt,
Had not the noble Prince his ready ſtroke repreſt.

Who;

42

VVho, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe
Over his head, before the harme came neare.
Nath'lesse, it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare:
There-with both Squire and Dwarfe did tumble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senseleſſe swoune.

43

VVhere-at, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby
He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:
And sure, had not his massie iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happely,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place:
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44

But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare;
And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be slaine.
With that, his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the touse thereof could beare,
And there-with smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with ready quicke fore-sight,
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his body from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudy streame,
His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

46

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sory seem'd and sad,
And howl'd aloude to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue slaine,
Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mighty kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudy fight,
Ne hosts of men with banners brode displpred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
But euer vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For, most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,
By casting secret slakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

49

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
Though nameleſſe there his body now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight
The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eye:
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder sky.
But (ah!) shee giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

50

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,
Dissuaded her from such a disparage.
But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his bands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her first intent,
Resolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:
To which, when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous ease
Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire
This Giants sonne, that lyes there on the laire
An headleſſe heape, him vnawares there caught;
And, all dismaid through mercileſſe despaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dungeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnsought.

52

This Giants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This louely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;
To whom shee did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her Paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
And for his loue, him promist libertie at last.

53

He, though affide vnto a former Loue,
To whom his faith he firmely meant to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold;
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet

54
Yet ſo much fauour ſhee to him hath hight
Aboue the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a Keeper ſtill with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling baſe,
To whom the keyes of euery priſon dore
By her committed be, of ſpeciall grace,
And at his will may whom he liſt reſtore,
And whom he liſt reſerue, to be afflicted more.

55
Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare
(Full inly ſory for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my ſoule did beare)
I thither went; where I did long conceale
My ſelfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
Did ſecretly out of her priſon ſteale;
For, me he did miſtake that Squire to bee:
For, neuer two ſo like did liuing creature ſee.

56
Then was I taken, and before her brought:
Who, through the likeneſſe of my outward hew,
Beeing likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for beeing ſo vntrew,
To ſeeke by flight her fellowſhip t'eſchew,
That lov'd mee deare, as deareſt thing aliue.
Thence ſhe commaunded me to priſon new;
Whereof I glad, did not gaine-ſay nor ſtriue,
But ſuffred that ſame Dwarfe me to her dungeon driue.

57
There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
In heauy plight and ſad perplexitie;
Whereof I ſory, yet my ſelfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my company.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For, all his ioy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſſe,
Was mine and his *Aemylias* libertie.
Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote gheſſe;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did profeſſe.

58
But I, with better reaſon him aviz'd,
And ſhew'd him, how through errour & misthought
Of our like perſons eath to be diſguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought
Conſent, that I, who ſtood all fearleſſe free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree:
Yet over-rul'd, at laſt, he did to me agree.

59
The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.
In ſtead of whom, forth came I *Placidas*,
And vndiſcerned, forth with him did paſs.
There, with great ioyance and with gladſome glee,
Of faire *Pæana* I receiued was,
And oft imbrac'd, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

60
Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preſent need it wiſely vs'd.
My former hardneſſe, firſt, I faire excus'd;
And after, promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne ſake,
For whoſe ſole liberty, I loue and life did ſtake.

61
Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bade to lighten my too heauy band,
And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a freſh ſtreame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly ſnatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62
There-at he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant ſelfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me purſew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchaſe of my gotten pray;
But haue perforce him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand
Thoſe Ladies two (yet doubtfull through diſmay)
In preſence came, deſirous t'vnderſtand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63
Where, ſoone as ſad *Aemylia* did eſpy
Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindleſſe of her wonted modeſtie,
She to him ran, and him with ſtraight embras
Enfolding ſaid, And liues yet *Amyas*?
Hee liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.
Then leſſe, ſaid ſhe, by all the woe I paſs,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what mishap thus long him fro my ſelfe remoues?

64
Then gan he all this ſtory to renew,
And tell the courſe of his captiuity;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And ſigh full ſore, to heare the miſery,
In which ſo long he mercileſſe did lie.
Then, after many teares and ſorrowes ſpent,
She deare beſought the Prince of remedy:
Who there-to did with ready will conſent,
And well perform'd, as ſhall appeare by his event.

Canto IX.

The Squire of lowe degree, releaſt,
Pæana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur ſtints their ſtrife.

1

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe diſpart the hart with powre extreame,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance downe; to
The deare affection vnto kindred ſweet, (weet
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeemes the gentle hart, ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

2

For, naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe,
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpyring to eternall fame.
For, as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſeruice of the body frame;
So loue of ſoule doth loue of body paſs,
No leſſe then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

3

All which who liſt by triall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtory find approued plaine;
In which, this Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Then either care of Parents could reſtraine,
Or loue of faireſt Lady could conſtraine.
For, though *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this truſty Squire with proud diſdaine,
For his friends ſake her offred fauours ſcorne,
And ſhe her ſelfe her ſire, of whom ſhe was yborne.

4

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwaine,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan aduiſe how beſt he mote darraine
That enterprize, for greateſt glories gaine.
That headleſſe Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his vſuall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it aliue was found.

5

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the rider, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe (though with vnwilling ayd)
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his Caſtle they approched neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbard;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

6

There he did find in her delicious boure,
The faire *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

7

Whence beeing forth produc't, when ſhe perceiued
Her owne deare Sire, ſhe cald to him for ayde.
But when of him no aunſwere ſhe receiued,
But ſaw him ſenſeleſſe by the Squire vp-ſtaid,
She weened well, that then ſhe was betraid:
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that ſame Squire of treaſon to vpbraid.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

8

Then tooke he that ſame Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals which there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him aboue a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himſelfe to bee.

VVhom

9

Whom soone as faire *Æmilia* beheld,
And *Placidas*, they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
That faire *Peana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10

But when awhile they had together been,
And diuersly conferred of their case;
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them sawe embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face.
For, they so like in person did appeare,
That she vneath discerned, whether whether were.

11

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so neare,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere,
She had them made a Paragone to be;
Or, whether it through skill, or error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much woondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

12

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure;
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toyle;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

13

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Peana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frollicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant glee:
But grieued was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

14

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better tearms of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speeches well applide,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For, though she were most faire, and goodly dide,
Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15

And for to shut vp all in friendly lotte,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better prieue,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and Lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

16

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blis,
They liv'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enimis
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her dayes,
Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
Had it defac't; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admir'd her change, & spake hir praise.

17

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;
Himselfe, whose minde did trauell as with childe
Of his old loue, conceiu'd in secret breast,
Resolued to pursue his former guest;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18

Feare of her safety did her not constraine.
For, well she wist now in a mighty hond,
Her person late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was, all dangers to withstond.
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

19

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And laweless lust to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their Loues dispersed diuersly,
Yet neither shew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20

At length they came, wher-as a troupe of Knights
They sawe together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight;
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*
By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-lauish *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

21

Druons delight was all in single life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did moue.
So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

22

But those two other, which beside them stood,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
VVhose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
And layd on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghost would riue
Out of their wretched corses, and their liues depriue:

23

As when *Dan Aeolus* in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
VVhom they had lost in Turneyment of late;
And seeking long, to weet which way she straid
Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraid
Of *Até* and *Duessa* they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aid,
This cruell conflict raised there-about,
VVhose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25

For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe:
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
Yet neither would their fiend-like furie slack,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were, for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* rehide.
So all afresh gan former fight renew:
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riuen sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great out-rage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

28

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,
They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,
The which that Britonnesse had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maid;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood,
They from themselues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,
Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sudd'aine fit,
Yet nought dismaid, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
But beeing doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30

The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:
Yet did those two themselues so brauely beare,
That th'other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely were,
And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

31

Full often-times did *Britomart* assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue
The taste of bloud of some engored beast,
No wordes may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So little did they harken to her sweet beheast.

32

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so vnequall match oppreſt,
His mighty hart with indignation swel'd,
And inward grudge fild his heroick breſt:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde addreſt.
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preasse,
Diuided them, how euer loth to reſt,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But

33

But they ſo farre from peace or patience were,
That all attonce at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a ſtorme, which hovers vnder sky
Long here and there, and round about doth ſtie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and ſleet,
Firſt, from one coaſt, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide, till all the world it weet.

34

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet beeing freſh vntoucht afore;
Who them with ſpeeches milde gan firſt diſſwade
From ſuch foule out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till ſeeing them through ſuffrance hartned more,
Him ſelfe he bent their furies to abate:
And layd at them ſo ſharpely and ſo ſore,
That ſhortly them compelled to retrate,
And beeing brought in danger, to relent too late.

35

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He meant to make them knowe their follies priſe,
Had not thoſe two him inſtantly deſired
T'aſſwage his wrath, and pardon their meſpriſe.
At whoſe requeſt he gan himſelfe adviſe
To ſtay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as liſt them to deuiſe:
Mongſt which, the cauſe of their ſo cruell heat
He did them aske: who all that paſſed gan repeat;

36

And told at large, how that ſame errant Knight,
To weet, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publique praiſe had them deſpoyled,
And alſo of their priuate Loues beguiled;
Of two, full hard to read the hatder theft.
But ſhee, that wrongfull challenge ſoone aſſoyled,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft
(As they ſuppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes, ſir Knight, ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honour both of Armes ye ſhame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchiſe euer yeelded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom clame,
And in that right, ſhould by all knights be ſhielded:
Gainſt which me ſeemes this wary ee wrongfully haue wielded.

38

And yet, quoth ſhe, a greater wrong remaines:
For, I thereby my former Loue haue loſt;
Whom ſeeking euer ſince with endleſſe paines,
Hath me much ſorrow and much trauell coſt:
Aye me! to ſee that gentle mayd ſo toſt.
But *Scudamour*, then ſighing deepe, thus ſaid;
Certes, her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt,
Whoſe right ſhe is, where-euer ſhe be ſtraide,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39

For, from the firſt that I her loue profeſt,
Vnto this howre, this preſent luckleſſe howre,
I neuer ioyed happineſſe nor reſt;
But, thus turmoild from one to other ſtowre,
I waſte my life, and doe my dayes deuoure
In wretched anguiſh, and inceſſant woe,
Paſſing the meaſure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch, and louing ſo,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40

Then good ſir *Claribell* him thus beſpake;
Now were it not ſir *Scudamour* to you
Diſlikefull paine, ſo ſad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, ſith this gentle crew
Is now ſo well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that adventure, which ye did aſſay
For that faire Ladies loue: paſt perils well apay.

41

So gan the reſt him likewiſe to require;
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whoſe great deſire
He glad to ſatisfie, him ſelfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchiuement, as to him befell:
And all thoſe dangers vnto them declar'd:
Which ſith they cannot in this Canto well
Compriſed be, I will them in another tell.

Canto X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is deſcrib'd,
and Louers life forth ſet.

1

TRue hee it ſaid, what-euer man it ſaid,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For, ſince the day that firſt with deadly wound
My hart was launc't, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but ſtill with care was moued.

2

And yet ſuch grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their ſettled mindes remoue,
But ſeeme gainſt common ſenſe to them moſt ſweet;
As boſting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,
Sith of my Loue at length I reſt aſſured,
That to diſloyaltie ſhe will not be allured.

3

Long were to tell the trauell and long toyle,
Through which this ſhield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchaſed this peereleſſe beauties ſpoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But ſince ye ſo deſire, your will be donne.
Then harke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard miſhaps, that ye may learne to ſhonne;
For, though ſweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

4

What time the fame of this renowmed priſe
Flew firſt abroad, and all mens eares poſſeſt,
I hauing armes then taken, gan aviſe
To winne me honour by ſome noble geſt,
And purchaſe me ſome place amongſt the beſt.
I boldly thought (ſo young mens thoughts are bold)
That this ſame braue emprize for me did reſt,
And that both ſhield and ſhe whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; ſith all by lot we hold.

5

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill ſhortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long ſince this ſame,
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
And all the others pauement were with Ivory ſpilt.

6

And it was ſeated in an Iſland ſtrong,
Abounding all with delices moſt rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainſt invaders wrong,
That none more haue acceſſe, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that paſſage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wiſe,
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,
And (arched all with porches) did ariſe
On ſtately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guiſe.

7

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a Caſtle faire and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges ſides along,
Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whoſe office was, againſt all manner wights,
By all meanes to maintaine that Caſtles ancient rights.

8

Before that Caſtle was an open Plaine,
And in the midſt thereof a pillour placed;
On which this ſhield, of many ſought in vaine,
The ſhield of Loue, whoſe guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;
And in the Marble ſtone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Bleſſed the man that well can vſe his bliſs:
Whoſe-euer be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.

Which

9

Which when I read, my hart did inly yearne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my ſpeare vpon the ſhield did rap,
That all the Caſtle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth iſſew'd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And brauely mounted to his moſt mishap:
Who, ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his horſes hoofe.

10

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him vnſeated.
Eftſoones out ſprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the ſhield, with me did it retaine.

11

So forth without impediment I paſt,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt.
I knockt, but no man aunſwerd me by name;
I cald, but no man aunſwerd to my clame.
Yet I perſeuer'd ſtill to knocke and call;
Till at the laſt I eſpide within the ſame,
Where one ſtood peeping through a creuis ſmall;
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

12

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,
Vnto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
Therein reſembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proued perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoſe cauſe did not appeare.

13

On th'one ſide he, on th'other ſate *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might eſpy;
Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertaine with her occaſions ſly;
Through which ſome loſt great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languiſhing there in vnpittied paine,
And ſeeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14

Mee when as hee had priuily eſpide,
Bearing the ſhield which I had conquer'd late,
He kend it ſtraight, and to me opened wide.
So in I paſt, and ſtraight he clos'd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to ſtay,
Fenning full many a fond excuſe to prate,
And time to ſteale the threaſure of mans day;
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

15

But by no meanes my way I would forſlowe,
For ought that euer ſhe could doe or ſay;
But from my lofty ſteed diſmounting lowe,
Paſt forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and ſtones of rich aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling ſtill (will.
With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerue the vvorkmans

16

Thence, forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
The *Gate of good deſert*, whoſe goodly pride
And coſtly frame, were long here to relate.
The ſame to all ſtood alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That ſtopt the entrance with his ſpacious ſtride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

17

His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
VVho day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forſtall,
And faint-hart-fooles, whom ſhew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at firſt eſpiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faireſt hope, withouten further triall.

18

Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſternenеſſe of his looke abide;
But ſoone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Againe, ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like waies,
Crept in by ſtooping lowe, or ſtealing of the kaies.

19

But I, though meaneſt man of many moe,
Yet much diſdeigning vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, ſo in to goe,
Reſolv'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftſoones advauncing that enchaunted ſhield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he ſaw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forth-with t'avale, and way vnto me yield.

20

So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earſt appeare.
For, hatred, murther, treaſon, and deſpight,
With many moe, lay in ambuſhment there,
Awaiting to entrap the wareleſſe wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-ſight.

21

Thus hauing paſt all perill, I was come
Within the compaſſe of that Iſlands ſpace;
The which did ſeeme vnto my ſimple doome,
The onely pleaſant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For, all that Nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of ſubſtance baſe,
Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing ſecond Natures part) ſupplyed it.

22

No tree, that is of count, in greene-wood growes,
From loweſt Iuniper to Ceder tall;
No flowre in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with bloſſomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to pleaſe it ſelfe withall;
Nor hart could wiſh for any queint deuice,
But there it preſent was, and did fraile ſenſe entice.

23

In ſuch luxurious plenty of all pleaſure,
It ſeem'd a ſecond paradiſe to bee,
So lauiſhly enricht with Natures threaſure,
That if the happy ſoules, which doe poſſeſſe
Th'Elyſian fields, and liue in laſting bleſſe,
Should happen this with liuing eye to ſee,
They ſoone would loathe their leſſer happineſſe,
And wiſh to life return'd againe to gheſſe.
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24

Freſh ſhadowes, fit to ſhroude from ſunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the ſunne in ſeaſon dew;
Sweet ſprings, in which a thouſand Nymphs did play;
Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle ſlumber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Lowe looking dales, diſloigned from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to ſolace Louers trew;
Falſe Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which, by Nature made, did Nature ſelfe amaze.

25

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleaſant arbors pight,
And ſhadie ſeates, and ſundry flowring bankes,
To ſit and reſt the walkers weary ſhankes:
And therein thouſand payres of Louers walkt,
Prayſing their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26

All theſe together by themſelues did ſport
Their ſpotleſſe pleaſures, and ſweet loues content.
But farre away from theſe, another ſort
Of Louers linked in true harts conſent;
Which loued not as theſe, for like intent,
But on chaſte vertue grounded their deſire,
Farre from all fraude, or fained blandiſhment;
Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more aſpire.

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;
True *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* truſtie tryde;
Stout *Theſeus*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades, and *Oreſtes* by his ſide;
Milde *Titus*, and *Geſippus* without pride;
Damon and *Pythias*, whom death could not ſeuer:
All theſe, and all that euer had beene tyde,
In bands of friendſhip, there did liue for euer;
Whoſe liues, although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

28

Which, when as I, that neuer taſted bliſs,
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endleſſe happineſſe enuy,
That beeing free from feare and iealouſie,
Might frankly there their loues deſire poſſeſſe;
Whil'ſt I, through paines and perlous ieopardie,
Was forc't to ſeeke my lifes deare patroneſſe: (ſtreſſe.
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29

Yet all thoſe ſights, and all that elſe I ſaw,
Might not my ſteps with-hold, but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beauty, and of loue the mother,
There worſhipped of euery liuing wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip fatre paſt all other
That euer were on earth, all were they ſet together.

30

Not that ſame famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whoſe height all *Epheſus* did ouer-ſee,
And which all *Aſia* ſought with vowes profane,
One of the worlds ſeauen wonders ſaid to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe King of *Iurie* framed,
With endleſſe coſt, to be th'Almighties ſee;
Nor all that elſe through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

31

I, much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approch't, which open ſtood;
But therein ſate an amiable Dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblant ſhew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore, much like vnto a Daniſk hood,
Poudred with pearle and ſtone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full lowe adowne.

32

On either ſide of her, two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Then th'elder, and him mayſtred ſtill in all debate.

Nath'leſſe,

33

Nath'leſſe, that Dame ſo weil them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did ſtand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuskes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

34

Concord ſhee cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly ſeed,
And ſhe herſelfe likewiſe diuinely grew;
The which right well her workes diuine did ſhew:
For, ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſſe ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and warre, and anger does ſubdew:
Of little much, of foes ſhe maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds, ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

35

By her the heauen is in his courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate vnmoued ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Elſe would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
Shee is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36

By her I entring, halfe diſmayed was;
But ſhee in gentle wiſe me entertayned,
And twixt her ſelfe and Loue did let me paſs;
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue reſtrained,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Lady, with her powrefull ſpeach,
Him from his wicked will vneath refrained;
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

37

Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankenſence I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaines, and girlonds gay,
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which fad Louers for their vowes did pay; (May.
And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres, as freſh as

38

An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in clowdes, to heauen did aſpire,
And in them bore true Louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in ioy and amorous deſire,
Euery of which was to a Damzell hight;
For, all the Prieſts were Damzels, in ſoft linnen dight.

39

Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand,
Vpon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance was vneath to vnderſtand:
For, neither pretious ſtone, nor durefull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to cryſtall glaſs,
Yet glaſſe was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But beeing faire and brickle, likeſt glaſſe did ſeeme.

40

But it in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But couered with a ſlender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a ſnake, whoſe head & taile were faſt combined.

41

The cauſe why ſhe was couered with a veile,
VVas hard to knowe, for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the worke mote blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kindes in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She ſire and mother is her ſelfe alone;
Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

42

And all about her necke and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loues, and ſports, and ioyes,
VVith nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whil'ſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldeſt brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

43

And all about her altar, ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of Louers pittiouſly complaining;
Some of their loſſe, ſome of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraude, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cauſe of good or ill.
Amongſt the reſt, ſome one through loues conſtrayning
Tormented ſore, could not containe it ſtill,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

44

Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Dooſt faireſt ſhine, and moſt adorne thy place,
That with thy ſmiling looke dooſt pacifie
The raging ſeas, and mak'ſt the ſtormes to flie:
Thee goddeſſe, thee the winds, the clowdes do feare,
And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleaſant Lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & all the world ſhewes ioyous cheare.

Thou

45

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres:
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all do learne to play the Paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46

Then do the salnage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doest drawe them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

47

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repaire:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

48

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease vnto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hie.

49

The first of them did seem of riper yeares,
And grauer countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the best.
Her name was *Womanhood*, that she expresst
By her sad semblant and demeanure wise:
For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random after gazers guise,
Whose luring baytes oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

50

And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastnesse*;
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against, sweet *Cheerefulnesse* was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

51

And next to her sate sober *Modestie*,
Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;
And her against sate comely *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

52

Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the morne, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:
That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

53

Whom soone as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For, sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladyes loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

54

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer-bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold:
For, ill your goddesse seruices are dresst
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

55

With that my shield I forth to her did showe,
Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And sayd no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like wary Hynd within the weedy soyle,
For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

56

And euermore vpon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence:
And nought for niceness nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

Shee

57

Shee often prayd, and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching ſmyles: but yet for nought,
That euer ſhe to mee could ſay or doe,
Could ſhe her wiſhed freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much adoe:
But that ſame Lady which me friended late
In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

58

No leſſe did danger threaten me with dread,
When as he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious ſpoile of beauty with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
But euermore my ſhield did me defend,
Againſt the ſtorme of euery dreadfull ſtoure:
Thus ſafely with my Loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Canto XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wed,
and feaſts the Sea-gods all.

1

BVt ah for pitty! that I haue thus long
Left a faire Lady languiſhing in paine:
Now weal-away, that I haue doen ſuch wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,
In bands of loue, and in ſad thraldomes chaine;
From which, vnleſſe ſome heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

2

Heere needs you to remember, how ere-while
Vnlouely *Proteus*, miſſing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dungeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaines her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
Her conſtant mind could moue at all he ſaw,
He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke
Did need to gard from force, or ſecret theft
Of all her Louers, which would her haue reft.
For, wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the clifſe in peeces would haue cleft:
Beſides, ten thouſand monſters foule abhord
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

4

And in the midſt thereof did horror dwell,
And darkeneſſe drad, that neuer viewed day;
Like to the balefull houſe of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
There did this luckleſſe mayd three months abide,
Ne euer euening ſaw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night deſcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her deſpis'd (ah! who would her deſpiſe?)
And womens loue did from his hart expell,
And all thoſe ioyes that weake mankind entiſe.
Nath'leſſe, his pride full dearely he did priſe;
For, of a woman hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell ſtroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6

Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother ſought,
And many ſalues did to his ſore apply,
And many herbes did vſe. But when as nought
She ſaw could eaſe his rankling maladie,
At laſt, to *Tryphon* ſhee for helpe did hie
(This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods ſurgeon hight)
Whom ſhee beſought to find ſome remedy:
And for his paines, a whiſtle him behight,
That of a fiſhes ſhell was wrought with rare delight.

So

7

So well that Leach did harke to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull paine,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthfull ſtate againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſſe proued ouer all.

8

It fortun'd then, a ſolemne feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull ſeed,
In honour of the ſpouſalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proude Nymph, would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

9

So both agreed, that this their bridale feaſt
Should for the gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both moſt and leaſt,
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
As that in riuers ſwim, or brookes doe wade.
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braſs I had,
And endleſſe memory, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10

Helpe therefore, ô thou ſacred imp of *Ioue*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
To whom thoſe rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all thoſe floods,
And all thoſe Nymphes, which then aſſembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their ſundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

11

Firſt, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall;
His deawy locks did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his ſide, his Queene with Coronall,
Faire *Amphitrité*, moſt diuinely faire,
Whoſe Iuory ſhoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne ſiluer haire:
And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian ſeas for her prepare.

12

Theſe marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineall deſcent:
Firſt, the Sea-gods, which to themſelues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

13

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom thoſe old Heröes wonne ſuch fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe ſoothſayes vnderſtood;
And tragick *Inoes* ſonne, the which became
A God of ſeas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is Saylers friend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Aſtræus*, that did ſhame
Himſelfe with inceſt of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempeſts ſtill portend.

14

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, louely brethren both;
Mighty *Chryſaor*, and *Caicus* ſtrong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

15

There alſo, ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſonnes of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncienteſt,
And *Inachus*, renowm'd aboue the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, beſt;
And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Iſlands hold.

16

For, *Albion*, the ſonne of *Neptune* was;
Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot paſs
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſſe might:
And there his mortall part by great miſchance
Was ſlaine: but that which is th'immortall ſpright
Liues ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

17

But what doe I their names ſeeke to reherſe,
Which all the world haue with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contained be, and in ſmall compaſſe hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And knowe the moniments of paſſed times:
Onely what needeth, ſhall be here fulfild,
T'expreſſe ſome part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

18

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
Old *Tethys*, th'oldeſt two of all the reſt;
For, all the reſt, of thoſe two Parents came,
Which afterward both ſea and land poſſeſt:
Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldeſt and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt;
Moſt void of guile, moſt free from foule deſpight,
Dooing himſelfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortolde,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wise is *Nereus* old,
And so well skild; nath'lesse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport and toy.

20

And after him the famous riuers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the Mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with bloud
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, glistring with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood

21

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possesse the same.

22

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold;
The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
Lose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates view,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

24

So went he playing on the watry Playne.
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient *Thame*.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men do Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed she,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

25

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which
Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

26

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire Citie, wherein make-abode
So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,
And with their branches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double nourserey,
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glorifie.

27

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittring like Crystall glas,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
In which were many Towres and Castles set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

28

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* palace she doth take her way;
Old *Cybelé*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet, the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

29

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay:
All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that eft doth lose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

30

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet seruice waited him about;
Ne one disdained lowe to him to lout:
No not the stately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters lowe before him fall.

31

There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which diuides
The Corniſh, and the Deuoniſh confines;
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh choakt with ſands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more ſtately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Briſtow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

32

And there came Stoure with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his ſixe deformed heads on hie,
That doth his courſe through Blandford Plains direct,
And waſheth Winborne meades in ſeaſon drie.
Next him, went Wylibourne with paſſage ſlye,
That of his wylineſſe his name doth take,
And of him ſelfe doth name the ſhire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nouſling Mole doth make
His way ſtill vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood god, and flowing faſt to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent ioyfully
Of his owne fiſh vnto their feſtiual, (call.
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhewe, the which they Ruffins

34

Next theſe, the plentious Ouſe came far from land,
By many a City, and by many a Towne,
And many Rivers, taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muſe, and many a learned wit.

35

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old ſawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the *Nene* downe ſoftly ſlid;
And bountious Trent, that in him ſelfe enſeames
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreames.

36

Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony banke
That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly flanke
Againſt the Picts, that ſwarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualſeuer they do call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

37

Then came thoſe ſixe ſad brethren, like forlorne,
That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymph yborne,
Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, ſwift Werfe, and Oze the moſt of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

38

But paſt not long, ere *Brutus* warlike ſonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the ſame date,
Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall doome repayd on his owne pate:
For, in the ſelfe ſame riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the Riuer of his wretched fate;
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft toſſed with his ſtormes, which therein ſtill remaine.

39

Theſe after, came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long vgone
Did call diuine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway, which out of his ſtreame doth ſend
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,
All theſe together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

40

Ne thence the Iriſh Riuers abſent were,
Sith no leſſe famous then the reſt they be,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in loue agree,
And ioy likewiſe this ſolemne day to ſee?
They ſawe it all, and preſent were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the ſauuage countries, thorough which they paſe.

41

There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſant Boyne, the fiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the Engliſh man
Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerranne,
Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And *Mulla* mine, whoſe waues I whilom taught to weep.

42

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Giant *Blomius* begot
Of the faire Nymph *Rheëſa* wandring there.
One day, as ſhe to ſhunne the ſeaſon hot,
Vnder Slewbloome in ſhady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
Whereof conceiuing, ſhe in time forth brought
Theſe three faire ſons, which being thence forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countries ſcowrd.

The

43

The firſt, the gentle Shure, that making way
By ſweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roſſeponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe boſome:
All which long ſundred, doe at laſt accord
To ioine in one, ere to the ſea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at laſt become.

44

There alſo was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleaſant Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The ſpreading Lee, that like an Iſland faire
Encloſeth Corke with his diuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late ſtayned with Engliſh bloud:
With many more, whoſe names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order ſeemely good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful ſeruice, as to them befell.

45

Then came the Bride, the louing *Medua* came,
Clad in a veſture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth faſhion, yet her well became;
That ſeem'd like ſiluer, ſprinkled here and there
With glittering ſpangs, that did like ſtarres appeare,
And wav'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it ſelfe, to let men plainely wot,
It was no mortall worke, that ſeem'd and yet was not.

46

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flowe
Vnto her waſte, with flowres beſcattered,
The which ambroſiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her ſhoulders ſpred
As a new ſpring: and likewiſe on her head
A Chapelet of ſundry flowres ſhe wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour, ſhed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47

On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cald the *Theiſe*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amiſſe to mend,
And both behind vp-held her ſpredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her ſiluer feet, faire waſht againſt this day:
And her before there paſed Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doune* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her way.

48

And after theſe the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their ſire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
The gray-eyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, ſweet *Endoré*, *Sao* ſad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galené* glad;

49

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamené*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Paſithee*, kinde *Eulimené*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and ſweete *Melite*,
Fareſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agauć*, *Poris*, and *Neſea*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panope*, and wiſe *Protomedea*,
And ſnowy neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathea*;

50

Speedy *Hippothoé*, and chaſte *Actea*,
Large *Liſianaſſa*, and *Pronæa* ſage,
Euagoré, and light *Pontopore.a*,
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſwage
The ſurging ſeas, when they doe ſoreſt rage,
Cymodocé, and ſtout *Autonoé*,
And *Neſo*, and *Eioné* well in age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconomé*,
And ſhe that hight of many heſts *Polynomé*;

51

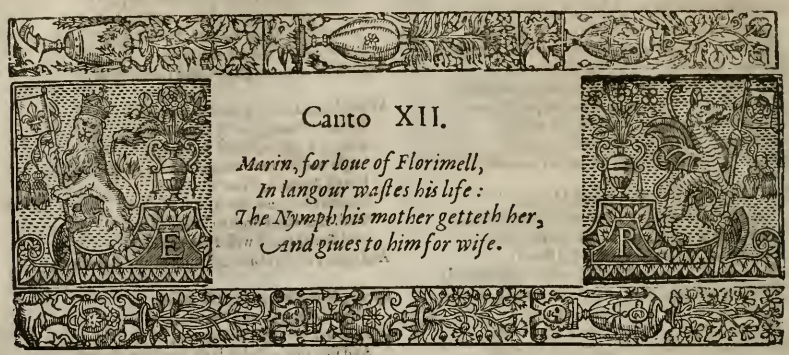
Preſt *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedeawed wreſts:
Laomedia, like the cryſtall ſheene;
Liagoré, much prayſd for wiſe beheſts;
And *Pſamathé*, for her broad ſnowy breaſts;
Cymo, *Eupompé*, and *Themiſté* iuſt;
And ſhe that vertue loues and vice deteſts,
Euarna, and *Menippé* true in truſt,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luſt,

52

All theſe the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,
Which haue the ſea in charge to them aſſignde,
To rule his tides, and ſurges to vp-rere,
To bring forth ſtormes, or faſt them to vp-binde,
And ſailers ſaue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet beſides, three thouſand more there were
Of th'Oceans ſeede, but *Ioues and Phœbus* kind;
The which in flouds and fountaines doe appeare,
And all mankinde do nourиſh with their waters cleare.

53

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the ſands, or count the ſtarres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that theſe which I deſcry,
Were preſent at this great ſolemnity:
And there amongſt the reſt, the mother was
Of luckleſſe *Marinell*, *Cymodocé*;
Which, for my Muſe her ſelfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-paſs.



Canto XII.

Marin, for loue of Florimell,
In langour wastes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

1

What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny;
Whose fruitfull seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky?
For, much more eath to tell the stars on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posteritie:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

2

Therefore the antique wizards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented:
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Riuers yet vnread:
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

3

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodoce*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

4

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disaduentrous case.

5

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliefe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiously complaynd her carefull griefe,
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemone.
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

6

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare:
Yet hoping, griefe may lessen being tolde,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euills hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

7

Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,
Do pearce the Rockes, and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

8

And when my weary ghost with griefe out-worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppest.
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case;

Yee

9

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I dayly dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death, for louing one
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me dy and end my dayes attone,
And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue himselfe alone.

10

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let me liue, as louers ought to doe,
And of my lifes deare Loue beloued be:
And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,
Do you by dureſſe him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free:
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

11

But ô vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and waild, as if her heart
Would quite haue burst through great aboundance of her (smart.

12

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare:
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it were
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

13

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage something mollified,
Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystering bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

14

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

15

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or issew forth belowe;
For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe
He wist not how, her thence away to beare;
And danger well he wist long to continue there.

16

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
To damne himselfe by euery euill name,
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despis'd so chast and faire a Dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

17

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her vnworthy paine:
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

18

And now by this, the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his Loue in that sea-walled fort,
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But her attending in full seemely sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

19

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence farre from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empeare't his heart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe;

20

That in short space his wonted cheare full hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he n'ote stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to sturre or moue.

21

Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene.
Ne could by search nor any meanes out-find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne:
Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend;
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

22

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister malady it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amiss,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled vnder th'orifice:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

23

Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haste,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plac't,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient;
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured;

24

But that it was some other malady,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake and yerne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who still her answered, there was nought.

25

Nath'lesse she rested not so satisfide:
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the shiny heauen in haste she hide,
And thence *Apollo* king of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out-find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued minde;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold;
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieue:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieue,
And wooe with faire intreaty, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphs his heart so sore did mieue.
For, sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

27

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware;
Which being meant of mortall creatures sead,
For loue of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him what-euer wight she were
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chase, and grieue in euery vaine.

28

Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of danger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

29

To *Proteus* selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,
Who was the roote and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his maiestie,
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30

To whom god *Neptune* softly smyling, thus;
Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For, death t'award I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the seas sole Soveraigne.
Read therfore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth disceuer plaine.
For, neuer wight so euill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretende, though rightly nought.

31

To whom she answerd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleuie, and my sonne repriue:
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

32

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Vnder the sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commanding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiuing with meete thankfulnesse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Yet

33
Yet durſt he not the warrant to withſtand,
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
Whom ſhe receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admir'd her beauty much, as ſhe mote well:
For, ſhe all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioious that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne *Marinell*.
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him, then being ſore beſtad.

34
Who ſoone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpiritinly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

35
Right ſo him ſelfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
When he in place his deareſt Loue did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret heart affected,
But that ſhe masked it with modeſty,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR

Of Juſtice.

1

SO oft as I, with ſtate of preſent time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quight out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſſe growes daily worſe and worſe.

2

For, from the golden age, that firſt was named,
It's now at earſt become a ſtony one;
And men themſelues, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backes (ſo backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione:*
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

3

Let none then blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of civill vſes lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique vſe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it ſelfe deſired,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When Iuſtice was not for moſt meed out-hyred,
But ſimple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

4

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are changed quight.
No wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from, where it firſt was pight,
And ſo do make contrarie conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

5

For, whoſo liſt into the heauens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they firſt tooke
Their ſetting foorth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Hellé* from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

And

6

And eke the Bull hath with his boaw-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue cruſht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemean* lions groue.
So now all range, and do at random roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiſſe do moue,
And all his creatures from their courſe aſtraie,
Till they arriue at their laſt ruinous decay.

7

Ne is that ſame great glorious lamp of light,
That doth enlumine all theſe leſſer fyres,
In better caſe, ne keepes his courſe more right,
But is miſcarried with the other Spheres.
For, ſince the tearm of fourteene hundred yeares
That learned *Ptolomæe* his height did take,
He is declined from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake:
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forſake.

8

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue beſt inſight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth Weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.
But moſt is *Mars* amiſſe of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be beſt.

9

For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's ſayd,
That all the world with goodneſſe did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfulll trumpets ſound,
Peace vniuerſall raignd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iuſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemne feaſts,
And to all people did diuide her dread beheaſts;

10

Moſt ſacred vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might;
Whoſe ſoueraigne powre is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iuſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like him ſelfe in glorious ſight,
To ſit in his owne ſeat, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11

Dread ſoueraigne goddeſſe, that doeſt higheſt ſit
In ſeate of iudgement, in th'Almighties ſtead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt Nations filles with awefull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo diuine a read,
As thy great iuſtice prayſed ouer all;
The inſtrument whereof loe here thy *Arthegall*.

Canto I.

Arthegall trayn'd in Iuſtice lore
Irenaes queſt purſewed:
He doth auenge on Sanglier
His Ladies bloud embrewed.

1

THough vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeed of vice
Began to ſpring; which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe vp, inſpired with heröicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rankes did deface.

2

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th'Eaſt, before vntam'd, did ouerronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly fordonne.
There Iuſtice firſt her princely rule begonne.
Next, *Hercules* his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed;
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And

3

And ſuch was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iuſtice, *Arthegall*.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to ſuccour a diſtreſſed Dame,
Whom a ſtrong tyrant did vniuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage, which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

4

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe;
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gracious redreſſe.
That ſoueraigne Queene, that mighty Empereſſe,
Whoſe glorie is to ayde all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patroneſſe,
Choſe *Arthegall* to righter her to reſtore;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt skild in righteous lore.

5

For, *Arthegall* in iuſtice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Aſtræa*, with great induſtry,
Whil'ſt here on earth ſhe lived mortally.
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquity,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice them inſtructed well.

6

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Vpon a day ſhe found this gentle childe,
Amongſt his peeres playing his childiſh ſport:
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with giftes and ſpeeches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre ſhe brought
Into a caue from company exilde,
In which ſhe nourſled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the diſcipline of iuſtice there him taught.

7

There ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equity to meaſure out along,
According to the line of conſcience,
When ſo it needs with rigour to diſpence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She cauſed him to make experience
Vpon wyld beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

8

Thus ſhe him trayned, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripeneſſe of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beaſts did feare his aweſull ſight,
And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durſt withſtand
His dreadfull heaſt, much leſſe him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When-ſo he liſt in wrath hiſt vp his ſteely brand.

9

Which ſteely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In *Ioues* eternall houſe, vnwiſt of wight,
Since he himſelfe it vs'd in that great fight
Againſt the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainſt higheſt heauen; *Chryſaor* it was hight;
Chryſaor, that all other ſwords excelled,
Well prov'd in that ſame day, when *Ioue* thoſe Gyants quelled.

10

For, of moſt perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſhed all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wiſe, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no leſs vertue, then of fame.
For, there no ſubſtance was ſo firm and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where-ſo it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereſoeuer it did light, it throughly ſhar'd.

11

Now, when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtræa loathing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heauen, whence ſhe deriv'd her race;
Where ſhe hath now an euerlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelue ſignes, which nightly we doe ſee
The heauens bright-ſhining baudrike to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, ſixt in her degree:
And next her ſelfe, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

12

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,
And do what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, reſiſtleſſe, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yron flaile did holde,
With which he threſht out falſhood, & did truth vnfolde.

13

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunc't to need,
Againſt that cruell Tyrant, which oppreſt
The faire *Irena* with his foule miſdeed,
And kept the Crowne in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed.
And now together on their way they bin
When as they ſawe a Squire in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorrowfull ſad tine,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

14

To whom as they approached, they eſpide
A ſory ſight, as euer ſeene with eye;
An headleſſe Ladie lying him beſide,
In her owne bloud all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull ſight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly:
He askt, who had that Dame ſo foully dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah!

15

Ah! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
Burſting forth teares, like ſprings out of a banke,
That euer I this diſmall day did ſee:
Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke;
Yet little loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
If I ſhould grant that I haue doen the ſame,
That I more drink the cup, whereof ſhe dranke:
But that I ſhould dy guilty of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame.

16

Who was it then, ſayd *Arthegall*, that wrought?
And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight, ſayd he, if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud imbrew,
And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
With a faire Loue, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in company
This luckleſſe Lady, which now here doth headleſſe lie.

17

He, whether mine ſeem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both as may be knowen,
But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride vp-blowne,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
But hauing from his courſer her downe-throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawleſſe might,
And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of ſight.

18

Which when his Lady ſawe, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie
Not ſo to leaue her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his hand beſought to die.
With that, his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with ſcorne,
In that ſame place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his & mine owne Loue to moume.

19

Aread, ſayd he, which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, quoth he, him ſoone to ouertake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;
And as I marked, bore vpon his ſhield,
By which its eaſie him to knowe againe,
A broken ſword within a bloody field;
Expreſſing well his nature which the ſame did wield.

20

No ſooner ſayd, but ſtraight he after ſent
His yron page, who him purſew'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd aboue the ground he went:
For, he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as Lion in his lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (ſo cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the firſt he gheſſed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his ſhield he took.

21

He bade him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commanded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whil'ſt he reformed that vnciuill foe:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did goe.
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtones throwe;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a ſenſeleſs blocke.

22

But ere he could him ſelfe recure againe,
Him in his Iron pawe he ſeized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found him ſelfe vnwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the Lady ſore adrad,
And fayn'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forc't to wend withall.

23

When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
By that ſame carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereupon defide:
For, neyther he did ſhed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24

Well did the Squire perceiue him ſelfe too weake,
To anſwere his defiance in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with ſpeare and ſhield.
And rather guilty choſe him ſelfe to yield.
But *Arthegall* by ſignes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that ſtrange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtraine;

25

And ſayd, Now ſure this doubtfull cauſes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or elſe by ordele, or by bloody fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide.
But if ye pleaſe, that I your cauſe decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarell end,
So ye will ſweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both attend.

26

Sith then, ſayd he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Diuided be betwixt you here in ſight,
And each of either take his ſhare aright.
But looke who does diſſent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day ſhall in deſpight
Beare for his penance that ſame Ladies head;
To witneſſe to the world, that ſhe by him his dead.

Well

27

VVell pleaſed with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred ſtraight the Lady to be ſlaine.
But that ſame Squire, to whom ſhe was more dere,
When as he ſawe ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Aliue, then to himſelfe be ſhared dead:
And rather then his Loue ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that Ladies head.
True loue deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is eald in dread.

28

Whom when ſo willing *Arthegall* perceaued;
Not ſo thou Squire, he ſaid, but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For, worthy thou of her dooſt rightly ſeeme.
And you, ſir Knight, that loue ſo light eſteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the ſame,
Take here your owne, that doth you beſt beſeeme,
And with it beare the burden of deſame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your ſhame.

29

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breaſt.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who, when he ſaw it bootleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

30

Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard;
And (as his Squire) him offred euermore
To ſerue, for want of other meet reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent;
But leauing him, forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

Canto II.

Arthegall heares of Florimell,
does with the Pagan fight:
Him ſlaies, drownes Lady Momera,
does raſe her Caſtle quight.

1

NOught is more honorable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry.
Whilome thoſe great Heröes got thereby
Their greateſt glory, for their rightful deeds,
And place deſerued with the Gods on hie.
Herein the nobleſſe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iuſtice ſake proceeds.

2

To which as hee now was vpon the way,
He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfe in haſty courſe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haſte to ſtay,
Till he of tydings mote with him diſcourſe.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforce,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe:
But chiefely of the faireſt *Florimell*,
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſde to *Marinell*.

3

For, this was *Dony*, *Florimell's* owne Dwarfe;
Whom hauing loſt (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,
And ſafe returne, he was full inly glad;
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be ſolemnis'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her ſpouſall ad.

4

Within three dayes, quoth hee, as I do heare,
It will be at the Caſtle of the *Strond*;
What time, if nought me let, I will be there
To doe her ſeruice, ſo as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges paſſage by ſtrong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that paſſage for to ſhonne.

5

VVhat miſter wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers ſuch harmes?
He is, ſaid he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Hauing great Lordſhips got and goodly farmes,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtill them holds, & keepes with ſtrong effort.

6

And daily hee his wrongs encreaſeth more:
For, neuer wight he lets to paſſe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in pitious wiſe;
But he himſelfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

7

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,
And makes them ſubiect to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For, on a bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-(ſight.

8

And vnderneath the ſame a riuer flowes,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom-ſo he ouer-throwes,
All deſtitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
But he himſelfe, through practiſe vtuall,
Leapes forth into the flood, and there aſſaies
His foe, confuſed through his ſuddaine fall,
That horſe and man he equally diſmaies,
And eyther both them drownes, or traytcrouſly ſlaies.

9

Then doth he take the ſpoyle of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
The coffers of her wicked threaſury;
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped vp ſo hy,
That many Princes ſhe in wealth exceeds,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenew of her plentious meedes;
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10

There-to ſhee is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and ſiluer feete beſide,
That many Lords haue her to wife deſired:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now by my life, ſaid he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11

Vnto the place he came within awhile,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he aunſwerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he did expire.

12

Which, when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtraight himſelfe vnto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, where-as they breſt to breſt
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood: ſtraight leapt the Carle vnbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13

There beeing both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blóud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vſe well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That often-times him nigh he ouer-threw:
And eke the courſer, where-vpon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his back beſtrad.

14

Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſte;
And to him driuing ſtrongly downe the tide,
Vpon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint, his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtroue and ſtruggled long,
Either the other from his ſteed to caſt,
Ne euer *Arthegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing would ſlack, but ſtill vpon him hong.

15

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champian of the Ocean Plaine,
With cruell chauſe their courages they whet,
The maiſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the ſea (diſturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with ſome aboue the ſurges hore:
Such was betwixt theſe two the trouble ſome vprore.

16

So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forſake
His horſes back, for dread of beeing drownd,
And to lus handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones himſelfe he from his hold vnbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found:
For, *Arthegall* in ſwimming skilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſound.
So ought each Knight, that vſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to paſs.

Then

17

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better side:
For, both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18

But *Arthegall* pursew'd him still so neare,
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboue the brinke, to tread vpon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight.

19

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stained:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;
VVhere many yeeres it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

20

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochefull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the batulment,
That he was forced to with-draw aside;
And bade his seruaunt *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochefully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,
And thundred stroakes thereon so hideously,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-rore.

22

With noise whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neere ouerthrowe;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To cease his out-rage, and him faire besought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throwe,
Nor powre of charmes, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

23

But, when as yet shee saw him to proceed,
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pittious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,
And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
That she might win some time (though dearly bought)
Whil'st he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing moou'd, nor tempted there-withall;

24

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile.
VVho being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, against his powre themselues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,
And hid themselues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

25

Long they her sought, yet no where could they find her,
That sure they ween'd she was escap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,
And all things secret wisely could bewray,
At length found out, where as shee hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

26

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet submissiuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feet, those feet of siluer try
(Which sought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold)
Chopt off; and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27

Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waste,
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28

And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

29

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the ſea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire,
For, neuer there the like reſort they knew.
So towards them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many nations met, did there deſire.

30

There they beheld a mighty Giant ſtand
Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,
With which he boaſted in his ſurquedry,
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toyes:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

31

He ſaid, that he would all the earth vp-take,
And all the ſea, diuided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or weather:
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whoſe weight, he would not miſſe a feather.
And looke what ſurplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part reſtore the ſame againe.

32

For why, he ſaid, they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vpon others ſhare;
Like as the ſea (which plaine he ſhewed there)
Had worne the earth: ſo did the fire the ayre;
So all the reſt did others parts empaire.
And ſo were Realmes and Nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In ſort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluſter thick vnto his leaſings vaine;
Like fooliſh flies about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which, when *Arthegall* did ſee, and heare,
How he misled the ſimple peoples traine,
In ſdeignfull wiſe he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him ſpake, without regard or feare;

34

Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to reſtore,
In ſtead of right, meſeemes great wrong dooſt ſhew,
And far aboue thy forces pitch to ſore.
For, ere thou limit what is leſſe or more
In euery thing, thou oughteſt firſt to knowe,
What was the poyſe of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth over-flowe,
Or faile thereof, ſo much is more then iuſt to trowe.

35

For, at the firſt, they all created were
In goodly meaſure, by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces ſo nere,
That not a dram was miſſing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters, like a wall in ſight;
And they with ayre, that not a drop can ſlide:
All which the heauens containe, & in their courſes guide.

36

Such heauenly iuſtice doth among them raine,
That euery one doe knowe their certaine bound,
In which they doe theſe many yeares remaine;
And mongſt them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now ſhould'ſt weigh them new in pound,
We are not ſure they would ſo long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnſound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be aſſur'd they ſhall their courſe retaine.

37

Thou fooliſh Elfe, ſaid then the Giant wroth,
Seeſt not how badly all things preſent bee,
And each eſtate quite out of order go'th?
The ſea it ſelfe dooſt thou not plainely ſee
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;
And th'earth it ſelfe how daily it's increaſt,
By all that dying to it turned bee?
Were it not good that wrong were then ſurceaſt,
And from the moſt, that ſome were giuen to the leaſt?

38

Therefore, I will throwe downe thoſe Mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine:
Theſe towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thruſt downe into the deepeſt Maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men ſubiect to their law,
I will ſuppreſſe, that they no more may raigne;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39

Of things vnſeene how canſt thou deeme aright,
Then anſwered the righteous *Arthegall*,
Sith thou miſdeem'ſt ſo much of things in ſight?
What though the ſea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the leſſe, or loſeth ought;
For, whatſoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto another brought:
For, there is nothing loſt, that may be found, if ſought.

40

Likewiſe, the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;
How-euer gay their bloſſome or their blade
Doe flouriſh now, they into duſt ſhall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that whereof they firſt were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures muſt obey the voyce of the moſt Hie.

They

41

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowely dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soueraínty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;
He giues to this, from that he takes away;
For, all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

42

What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loote that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43

For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flowe:
But, if the weight of these thou canst not showe,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44

There-with the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it straight.
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:
But straight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

45

Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballaunce set the true aside.
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46

Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegale*,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant strowe with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaust, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47

VVhich when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
But *Arthegall* him fairely gan asswage,
And said; Be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:
For, they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48

But set the truth and set the right aside
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

49

But hee the right from thence did thrust away,
For, it was not the right, which he did seeke;
But rather strowe extremities to wey,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke.
For, of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

50

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rock with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes pitteous pray:
So downe the cliffe the wretched Giant tumbled;
His battred ballaunces in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

51

That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
They gan to garher in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

52

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

53

But ſoone as they him nigh approching ſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtrooke at him on euery ſide:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a ſwarme of flies them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But heere and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelues in holes and buſhes from his view:

54

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule diſmaid with dreadfull ſight
Of death, the which them almoſt over-tooke,
Doe hide themſelues from her aſtonying looke,
Amongſt the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* ſaw they all the field forſooke,
And none appear'd of all that raſcall rout,
To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

Canto III.

The ſpouſals of faire Florimell,
where turney many Knights:
There Braggadocchio is vncas't
in all the Ladies ſights.

1

After long ſtormes and tempeſts over-blowne,
The ſun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some blisfull houres at laſt muſt needs appeare;
Else ſhould afflicted wights oft-times deſpeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd ſhee many moneths did mourne,
To taſte of ioy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne.

2

VVho, beeing freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her ſpous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And ſolemne feaſts and giuſts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did reſort from euery ſide
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any Knight was abſent that braue courage bore.

3

To tell the glory of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſeruice, the deuiſefull ſights,
The Bridegroomes ſtate, the Brides moſt rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for ſo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this preſent treatiſe doth agree,
True vertue to aduaunce, ſhall here recounted bee.

4

When all men had with full ſatiety
Of meates and drinks their appetites ſuffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themſelues addreſſe, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him ſixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that ſhee all others did excell.

5

The firſt of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble knight, and tride in hard aſſaies:
The ſecond had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But ſecond vnto none in proweſſe praiſe;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The ſixt was *Lanſacke*, a redoubted Knight:
All ſixe well ſeene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

6

And them againſt came all that liſt to giuſt,
From euery coaſt, and country vnderſunne:
None was debard, but all had leaue that luſt.
The trumpets ſound; then all together runne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little loſt or wonne:
But all that day the greateſt praiſe redounded
To *Marinell*, whoſe name the Heralds loud reſounded.

The

7

The ſecond day, ſo ſoone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuerſe fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtroue with perill to win fame.
Yet whether ſide was Victor, n'ote be gheſt:
But at the laſt, the trumpets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deſerued beſt.
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

8

The third day came, that ſhould due triall lend
Of all the reſt, and then this war-like crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did ſhew;
And through the thickeſt like a Lyon flew,
Raſhing off helmes, and riuing plates aſunder,
That euery one his danger did eſchew.
So terribly his dreadfull ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9

But what on earth can alwaies happy ſtand?
The greater proweſſe greater perils find.
So farre he paſt amongſt his enemies band,
That they haue him encloſed ſo behind,
As by no meanes he can himſelfe out-wind.
And now perforce they haue him priſoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
Vnleſſe ſome ſuccour had in time him ouertaken.

10

It fortun'd, whil'ſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his ſnowy Dame.
Where, when he vnderſtood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
Hee much was mou'd at ſo vnworthy ſhame,
And ſtraight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

11

So forth he went, and ſoone them ouer-hent,
VVhere they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he aſſaild with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himſelfe did ſet,
Th'other ſtayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from th'other fiftie, ſoone the priſoner fet.

12

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To let afreſh on all the other crew.
Whom with ſore hauock ſoone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill ſhew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

13

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadocchio* did his ſhield reſtore:
VVho all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there cloſe with him in pretious ſtore
That his falſe Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets ſound, and Iudges roſe,
And all theſe knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adiudg'd by thoſe.

14

And thither alſo came in open ſight
Faire *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And beſt to him, to whom the beſt ſhould fall.
Then for that ſtranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield;
VVho came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
Came *Braggadocchio*, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the priſe
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets ſhrill
Don *Braggadocchios* name reſounded thriſe:
So courage lent a cloake to cowardiſe.
And then to him came faireſt *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue empriſe,
And thouſand thanks him yield, that had ſo well
Approu'd that day, that ſhe all others did excell.

16

To whom the boaſter, that all knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did ſcorneſull aunſwere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies ſake,
VVhom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her, and eke all others to excell:
And further did vneomly ſpeeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to heare what he did tell.

17

Then forth he brought his ſnowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beſide,
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.
Whom when diſcouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe ſhe then did paſs.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewiſe,
He was there-with exceedingly diſmaid;
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deuiſe:
But like as one, whom fiends had made affraid,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood: ne ought he ſaid,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eyes
He gazed ſtill vpon that ſnowy maid:
Whom euer as he did the more avize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did ſurmize.

19

As when two ſunnes appeare in th'azure ſky,
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fierie bright;
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So ſtoode Sir *Marinell*, when he had ſeene
The ſemblant of this falſe by his faire beauties Queene.

20

All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while
Stoode in the preaſe cloſe couer'd) well adviewed,
And ſaw that boaſters pride and graceleſſe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth iſſewed,
And vnto all himſelfe there open ſhewed:
And to the boaſter ſaid; Thou loſell baſe,
That haſt with borrowed plumes thy ſelfe endewed,
And others worth with leaſings dooſt deface,
VVhen they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt in diſgrace.

21

That ſhield which thou dooſt beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour ſau'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didſt that ſeruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe, ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell,
What ſtroakes, what dreadfull ſtoure it ſtird this day:
Or ſhew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or ſhew the ſweat, with which thou diddeſt ſway
So ſharp a battell, that ſo many did diſmay.

22

But this the ſword, which wrought thoſe cruell ſtounds,
And this the arme, the which that ſhield did beare,
And theſe the ſignes (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
As for this Lady which he ſheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But ſome fayre Franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
That by miſfortune in his hand did fall.
For proofe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhfull ſhamefaſtneſſe ywrought
A great increaſe in her faire bluſhing face;
As Roſes did with Lillies interlace.
For, of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceiued great diſgrace.
Whom when as all the people ſuch did view,
They ſhouted loud, and ſignes of gladneſſe all did ſhew.

24

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true Saint beſide the Image ſet;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether ſhould the honour get.
Straight way ſo ſoone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted Damzell vaniſht into nought:
Her ſnowy ſubſtance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
But th'empty girdle, which about her waſte was wrought.

25

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry clowd diſplayed wide
Her goodly boaw, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All ſuddenly, ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26

Which when as all, that preſent were, beheld,
They ſtriken were with great aſtoniſhment;
And their faint harts with ſenſeleſſe horrour queld,
To ſee the thing that ſeem'd ſo excellent,
So ſtolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderſtood.
And *Braggadocchio* ſelfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his deſpayring mood,
That like a lifeleſſe corſe immoueable he ſtood.

27

But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,
The which of all her ſpoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it miſtooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While ſhe was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monſter, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Preſented to the faireſt *Florimell*:
Who rouod about her tender waſte it fitted well.

28

Full many Ladies often had aſſayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one ſuppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waſte
By any skill or labour it would ſit,
Vnleſſe that ſhee were continent and chaſte,
But it would looſe or breake, that many had diſgrac't.

29

Whil'ſt thus they buſied were bout *Florimell*,
And boaſtfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)
Forth from the thickeſt preace of people came,
His owne good ſteed, which he had ſtolne, to clame;
And th'one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his ſword: for, with the ſame
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue ſmit:
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that ſame war-like horſe.
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him paſs;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
Or it approue vpon his carion corſe.
Which troublous ſtirre when *Arthegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew, to ſtay th'vengers force;
And gan inquire, how was that ſteed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or elſe by ſlight deceaued.

Who

31

Who, all that pittious ſtory, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were ſlaine,
And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horſe purloyned was by ſubtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him there-to conſtraine:
For, as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, then try in armes his right.

32

Which, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there needs ones right to try,
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
Then that his foe ſhould him the field deny:
Yet further right by tokens to deſcry,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that, ſaid *Guyon*, may you ſatisfie,
Within his mouth a black ſpot doth appeare,
Shap't like a horſes ſhoe, who liſt to ſeeke it there.

33

Whereof to make due triall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another that would ſeeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered head-ſtall tooke:
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maimed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

34

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* ſelfe vnto him ſpake,
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight):
Whoſe voyce ſo ſoone as he did vndertake,
Eft-ſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee:
And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and ſlong aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

35

Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horſe belongd, and ſaid;
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is arraid:
And let that loſell, plainly now diſplaid,
Hence fare on foote, till he an horſe haue gained.
But the proud boaſter gan his doome vpbraid,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and diſdained,
That iudgement ſo vniuſt againſt him had ordained.

36

Much was the Knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny;
And thrice did lay his hand vpon his ſword,
To haue him ſlaine, or dearly doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would diſhonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on ſuch a Carle as hee:
It's puniſhment enough, that all his ſhame doe ſee.

37

So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall*;
But *Talus* by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt, he his beard did ſhaue, and foully ſhent:
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it r'enverſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes vnherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, and all his armour ſperſt.

38

The whiles, his guileſull groome was fled away
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who ouer-taking him, did diſarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of Court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood ſhame,
And armes diſhonour with baſe villanie,
From all braue knights be baniſht with defame:
For, oft their lewdnes blotteth good deſerts with blame.

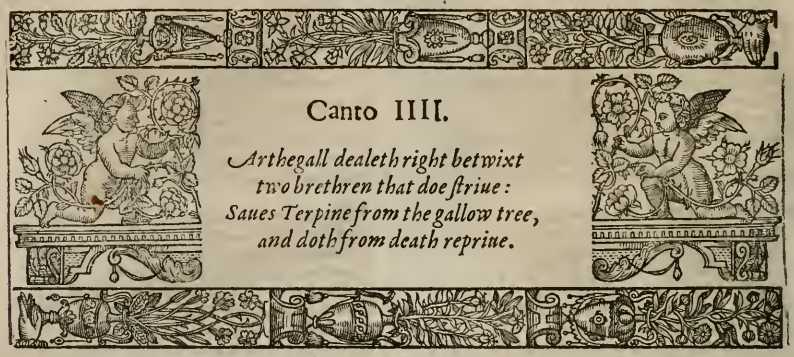
39

Now, when theſe counterfeits were thus vncaſed
Out of the fore-ſide of their forgery,
And in the ſight of all men cleane diſgraced,
All gan to ieſt and gibe full merily
At the remembrance of their knauery.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery
He them abuſed, through his ſubtill ſlights,
And what a glorious ſhew he made in all their ſights.

40

There leaue we them in pleaſure and repaſt,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vſury of time fore-paſt,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for ſuch Ladies and ſuch louely knights:
And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end
Our weary yokes, to gather freſher ſprights,
That when as time to *Arthegall* ſhall rend,
We on his firſt adventure may him forward ſend.

Canto



Canto IIII.

Arthegall dealeth right betwixt two brethren that doe striue: Saues Terpine from the gallow tree, and doth from death repriue.

1

Who-so vpon himselfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had need haue mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome de-
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride. (cide,
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

2

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe,
The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beate downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.
Whereof no brauer precedent this day
Remaines on earth, preseru'd from iron rust
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

3

Who, hauing lately left that louely paire,
Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the *Strond*,
To followe his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron groome, his gard and gouernment.

4

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did little good: (mood.
Now with sharp threats; but threats the more increast their

5

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by beeing wreckt vpon the sands,
Or beeing carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselues their cruell hands.
But euermore those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

6

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustifie.
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

7

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, *Milesio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

8

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,
The most part of my Land hath washt away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,
And should haue joyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
Loue that same other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod saile, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope straight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left astray.

10

Shee. seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceiued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whilst thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunc't vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11

The wretched maid, that erst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly visnomie,
Gan to repent that shee had been so mad,
For any death to change life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sid,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary Barke at last vpon mine Isle did rest:

12

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour,
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better shee.

13

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threasure sithence we did find contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that shee did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14

But whether it indeed be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throwe
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend, whil'st euer that I may.

15

So hauing said, the younger did ensew;
Full true it is, what-so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this Maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

17

Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

18

Then turning to the elder, thus he said;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is straid,
Beeing the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

19

For, equall right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wrack, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeased:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seazed.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So

21

So, as he trauelled vpon the way,
He chaunc't to come, where happily he espide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weet the cause of their assemblance wide.
To whom when he approched neere in sight
(An vncouth sight) he plainly then descride
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry;
And with full heauy hart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

23

But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile disgrace.
Now when as *Arthegall*, arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

24

But he was soone aware of their ill mind,
And drawing backe, deceiued their intent;
Yet though him selfe did shame on woman-kind
His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flale,
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a pittious tale
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

25

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of foule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26

Sir *Terpine*, hapless man, what make you here?
Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discretion,
That euer in this wretched case ye were?
Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else, what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray,
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

27

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht hee himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; Most hapless well ye may
Me iustly tearme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthood this same day.
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasseth humane thought.

28

Right true: but faulty men vse oftentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
Then sith ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame,
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29

Beeing desirous (as all Knights are wont)
Through hard aduentures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did flie,
That a proud Amazon did late defie
All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she sawe at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his sake, vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could do to Knights: which now she doth fulfill.

31

For, all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she foully doth entreat.
First, she doth them of war-like armes despoile,
And clothe in womens weedes: and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from reuenge adventuring.

32

But, if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obseruaunce will withstand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hangd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For, beeing overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her band,
I rather chose to die in lyues despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33

How hight that Amazon (ſayd *Arthegall*)?
And where, and how far hence does ſhe abide?
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princeſſe of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And ſundry battells, which ſhe hath atchieued
With great ſucceſſe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it haue weend, had I not late it prieued.

34

Now ſure, ſayd he, and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not reſt, till I her might doe try,
And venge the ſhame, that ſhe to Knights doth ſhowe.
Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throwe
This ſqualid weede, the patterne of deſpaire,
And wend with me, that ye may ſee and knowe,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
And Knights of Maydenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe would em-

35

With that, like one that hopeleſs was repriv'd
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The badges of reproach, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway;
A goodly City, and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called *Radegone*.

36

Where they arriuing, by the watchman were
Deſcried ſtreight; who all the city warned,
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarmed:
Ere long, their Queene her ſelf, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37

And now the Knights, being arriued neare,
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter ſcorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleſh in peeces for his ſinne.
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtreight the gates ſhould be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

38

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entrance to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtayd,
And better bad aduiſe, ere they aſſayd
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout vpon them rudely layd,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on euery ſide,
And arrowes hayld ſo thicke, that they could not abide.

39

But *Radigund* her ſelfe, when ſhe eſpide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongſt her maides diuide,
T'auenge that ſhame, they did on him commit;
All ſodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioneſſe at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-peece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
That to the ground him quite ſhe ouerthrew,
Diſmayd ſo with the ſtroke, that he no colours knew.

40

Soone as ſhe ſawe him on the ground to grouell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke
Her proud foot ſetting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudgement breake:
As when a Beare hath ſeiz'd her cruell clawes
Vpon the carcaſſe of ſome beaſt too weake,
Proudly ſtands ouer, and awhile doth pauſe,
To heare the pitious beaſt pleading her plaintiffe cauſe.

41

Whom when as *Arthegall* in that diſtreſſe
By chance beheld, he left the bloudy ſlaughter,
In which he ſwam, and ran to his redreſſe.
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſenſe diſtraught her:
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.
Nath'leſſe for all the powre ſhe did apply,
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye;

42

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his broad ſayles, by chance hath ſpide
A Goshauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Vpon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

43

But ſoone as ſhe her ſenſe recouerd had,
She fiercely towards him her ſelfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath & diſdeignfull pride halfe mad:
For, neuer had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight,
But ere ſhe could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maydes about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far aſunder caſt:
But mongſt the reſt the fight did vntill euening laſt.

44

And euery while, that mighty yron man,
With his ſtrange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and ouer-ran,
And broke their boawes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the manie once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45

But when as daies faire shiny beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on hight)
Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

46

When thus the field was voyded all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
Caus'd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vs'd in times of ieopardie
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
Coul'd take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoyled quight,
As she had seene that day a disauentrous sight.

48

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was *Clarind*', and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzel quickly, do thy selfe addresse
To do the message, which I shall express.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

49

But these conditions do to him propound,
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
What-euer he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best atray,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

50

The Damzell streight obayd: and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then *Talus*, forth issewing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same Damzell loudly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emperlance make.

51

So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairely entertayn'd with curt'sies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
But *Arthegall* him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

Canto V.

Arthegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarind's wile.

1

SOone as day, forth dawning from the East,
Nights humid curtaine from the heauens with-
And early calling forth both mā & beast, (drew
Commanded them their dayly works renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selues thereto prepar'd in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;
And th'Amazon, as best it lik't her selfe to dight.

All

2

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon satun white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diuersly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught
Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vpon the bosse with stones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4

So forth she came out of the City gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vpon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5

Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would resolue that dangerous dout.

6

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flawe, him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hew'd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on euery side.

7

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8

So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,
As if she had an iron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9

For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glancing down his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew

10

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell.
As if the prize the gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well;
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helme the againe her strooke,
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In senselesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept, with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

12

But when as he discouered had her face,
He sawe his senses strange astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

13

At sight thereof his cruell minded heart
Empearced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no heart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

14

Soone as the knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with empty hands all weaponleſſe,
With freſh aſſault vpon him ſhe did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelneſſe:
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſſe
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd;
And more encreaſt her outrage mercileſſe,
The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to haue ſtayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing ſpide in ſight
A gentle Falcon ſitting on an hill,
Whoſe other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill;
The fooliſh Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beate vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill:
Euen ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

16

Nought could he do, but ſhun the drad deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retire,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging ire;
And euermore he gently did deſire,
To ſtay her ſtrokes, and he him ſelfe would yield t
Yet nould ſhe hearke, ne let him once reſpyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his ſhield,
And to her mercy him ſubmitted in plaine field.

17

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iuſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word,
To be her thrall, and ſeruice her afford.
For, though that he firſt victory obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt, that he before attained.
No fayrer conqueſt, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubiection to her powre,
And as her vaſſall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull ſtowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his iron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were faine to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his company to be ſo ſondred:
Whoſe preſence all their troupes ſo much encombred,
That th'heapes of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iuſt t'obay.

20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weeds, that is to Manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In ſtead of Curiets and baſes fit for fight.

21

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had beene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray:
Amongſt the which ſhe canſd his warlike armes
Be hangd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray;
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre vp battailous alarmes.

22

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many braue Knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge heart loth'd ſo vncomely view.
But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
To doe thoſe workes, to them appointed dew:
For, nought was giuen them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twiſting linnen twyne.

23

Amongſt them all, ſhe placed him moſt lowe,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gaue,
That he theron ſhould ſpin both flaxe & towe;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo braue.
So hard it is to be a womans ſlaue.
Yet he it took in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſall to become, if ſhe him wonne in fight.

24

Who had him ſeene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mighty hands, the diſtaffe vile to holde,
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of olde
So many monſters, which the world annoyed;
His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of golde,
In which forgetting warres he only ioyed
In combats of ſweet Loue, and with his miſtreſſe toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kynd,
When they haue ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bynd
T'obay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious liberty.
But vertuous women wiſely vnderſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humility,
Vnleſſe the heauens them lift to lawfull ſouerainty.

Thus

26

Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancy after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge.

27

Which long concealing in her couert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serue the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her seruant make her soueraigne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such baseneſſe much abhord.

28

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her loue-sicke heart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meek obeysance of loues mighty raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
Her neareſt handmayd whom she most did trust,
And to her sayde; *Clarinda*, whom of all
I trust aliue, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vntimely must
Therof make tryall, in my greateſt need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighting my happy freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through heart-murdring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

31

Ah my deare dread (sayd then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?
Say on my soueraigne Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foot lie?
Therwith much comforted, she gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued malady,
As one that would confeſſe, yet faine would it deny.

32

Clarinda, sayd she, thou seeſt yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome finde,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbinde,
And by his freedome get his free good-will;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious minde, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

34

Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,
And token true to olde *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35

The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good indeuour,
Gine her great comfort, and some hearts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloued;
With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the marke-white of his hart she roued,
And with wide glancing words, one day she thus him pro-
(ued;

36

Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopeleſſe state
Fortune, enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauie fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit
Might elſe haue with felicity been crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mighteſt disinherit.

37

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

38

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no leſſe beſeeming, well to beare
The ſtorme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the ſunſhine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.
For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-caſt,
Yet doe I not of better times deſpeare;
And, though (vnlike) they ſhould for euer laſt,
Yet in my truths aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

39

But what ſo ſtony minde (ſhe then replide)
But if in his owne powre occaſion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wide,
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?
Vnworthy ſure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purſew, if he attaine it may.
Which ſpeeches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope;

40

Then why doſt not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreaty can
Moue *Radigund?* who though ſhe ſtill haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigres, nor ſo ſaluage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men ſhe ſcorne,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kynded:
And ſooth oft leene, that proudeſt harts baſe loue hath blin-(ded.

41

Certes *Clarinda*, not of eancred will,
Sayd ſhe, nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That ſhe a Queene and come of Princely kinde,
Both worthy is for to beſewd vnto,
Chiefly by him, whoſe life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42

But want of meanes hath beene mine onely let
From ſeeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelfe ſhould reſt for euer bound,
And ready to deſerue what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but vnſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to awayt.

43

But fooliſh Mayd, whiles heedleſſe of the hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlippery footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion.
For, ſeeking thus to ſalue the Amazon,
She woun'ded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceiued cloſe in her beguiled heart,
To *Arthegall*, through pittie of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

44

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to him ſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtris ſhould haue knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelfe it ſecretly retayned,
Within the cloſet of her couert breſt:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to awaite fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts vnreſt.

45

One day her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her loues ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it ouer-paſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wyp't, to freſh her blood:
Tho, gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe fought his loue for to haue wonne:

46

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne
So fond a leſſon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abbridged dayes in dolour waſte,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiued,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Nath'leſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

48

What now is left *Clarinda?* what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paynes;
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.

49

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromiſt, that may him perſwade;
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the gods themſelues are milder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not inuade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heauy arme: (charme.
Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with

Some

50

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
For, I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with ſtreighter lawe,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what-euer he deſires, be him denide.

51

When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a Louer,
But like a Rebell ſtout I will him vſe.
For, I reſolue this ſiege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recouer.
So ſhe departed, full of griefe and diſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Vnto the priſon, where her heart did thrall remaine.

52

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her Lady, and her ſelfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce ſhe did betray:
But moſt the knight, whom ſhe with guileſull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53

As a bad Nurſe, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,
Withholdes it to her ſelfe and doth deceiue
The infant, ſo for want of nour'ture ſpoyld:
Euen ſo *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguil'd,
And turn'd the truſt, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward breaſt, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that ſhe it ſought to couer and to hide.

54

For, comming to this knight, ſhe purpoſe fayned,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade:
But that in ſteade thereof, ſhe ſternely bade
His miſery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'leſſe ſhe for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her ſeruice euermore.

55

And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to inlarge him out of holde.
The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,
Can yeeld great thankes for ſuch her curteſie;
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
To feed the humour of her malady,
Promiſt, if ſhe would free him from that caſe,
He would by all good means he might, deſerue ſuch grace.

56

So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne abſent Loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceitful *Clarind'* finde
In her falſe heart, his bondage to vnbinde;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore vnto her miſtreſſe moſt vnkinde
She daily told, her loue he did deſie;
And him ſhe told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

57

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhowe,
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his loue mote growe:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but little frended;
Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be beſt contayned.

Canto VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegals miſhap:
She goes to ſeek him, Dolon meets,
Who ſeekes her to entrap.

1

SOme men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*
Great weakeneſſe, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding ſo himſelfe a wretched thrall,
To th'inſolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill.
But he the man, that ſay or do ſo dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:
For, neuer yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

2

Yet in the ſtreightneſſe of that captiue ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelfe ſo well behaued,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait,
With which thoſe Amazons his loue ſtill craued,
To his owne Loue his loyalty he ſaued:
Whoſe character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true heart ſo firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impreſſion euer could
Bereaue it thence: ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhould.

3

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarſe ſo conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was ſought.
For, after that the vtmoſt date, aſſynde
For his returne, ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull minde
A thouſand feares, that loue-ſicke fancies faine to finde.

4

Sometime ſhe feared, leaſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him miſfalne in his aduentrous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares oppreſt:
But moſt ſhe did her troubled minde moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with iealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new loue had him for her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill: yet could ſhe not forbeare.

5

One while ſhe blam'd her ſelfe; another while
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſſe and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew.
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that paſſed were,
She tolde but moneths, to make them ſeeme more fewe:
Yet when ſhe reckned them, ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeem a moneth, & euery moneth a yeere.

6

But when as yet ſhe ſawe him not returne,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeek him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerue that turne,
As her owne ſelfe, to eaſe her ſelfe of doubt.
Now ſhe deuiz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to ſeeke her errant knight;
And then againe reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights entuide, and Ladies eke did ſpight.

7

One day, when as ſhe long had ſought for eaſe
In euery place, and euery place thought beſt,
Yet found no place, that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened Weſt,
Towards which coaſt her Loue his way addreſt.
There looking forth, ſhe in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnreſt:
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift then winde,
To beare vnto her Loue the meſſage of her minde.

8

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpide
One comming towards her with haſty ſpeede:
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plaine deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her Loue indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, ſhe more arede
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would ſhe ſtay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings ſomme.

Euen

9

Euen in the dore him meeting, ſhe begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attonce: and hath he loſt or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted ſenſe
And ſorrowes feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him ſelfe it ſpake.

10

Till ſhe againe thus ſayd; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length, The tydings ſad,
That I would hide, will needs, I ſee be rad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard miſhap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad.
Ay me, quoth ſhe, what wicked deſtiny?
And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?

11

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyranneſſe, he then replide,
That him captiued hath in hapleſſe woe.
Ceaſe thou bad newes-man: badly doeſt thou hide
Thy Maſters ſhame, in harlots bondage tide.
The reſt my ſelfe too readily can ſpell.
With that, in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide
(Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like ſolitary Cell.

12

There ſhe began to make her monefull plaint
Againſt her Knight, for being ſo vntrew;
And him to touch with falſhoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honor ouerthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtrangers loue ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtrange ſhe neuer knew;
And euermore ſhe did him ſharpe'ly twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

13

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt:
And then againe ſhe did her ſelfe torment,
Inflicting on her ſelfe his puniſhment.
A while ſhe walkt, and chauft; a while ſhe threw
Her ſelfe vppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did ſhe not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deepe ſighes, and ſingults few.

14

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet him ſelfe to weepe;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhrieckes for fell deſpight:
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing;
Now ſeeking darkneſſe, and now ſeeking light;
Then crauing ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing:
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accuſing.

15

But when ſhe had with ſuch vnquiet fits
Her ſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of *Arthegalls* detaine:
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16

Ah weal-away! ſayd then the iron man,
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then, quoth ſhe, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not fore't, nor ouercome in fight?

17

With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captiuance ſad,
In ſort as ye haue heard the ſame of late.
All which, when ſhe with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till ſhe had aunſwere made;
But ſtreight her ſelfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her ſteede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18

So forth ſhe rode vpon her ready way,
To ſeeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly ſhe rode, and neuer word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproach had blent.

19

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chanc't to meete, toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that ſoftly paſed on the Plaine,
As if him ſelfe to ſolace he were faine.
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no cuill ment.

20

He, comming neere, gan gently her ſalute
With courteous words, in the moſt comely wize;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Then tearms to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then ſhe kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would her ſelfe diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which ſhe anſwerd light.

For

21

For, little luſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſignes (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to vſe loathfull ſpeach,
But her beſought, to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnleſs good cauſe impeach.

22

The Championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good requeſt:
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriuing they receiued were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For, he their Hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

23

Thus paſſing th'euening well, till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndreſt.
But ſhe ne would vndreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſayd, not to forgoe
Thoſe warlike weeds, till ſhe reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide het weale or woe.

24

Which when her Hoſt perceiu'd, right diſcontent
In minde he grew, for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe hé ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Reſtleſſe, recomfortleſſe, with heart deepe grieued,
Not ſuffring the leaſt twinkling ſleep to ſtart
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued;
But if the leaſt appear'd, her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieued.

25

Ye guilty eyes, ſayd ſhe, the which with guile
My heart at firſt betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little while
Ye wil not watch? falſe watches, weal-away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your loſſe: and now needs will ye ſleep?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye ſleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that ſhould ye waking keep.

26

Thus did ſhe watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill vpright,
As ſundry change her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
Ne leſſe did *Talus* ſuffer ſleepe to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad, but watcht continuallly,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe;
Like to a ſpaniell wayting carefully
Leaſt any ſhould betray his Lady treacherouſly.

27

What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſiluer bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their minds vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noiſe belowe the hall.
All ſodainely the bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayſd againe, that no man could it ſpie.

28

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmayd right ſore,
Perceiuing well the treaſon, which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that euent.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, & ſhield about her bound.

29

With that, there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raſcall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom ſoone as *Talus* ſpide by glimſe of night,
He ſtarted vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They, ſeeing that, let driue at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30

But ſoone as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flaile, they gan to fly,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
Where-euer in the darke he could them ſpy;
That here and there like ſcattered ſheep they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her tolde the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

31

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be auenged for ſo fowle a deede,
Yet being fore't t'abide the dayes returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
Leaſt any more ſuch practice ſhould proceed.
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchieuous ſmart
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

32

The good man of this houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had been a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much leſſe honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhifts and wiles did vnderminde
All noble knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

He

33

He had three ſonnes, all three like fathers ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſs wonnes:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*: whoſe vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cancred hate.

34

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;
And therefore meant him ſurely to haue ſlaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedineſſe,
She was preſerued from that traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eye-lids to oppreſſe.

35

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth iſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villanie,
On that vile man, and all his family.
And comming downe to ſeeke them, where they wond,
Nor fire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay,
But tooke her ſteed; and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſawe, there preſent in her ſight,
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perilous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

37

There they did thinke them ſelues on her to wreake:
Who as ſhe nigh vnto them drewe, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan vnto her ſpeake;
Thou recreant falſe traytour, that with lone
Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet Knight art none,
No more ſhall now the darkneſſe of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy ſlight.

38

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet ſtayd ſhe not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge ſhe came: and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glaunsing ſparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eyes did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coales, that through a ſiluer Cenſer ſparkle bright.

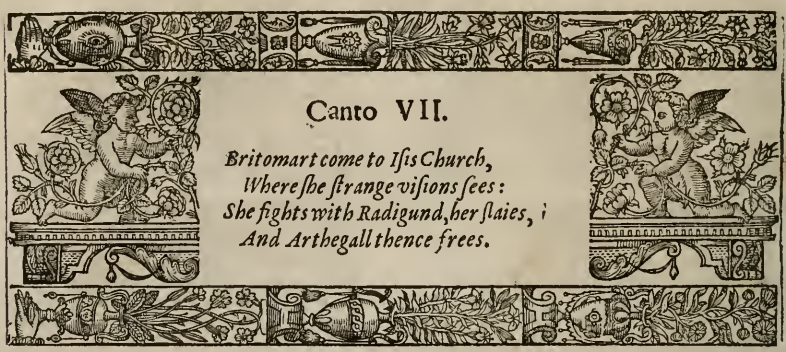
39

She ſtayd not to aduize which way to take;
But putting ſpurres vnto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Vpon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Til to the Bridges further end ſhe paſt;
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt:
The other ouer ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly laſt.

40

As when the flaſhing Leuin haps to light
Vpon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,
Vpon one ſide, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the Championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrowe,
And to their ſire their careaſſes left to beſtowe.

Canto



Canto VII.

Britomart come to Isis Church,
Where she strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Arthegall thence frees.

1

Nought is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Thē this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuēs thēselues, whēce mortal mē implor
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

2

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a god of soueraigne grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honors in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whilome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For, that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

3

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and soueraignty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

4

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend:
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

5

The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispred
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

6

Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To showe that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

7

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

8

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense defining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forsooke:
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlac't,
And by the Altars side her selfe to slumber plac't.

For

9

For, other beds the Prieſts there vſed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lye,
And bake their ſides vpon the cold hard ſtone,
T'enure themſelues to ſufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious fleſh to mortifie.
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to ſtedfaſt chaſtitie,
And continence of life: that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they ſay, is blood;
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were ſlaine
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her ſonnes, which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againſt them ſwell.

11

And of their vitall bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſome, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull Vine; whoſe liquor bloudy red,
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre againſt the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtraine;
Ne, within reaſons rule, her madding mood containe.

12

There, did the war-like Maid her ſelfe repoſe,
Vnder the wings of *Iſis* all that night;
And with ſweet reſt her heauy eyes did cloſe,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where, whil'it her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenſeleſſe ſleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe imply
The courſe of all her fortune and poſteritie.

13

Her ſeem'd, as ſhee was dooing ſacrifize
To *Iſis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linnen ſtole, after thoſe Prieſtes guize,
All ſuddainly ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linnen ſtole to robe of Scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen ſhe her ſelfe much wondered
At ſuch a change, and ioyed to behold
Her ſelfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14

And in the midſt of her felicity,
An hideous tempeſt ſeemed from belowe,
To riſe through all the Temple ſuddainly,
That from the Altar all about did blowe
The holy fire, and all the embers ſtrowe
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her ſelfe in great perplexity.

15

With that, the Crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feet in feareleſſe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did ſtraight deuoure
Both flames and tempeſt: with which growen great,
And ſwolne with pride of his owne peereleſſe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eate;
But that the Goddeſſe with her rod him back did beat.

16

Tho, turning all his pride to humbleſſe meeke,
Himſelfe before her feet he lowely threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to ſeeke:
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neere her drew,
That of his game ſhee ſoone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew.
With that, ſhe waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully diſmaid through that ſo vncouth ſight.

17

So, there-vpon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Vntill ſhe eſpide the lampe of lightſome day,
Vp-lifted in the porche of heauen hie.
Then vp ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did paſs;
Where-as the Prieſtes ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow Maſs:
Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was.

18

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue ſhe was not well in plight;
Or that ſome penſiueneſſe to hart ſhe tooke.
Therefore thus one of them (who ſeem'd in ſight
To be the greateſt, and the graueſt wight)
To her beſpake; Sir Knight, it ſeemes to me,
That thorough euill reſt of this laſt night,
Or ill apaid, or much diſmaid ye bee,
That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to ſee.

19

Certes, ſaid ſhe, ſith ye ſo well haue eſpide
The troublous paſſion of my penſiue mind,
I will not ſeeke the ſame from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find
Your ayde, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the ſecret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, beſt counſell to impart
To all, that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart.

20

Then gan ſhee to declare the whole diſcourſe
Of all that viſion which to her appear'd,
As well as to her mynde it had recourſe.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight;
And with long locks vp-ſtanding, ſtifly ſtared,
Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright:
So, fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

21

Magnifick Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh armes dooſt maske thy royall blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How could'ſt thou weene, through that diſguiſed hood,
To hide thy ſtate from beeing vnderſtood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy Sire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom ſee.

22

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this ſame dreame diſcouer.
For, that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,
Like to *Oſyris* in all iuſt endeuer.
For, that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That vnder *Iſis* feet doth ſleepe for euer:
To ſhew that clemence oft, in things amiſs,
Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts, & cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes aſſwage,
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare,
To hinder thee from the iuſt heritage
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And afterwards, a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
So bleſſe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when ſhe vnto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and and ſiluer wrought,
She for a preſent to their Goddeſſe brought.
Then taking leaue of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeeke her Loue, where he was to be ſought;
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now ſhe
Had long ſurceaſt, ſhe bade to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee.
But when they of that iron man had told,
Which late her folke had ſlaine, ſhee bade thẽ forth to hold.

26

So, there without the gate (as ſeemed beſt)
She cauſed her Pauilion be pight:
In which, ſtout *Britomart* her ſelfe did reſt,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewiſe, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morow next, ſo ſoone as dawning light
Bade do away the dampe of drouzie ſleepe,
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27

And cauſed ſtraight a Trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warne her foe to battell ſoone be preſt:
Who, long before awoke (for ſhe full ill
Could ſleepe all night, that in vnquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a iealous gueſt)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftſoones that warrioureſſe with haughty creſt
Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight:
Ou th'other ſide her foe appeared ſoone in ſight.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtraight conditions ro propound,
With which ſhe vſed ſtill to tye her fone;
To ſerue her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternely frowned
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bade them ſound.
For, her no other tearmes ſhould euer tie
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmote;
Ne either ſought the others ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great furie both their skill forgot,
And practicke vſe in armes: ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other vſes then they them tranſlated;
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if ſuch vſe they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe:
But firſt the Tigre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gaine-ſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer ſhe it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully ſore:
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flowe,
And guſhed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did ſtrowe,
Like fruitleſſe ſeed, of which vntimely death ſhould growe.

32

At laſt, proud *Radigund* with fell deſpight,
Hauing by chaunce eſpide advantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding, ſaid; This token beare
Vnto the man whom thou dooſt loue ſo deare;
And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaueſt.
Which ſpightfull words ſhe, ſore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus anſwer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue depraueſt,
Who ſhortly muſt repent that now ſo vainely braueſt.

Nath'leſſe,

33

Nath'leſſe, that ſtroke ſo cruell paſſage found,
That glauncing on her ſhoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That ſhe her ſhield through raging ſmart of it
Could ſcarce vphold: yet ſoone ſhe it requit.
For, hauing force increaſt through furious paine,
She her ſo rudely on the helmet ſmit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud perſon lowe proſtrated on the Plaine.

34

Where beeing layd, the wrathfull Britonneſſe
Stayd not till ſhe came to her ſelfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her Loues diſtreſſe,
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,
And alſo of her wound, which ſore did paine,
She with one ſtroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull ſight, when all her war-like traine
There preſent ſaw, each one (of ſenſe bereft)
Fled faſt into the towne, and her ſole Victor left.

35

But yet, ſo faſt they could not home retrate,
But that ſwift *Talus* did the formoſt win;
And preſſing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a pittious ſlaughter did begin:
For, all that euer came within his reach,
He with his iron flaile did threſh ſo thin,
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:
Like to an hideous ſtorme, which nothing may empeach.

36

And now by this, the noble Conquereſſe
Her ſelfe came in, her glory to partake;
VVhere though reuengefull vow ſhe did profeſſe,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heapes which he did make,
Of ſlaughtred carcaſſes, her hart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt riue,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake:
For, elſe he ſure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of ſpirit would depriue.

37

Tho, when ſhe had his execution ſtaid,
She for that iron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
VVhere when ſhe ſaw that lothly vncouth ſight,
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſh attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe deſpight
Of ſo vnmanly maske, in miſery miſdight.

38

At laſt, when-as to her owne Loue ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſſe deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecrete ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a ſpectacle ſo ſad:
And then too well belieu'd, that which to-fore
Iealous ſuſpect as true vntruely drad.
Which vaine conceit now nouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalue his ſad misfortunes ſore.

39

Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Did the moſt chaſte *Penelopé* poſſeſſe,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſſe,
Come home to her in pittious wretchedneſſe,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That ſhe knew not his fauours likelineſſe,
For many ſcarres, and many hoary haires:
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt vncertaine feares.

40

Ah! my deare Lord, what ſight is this, quoth ſhe,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Thoſe mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoaſts to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous change haue
As to haue robd you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could ſo great courage ſtooped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nought.

41

Thence, forth ſhe ſtraight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him thoſe vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their ſteede for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armours bright,
Which had been reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whil'ſt Fortune fauour'd her ſucceſſe in fight:
In which when-as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reviu'd, and ioy'd much in his ſemblance glad.

42

So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refreſh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which ſpace ſhe there as Princeſs raigned,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vſurpt; and them reſtoring
To mens ſubiection, did true Iuſtice deale:
That all they, as a Goddeſſe her adoring,
Her wiſedome did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43

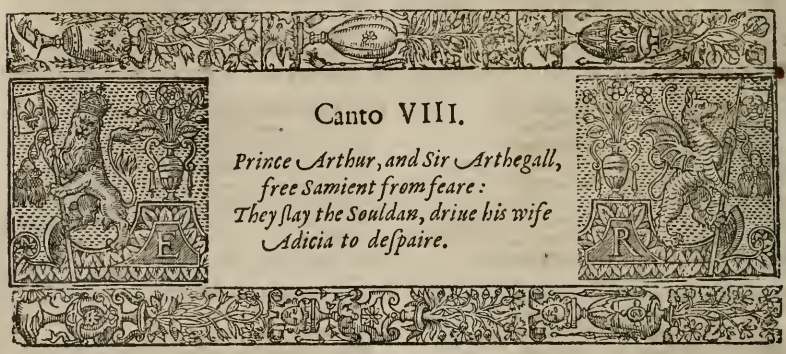
For, all thoſe Knights, which long in captiue ſhade
Had ſhrowded been, ſhe did from thraldome free;
And Magiſtrates of all that Citie made,
And gaue to them great huing and large fee:
And that they ſhould for euer faithfull bee,
Made them ſweare fealty to *Arthegall*.
Who when himſelfe now well recur'd did ſee,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-ſo befall,
Vpon his firſt adventure, which him forth did call.

44

Full ſad and ſorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cauſe of griefe;
Yet wiſely moderated her owne ſmart,
Seeing his honour, which ſhe tendred chiefe,
Conſiſted much in that adventures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his ſucceſſe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womaniſh complaints ſhe did repreſſe,
And tempred for the time her preſent heauineſſe.

45

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane-while, her noble Lord sir *Arthegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.



Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
free Samient from feare:
They slay the Souldan, driue his wife
Adicia to despaire.

1

Nought vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,
As beauties louely bait, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an hart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasance mollifie
Their hardned harts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

2

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his Lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
And so did war-like *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

3

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his Loue (albe her strong request)
Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnrest,
And rode himselfe vpon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

4

So trauelling, he chaunc't farre off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac't,
In hope to haue her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-went,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

5

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They beeing chased, that did others chase.
At length, he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

6

But th'other still pursewd the fearefull Maid;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,
Till that at length she did before her spy
Sir *Arthegall*, to whom she straight did hie
With gladfull haste, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy:
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

7

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Beeing impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quite haue over-went.
So, both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer (ger.
The two spears length; so mischiefe ouermatcht the wron-

And

8

And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;
For, on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne weight, his neck asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight
Defeated had the other fay tour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leauing there in that despiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready prest
Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses back, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke.
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recouered sense,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Vntill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

11

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weet if it were true as she had told;
Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus sore;
Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what-so penance shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To craue the same, whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

14

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Sith neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both themselues full eath perswade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other louingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

15

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground were
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,
And for what cause they chased so that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
But by aduenture found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:
And lo, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse doe fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity;
And all his powre doth there-vnto apply:
And her good Knights (of which so braue a band
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That ô yee heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

20

To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is prouok't, and stird vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counsels him (through confidence of might)
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proud Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and raylings as she lust;
But lastly, to make proofe of vtmost shame,
Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thanked be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repaid.

24

But they, now hauing throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained
To haue been done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselues deuise;
First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

26

So, as they had deviz'd, sir *Arthegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight
(Forth of her window as she looking lay)
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.
Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there;
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28

Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And mounting straight vpon a Charret hie,
With iron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did spred.

29

So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,
Burnisht with bloudy rust; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

30

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne (scorne.
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained

But

32

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his Charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horſes ſpeedy flying,
And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew.
Yet, as he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
A ſhiuering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſhund with heedfull view,
It had himſelfe transfixed, or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

33

Oft drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wing-footed courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his ready ſpeare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and paſt.
Yet ſtill he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt:
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

34

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore,
On euery ſide of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which warlike vſes had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked ſhaft guided through th'ayrie wide,
By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriuen ſide.

35

Much was he grieued with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the well-ſpring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which beeing wounded of the huntſmans hand
Can not come neere him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenc't himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

36

Still when he ſought t'approch vnto him nie,
His Charet wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as faſt to flie;
And eke his ſteedes, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

37

Thus, long they trac't, and trauerſt to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make ſome breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach.
At laſt, from his victorious ſhield he drew
The veile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horſes view,
As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

38

Like lightening flaſh, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe vpon themſelues they turned,
And with their rider ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldane them from flying ſtay,
With raines, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could doe or ſay,
But th'onely feare that was before their view;
From which, like mazed Deare, diſmayfully they flew.

39

Faſt did they flie, as them their feet could beare,
High over hilles, and lowely over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and ſweares, and raiſes,
And back with both his hands vnto him hailes
The reſty raines, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought auailes;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go which way they liſt, their guide they haue forlore.

40

As when the fiery-mouthed ſteeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaëtons* decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion view,
With vgly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well knowen courſes they forwent;
And leading th'euer-burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

41

Such was the furie of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the Infants ſun-like ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcornd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did (draw
The iron Charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

42

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind.
At laſt, they haue all ouer-throwne to ground
Quite topſide turuey, and the Pagan hound
Amongſt the iron hookes and grapples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd vpon the Greene.

43

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in deawy morne,
To flie his ſtepdames loue outrageous,
Of his owne ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his ſake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphs did waile & mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no little moniment.

44

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He vp did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtory ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily, by heauens high decree,
Iuſtice that day of wrong her ſelfe had wroken;
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for euer warned bee.

45

So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
He cauſed them be hung in all mens ſight;
To be a moniment for euermore.
Which when his Lady from the Caſtles hight
Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled ſpright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was diſmayd, or ſwouned through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftſoones deuiſe to be aveng'd for it.

46

Straight downe ſhe ranne, like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden meſſengere,
Whom ſhe had caus'd be kept as priſonere
By *Arthegall*, miſween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her back. And comming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious deſpight:

47

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* ſtrand
Her brothers bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* Prieſts her owne deare fleſh did teare.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Mænadés* ſo furious were,
As this bold woman, when ſhe ſaw that Damzell there.

48

But *Arthegall*, beeing thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand, ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome, whither her rage her bore,
With frantick paſſion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore:

49

As a bad bitch, when as the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt that commeth in her path.
There they doe ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tigre, and that Tigres ſcath
In crueltie and outrage ſhe did paſs,
To proue her ſurname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

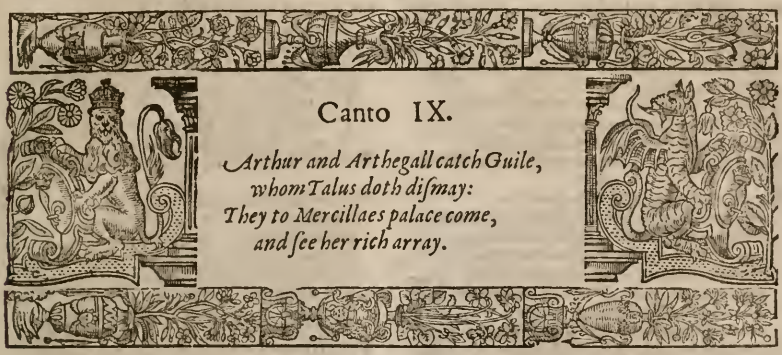
50

Then *Arthegall*, himſelfe diſcouering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that war-like rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wilde Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with coward ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

51

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wide:
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through law leſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So, both, for reſt there hauing ſtaid not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another ſong.

Canto



Canto IX.

Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,
whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes palace come,
and see her rich array.

1

WHat Tigre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
Not fit mongst men, that do with reason mell,
But mongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

2

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vtterly subverted his vnrighteous state.

3

Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a space
Well solac't in that Souldans late delight,
They both resoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But shee them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

4

By whose entreatie both they, ouercommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange adventure, which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out.
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

5

Thereto, both his owne wilie wit, she said,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

6

Through these his slights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of windings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

7

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not, said she, that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place.
Then let not that, said they, stay your intent.
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

8

So, forth they past, till they approched nie
Vnto the rock where was the villaines won.
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there-vpon
Gan to advize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With

9

With noyſe whereof, when as the caytiue Carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in await would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foile.
The Damzell ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the ſoile
Hauing her ſelfe in wretched wiſe abiected,
Gan weepe and waile, as if great griefe had her affected.

10

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhag-
And on his backe an vncouth veſtiment (ged,
Made of ſtrange ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged;
And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iagged.

11

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he caſt his looke.
Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
With which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brooke,
But vs'd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great ſtore.

12

Him when the Damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So vgly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmaid;
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride.
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affraid,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade
To baniſh feare: and with *Sardonian* ſmile
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
That from her ſelfe vnwares he might her ſteale the while.

13

Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedy keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant tricks before her ſhowe,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For, he in ſleights and iuggling feates did flowe,
And of legier-de-maine the myſteries did knowe.

14

To which, whil'ſt ſhe lent her intentiue mind,
He ſuddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouer-ſprad her like a puffe of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone vp, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nie
He came vnto his Caue, and there did view
The armed knights, ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did flie.

15

But *Arthegall*, him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly danger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

16

Which when he ſaw, his iron man he ſent
To follow him: for, he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſewd where-euer that he went,
Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place,
Where-ſo he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he ſhortly fore't him to forſake
The height, and downe deſcend vnto the baſe.
There he him courſt afreſh, and ſoone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

17

Into a Foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Fox full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme;
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a bird it chang'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held faſt in his hand.

18

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for feare of ſlights.
Who whil'ſt in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Beeing returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoone him ouer-tooke, and backward drew.

19

But, when as he would to a ſnake againe
Haue turn'd himſelfe, he with his iron flaile
Gan driue at him, with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy graile
He broke, and did his bowels diſentraile;
Crying in vaine for help, when help was paſt.
So did deceit the ſelfe deceiuer faile,
There they him left a carrion out-caſt,
For beaſts and fowles to feed vpon for their repaſt.

20

Thence, forth they paſſed with that gentle Maid,
To ſee her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſaid;
Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriu'd yee bee
Nigh to the place which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſoueraigne Lady Queene,
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonaire and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was ſeene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The

21

The gentle Knights reioyced much to heare
The praises of that Prince so manifold;
And passing little further, commen were,
Where they a stately Palace did behold,
Of pompous showe, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed sky,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22

There they, alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with giant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to worke great scathe and hin-
(drance.

23

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
Went vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commanding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors
(ceasse.

24

They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vile
Nayld to a poste, adiudged so by law:
For that there-with he falsely did reuile,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guile,
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26

Thus, there he stood, whil'st high over his head,
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Either for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a VVell-hed
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Vnto the presence of that gratious Queene:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a clowd, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering
(gleames.

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimblesse bold:
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Becompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whil'st Kings and Kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

30

Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maiestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismaide.

31

And round about, before her feet there sate
A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that highe
Lite, by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Iowes* iudgement seat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wife *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

Thus

33
Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
Whil'st vnderneath her feet, there as she sate,
An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
An hardy courage, like captiued thrall,
With a strong iron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

34
So, sitting high in dradded soueraigntie, (brought;
Those two strange Knights were to her presence
Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
Did to her milde obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

35
As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame
Towards the weasterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,
And seruour of his flames some-what adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate some-what of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

36
Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
Shee was about affaires of Common-weale,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weighty case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

37
But, after all her princely entertaine,
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe;
Which, that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forraine land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neere them none.

38
Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Lady of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

39
Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reueale; (speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all assaies; his name was called *Zeale:*
He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a peale,
That those, whom she to pitty had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

40
First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arrayd, *Duessa* highr,
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

41
For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspired,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
(Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depriue
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her aspired,
That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,
And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

42
But through high heauens grace (which fauour not
The wicked drifts of trayterous designes,
Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discouered was betimes,
And th'actors won the meed meet for their crimes.
Such be the meed of all, that by such meane
Vnto the type of kingdomes title climes.
But false *Duessa*, now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

43
Strongly did *Zeale* her hainous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her plead;
First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name
The *Kingdomes care*, with a white siluer head,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

44
Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose
With peremptory powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods behaest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons lute,
Importune care of their owne publique cause;
And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But

45

But then for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pittie*, with full tender heart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of woman-head;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46

With the neere touch whereof in tender heart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearfull obiects to them to present.

47

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Até*, brought her face to face,
Who priuie was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoile and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudy knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty bloud-shed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused sore.

49

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleane.
But *Arthegall*, with constant firm intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50

But she, whose Princely breast was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she sawe by all, that she did heare,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

1

Some Clarkes doe doubt in their deuicefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd downe on men, by influence of grace.

2

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserue inuiolated right,
Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

3

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praiſe,
That herein do'ſt all earthly Princes paſs?
What heauenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Vp to the ſkies, whence firſt deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it ſelfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmoſt brinke of the *Armericke* ſhore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations farre thy iuſtice do adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayſe much more.

4

Much more it prayſed was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had ſeene and heard her doom arights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorſe
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

5

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing courteſies,
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing daily to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongſt many liuing are,
Who them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare.

6

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forreine land, where they did dwell,
To ſeek for ſuccour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who inuaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children ruefully, alas!

7

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen ſeuenteene goodly ſonnes; which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire bloſſomes blaſted,
More happy mother would her ſurely weene,
Then famous *Niobé*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

8

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols ſacrifice their bloud,
Whyl'ſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For, ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſte empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to ſuccour him in fight.

9

And ſooth they ſay, that he was borne and brad
Of Gyants race, the ſonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine ſo ſore was drad,
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
Which brought that land to his ſubiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combyn'd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food aſſynd;
The fayreſt kyne aliue, but of the fierceſt kynd.

10

For, they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow heard, hyght *Eurytion*.
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day nor night did ſleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

11

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight:
Who, after that his monſtrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, ſtreight took his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And floriſh in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widowe (as befell)
After her noble husbands late deceaſe;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchedneſſe.

12

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking aduantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſeruice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forreign foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her feareleſſe confidence.

13

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gaue him ſoueraine powre
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and many a Tragicke ſtowre,
Giuing her deareſt children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

14

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes, ſhe ſent
To ſeek for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongſt

15

Amongst the which, then fortuned to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily beat that enterprise to heare,
Nor vndertake the same, for coward feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,
To grant him that aduenture for his former feat.

16

She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,
Himselfe vnto his iourney gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens faire,
When he was ready to his steed to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him royall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind beseene,
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With those two gentle youths, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,
But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride.

18

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
Within the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle, and Cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19

There he her found in sorrowe and disinay,
All solitarie without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselues, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she sawe, began to fly;
But when her owne two soonnes she had in sight,
She gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

20

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell streight about their neckes, as they did kneele:
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,
Sayd she, yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous sight.
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight,
Sayd she, that taken haue this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For, other meed may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22

Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greatest need.
So, thence he wished her with him to wend,
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,
And she take comfort, which God now did send:
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23

Ay me! sayd she, and whether shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My Palaces possessed of my foe,
My Cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those rauenous dogges.

24

Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe:
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And binding vp her lockes & weeds, forth with him wends.

25

They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

26

That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe,
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

27

But he had brought it now in ſeruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Striuing long time in vaine it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enioy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do vnto his Idole moſt vntrew.

28

To him he hath, before this Caſtle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of coſtly Iuory, full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath ſet vp, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in ſinfull ſacrifize
The fleſh of men, to Gods owne likeneſſe framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutiſh wize,
That any iron eies to ſee it would agrize.

29

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that curſed Idols altar ſtone;
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſſe lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was neuer ſeene of none
That liues on earth: but vnto thoſe alone
The which vnto him ſacrificed bee.
Thoſe he deuoures, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may ſee.

30

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a Seneſchall of dradded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed euerie one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had woone.
To which, when now they gan approach in ſight,
The Lady counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly been fordonne.

31

Her fearefull ſpeeches nought he did regard;
But ſtiding ſtreight vnder the Caſtle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

32

They both encounter in the middle Plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they would haue ryuen quight
Out of their breaſts, with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,
But ſhiuered all about, and ſcattered in the wind.

33

Not ſo the Princes; but with reſtleſſe force,
Into his ſhield it ready paſſage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corſe:
Which tumbling downe vpon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghoſt from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ſwound,
And thence vnto the Caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battery bent,
And leueld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment:

35

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his ſaddle ſwarued nought aſide,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwarke, firmely did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ride,
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt through his ſhield, & peare't through either ſide,
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

36

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whileſt they entring, th'one did th'other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he ouer-hent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay:
His carkaſſe tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoule vnto her place of puniſhment.

37

The other which was entred, laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate; but that ſame lumpe of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the Poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles the Prince had preaced in betweene,
And entrance wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himſelfe to ſaue: but he there ſlew him at the ſcreene.

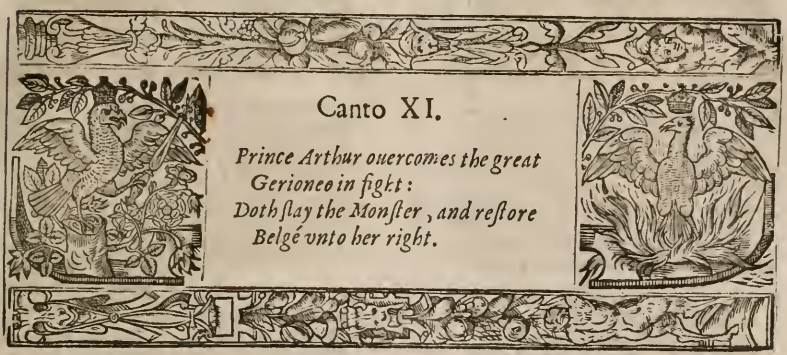
38

Then all the reſt which in that Caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Poſterne dore.
Long ſought the Prince: but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had viewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene, within vnto her ſhewed.

Who

39

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them selues they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.



Canto XI.

Prince Arthur ouercomes the great Gerioneo in fight: Doth slay the Monster, and restore Belgé vnto her right.

1

EFT often fals in course of common life,
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.
As by lad *Belgé* seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

2

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belgé* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his seneschall lowe on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burn in rage, and frieze in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnsound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

3

Natheless himselfe he armed all in haste,
And forth he fur'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatning bade
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

4

The Prince stayd not his answere to deuize,
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natiue land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

5

With that, so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouer-run him streight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whil'st at him so dreadfully he driue,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could haue riue.

6

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For, still when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon shift from side to side,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

7

Which vncouth vse when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely t'auenge him selfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Vpon the childe, but somewhat short did fall;
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

9

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.
Whereof when as the Giant was aware,
He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;
And can let driue at him so dreadfully,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay;
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the natiue tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell vnto him selfe with horror great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chause and sweat,
Ane gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduantage, how to work his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
And with his mortall steel quite through the body strooke.

14

Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the Plaine:
Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,
Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.
So now all three one senseless lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne black bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths disdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
Downe to the house of doole, his dayes there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand
She towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
Vpon these warriours, greedy t'vnderstand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they sawe it false, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belgé*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe
Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,
Mongst ioyes mixing som tears, mongst weale som wo,
Him thus bespake; ô most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still to remaine?

17

He took her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; Deare Ladie, deeds ought not be scand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thankt him for that woondrous grace,
And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye haue rooted all the relickes out
Of that vile race, and stablished my peace.
What is there else, sayd he, left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and do not stand in dout.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,
The which this Giant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred vp for daily sacrifize
My children and my people burnt in flame;
With all the tortures that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloudy guize.

And

20

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcaſſes, that die
In ſacrifice vnto that curſed feend:
Whoſe vgly ſhape none euer ſawe, nor kend,
That euer ſcap't: for, of a man they ſay
It has the voice, that ſpeeches forth doth ſend,
Euen blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne
For great deſire that Monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being ſhew'd, he gan himſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
The Monſter vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll ſawe of maſſie golde
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

22

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time, out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſewd, from vnder th'Altars ſmooke,
A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe, as it had long lien ſtill;
And her long taile and feathers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the Temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23

An huge great Beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For, of a Mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,
The better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

24

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedineſſe;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what-ſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A Dragons taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds, where-ſo it is empight;
An Eagles wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe euer liſt to make her hardy flight;

25

Much like in foulneſſe and deformitie
Vnto that Monſter, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her ſelfe for very hearts deſpight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could euer looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole.
So alſo did this Monſter vſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came vnto her ſchool,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceiued like a fool!

26

She comming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince, with ſhield ſo blazing bright,
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That back ſhe would haue turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forc't her turne againe in her deſpight,
To ſaue her ſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay:
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her way.

27

Tho, when ſhe ſawe, that ſhe was forc'd to fight,
She flew at him, like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield took hold with all her might,
As it that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he ſtroue out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28

With that, aloud ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeeches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell;
That euen the Temple wherein ſhe was plac't,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt.
Tho, with her huge long tayle ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger, and ſtand halfe aghaſt
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror ſhooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29

As when the Maſt of ſome well timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,
Whil'ſt ſtill ſhe ſtands as ſtonisht and forlorne:
So was he ſtoon'd with ſtroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrook, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

30

Then gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And *Belgé* ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound therof ſhe feard.
But then the feend her ſelfe more fiercely reard
Vpon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not forſeene with heedfull view,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew.

31

But as ſhe preſt on him with heauy ſway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To iſſue forth; the which, once being bruſt,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt vgly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke:
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake or thinke.

32

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maſſe,
Breathing out cloudes of ſulphur fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſawe on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With *Belgé*, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame danger drad.

33

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and ſhew triumphant cheare,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd ſo coſtly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathly ſoyle.

34

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan ſhout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dancing forth, and ioyous Carrolles ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall bayes,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe euerlaſting prayſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

35

There he with *Belgæ* did awhile remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her ſettled in her raigne,
With ſafe aſſurance and eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belgæ*, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did reſt.

36

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke *Irenaes* franchiſement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did paſs,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approch't he has.

37

There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The vſe of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approch't, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When firſt to Faery Court he ſaw her wend,
Vnto his ſoueraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

38

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new occaſion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſuruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth ſure and ſound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

39

For, ſhe preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promiſt, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the ſaluage Ilands ſyde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come, where ſhe (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surpriſed was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her impriſon'd hath, and her life often ſought.

40

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him iuſtifie, and proue her cleare
Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare,
She death ſhall by. Thoſe tydings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Arthegall* to heare,
And grieued ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vſage bad.

41

Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely ayde,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witneſſe vnto me, ye heauens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

42

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tydings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For, all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſt.

43

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then ſayd:
For if I liue till thoſe ten dayes haue end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall haue ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her do ſpend;
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultous affray.

To

44

To which as they approacht, the cauſe to knowe,
They ſawe a Knight in dangerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout, him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

45

Yet ſtill he ſtriues, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſcue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which, the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine: their numbers are ſo great,
That nought may boot to baniſh them from thence:
For, ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

46

And now they do ſo ſharpely him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battered haue,
And forced him to throwe it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſaue;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endleſſe ſhame.

47

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſayle with outrage bold,
And forced them, how-euer ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule: vntill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about:
From whoſe fierce preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſauing him from dangerous deſpaire
Of thoſe, which ſought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* gan then enquere
The whole occaſion of his late miſfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo neere.

49

To whom he thus: My name is *Burbon* hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late miſchiefe did vpon me light,
That all my former prayſe hath blemiſht ſore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with thoſe raytours ſawe, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine own Loue, theugh me ſhe haue forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50

But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
Sith which, ſhe hath me euer ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51

And now he hath his troop of villains ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom, my ſelfe I long in vaine haue bent
To reskew her, and daily means aſſay,
Yet reskew her thence by no meanes I may:
For, they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with vnequall might do ouer-lay,
That oft I driuen am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to forgo th'attempt remedileſſe.

52

But why haue ye, ſayd *Arthegall*, forborne
Your owne good ſhield in dangerous diſmay?
That is the greateſt ſhame and ſouleſt ſcorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may,
To loſe the badge, that ſhould his deeds diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
That ſhall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaſt yet therfore more happely me blame,
And deem it doen of wil, that through inforcement came.

53

True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight the knight of the *Redcroſſe*;
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the boſſe:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith *Grantorto* ſelfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54

But, for that many did that ſhield enuie,
And cruell enemies encreaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudy ſcutchin being battered ſore,
I laid aſide, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
For, ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detained,
And with corruptfull bribes is to vntruth miſ-trained.

55

To whom thus *Arthegall*: Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye do complaine;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtraight mote you conſtraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſaduentrous field;
Dyerather, then doe ought, that mote diſhonour yeeld.

Not

56

Not ſo, quoth he; for, yet when time doth ſerue,
My former ſhield I may reſume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to ſwerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as neceſſity doth it conſtraine.
Fie on ſuch forgery, ſayd *Arthegall*,
Vnder one hood to ſhadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fowly may befall.

57

Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt,
Sayd *Burbon*, to aſſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants, which haue me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Arthegall*, albe he earſt did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his ayde agreed,
And buckling him effſoones vnto the fight
Did ſet vpon thoſe troupes with all his powre and might.

58

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themſelues did muſter,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull luſter;
That fore't at firſt thoſe knights back to retire:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man & beaſt do fly, and ſuccour doe inquire.

59

But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote auaile,
Made cruell hauocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The raſcall many ſoone they ouerthrew;
But the two knights themſelues their captains did ſubdew.

60

At laſt, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers haue forſaken quight,
To ſaue them ſelues, and ſcattered were abroad:
Her halfe diſtrayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſory for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In royall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their vſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

61

But *Burbon*, ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Vnto her ran with greedy great deſire,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with heart entire.
But ſhe, back-ſtarting with diſdainefull ire,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when thoſe Knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded ſore.

62

Sayd *Arthegall*; What foule diſgrace is this,
To ſo faire Lady, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
To blot your beauty, that vnblemiſht is,
With ſo foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth ſo precious or deare,
As prayſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?
Whoſe goodly light then *Phœbus* lampe doth ſhine more (cleare.

63

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Vnto a ſtrangers loue, ſo lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falſhood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is ſolde,
And honour with indignity debaſed:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

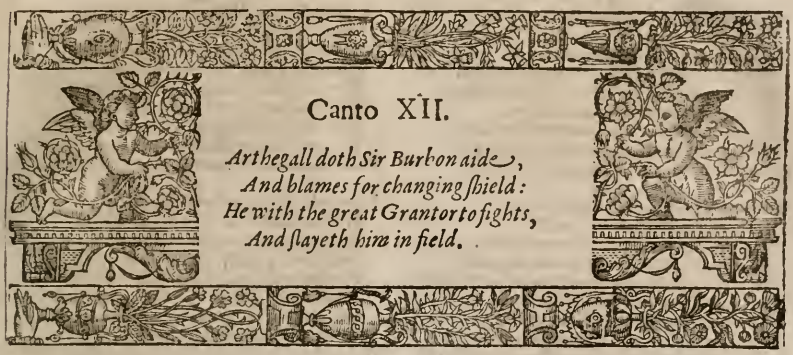
64

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauy cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare.
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, her againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gaine-ſayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65

Nath'leſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſcall many with vnpittied ſpoyle;
Ne ceaſſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he droue quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Arthegall*, ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commanded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approching faſt, required ſpeed.

Canto



Canto XII.

Arthegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.

1

Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Whō neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Cōmon-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No loue so lasting then, that may enduren long.

2

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and vnsound:
And witnesse be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belgé* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

3

Gainst whom Sir *Arthegall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hithertoo
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him assynd, her high behest to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there descrie.

4

Tho, when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:
The winde and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

5

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottom plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like Doues, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

6

The whyles, Sir *Arthegall*, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this, came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arriuall: wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

7

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattered ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the seed after the sowers hand;

8

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all hearkning, did awhile asswage
Their forces fury, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of faire *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

And

9

And willed him for to reclaime with ſpeed
His ſcattered people, ere they all were ſlaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which, they two the combat might darraine.
Which meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full faine
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrowe next, ne gaue him longer day;
So ſounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

10

That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had giuen ſtreight commandement,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durſt break, though many would right fain
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet olde *Sergis* did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull were.

11

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay
His chearefull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arriuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full ſad, and heart full ſore;
Weening her liues laſt howre then neere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor heare nor ſee.

12

Then vp ſhe roſe, and on her ſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day;
And with dull count'nance, and with dolefull ſpright,
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay,
For to receiue the doom of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegall*, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midſt of deadly feare.

13

Like as a tender Roſe in open Plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſſpreds the glory of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When *Arthegall* ſhe ſawe in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant, till it was farre day.

14

Who came at length, with proud preſumptuous gate,
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a coat of iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele-cap he did weare
Of colour ruſty browne, but ſure & ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteele was iron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong.

15

Of ſtature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpaſs,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in ſingle fight;
His face was vgly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could haue frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

16

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like ſight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in ready plight.

17

The Trumpets ſound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full dangerouſly beſtowe,
To doe moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment.
But with ſure force and fury violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the iron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

18

Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their graceleſſe ſpeed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his main-ſheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

19

So did the Faery Knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft, his head from ſhame to ſhield:
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a little for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his iron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did ouer-lade.

20

Yet, when as fit aduantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Vnder his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence guſhing grieuouſly,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple die;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet

21

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blowe his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein, did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraſt.

22

Long while he tugd and ſtroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed there-vnto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'leſſe, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield vndoe.
Which *Arthegall* perceiuing, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with ſo ſore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt,
He ſtrooke him with *Chryſaor* on the head,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore agaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſtead.
Againe, whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
VVhom when he ſaw proſtrated on the Plaine,
He lightly reſt his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

24

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for ioy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe;
And running all with greedy ioyfulneſſe
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall;
And eke her champions glory ſounded over all.

25

Who, ſtraight her leading with meet maieſty
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceably,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore againe;
And all ſuch perſons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with cloſe or open ayd,
He ſorely puniſhed with heauy paine;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtaid,
Not one was left, that durſt her once haue diſobaid.

26

During which time that he did there remaine,
His ſtudie was true Iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:
And that ſame iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he ſent,
To ſearch out thoſe that vs'd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict moſt grieuous puniſhment.

27

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of Iuſtice he was fore't to ſtay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redreſſe.
But enuies clowd ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauineſſe.

28

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre vpon the ſtrand,
When-as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way ſide beeing together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and, to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt vgly caſes.

29

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke askew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung looſe and loathſomely: there-to her hew
VVas wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as ſhe ſpake, there-with ſhe ſlauered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldome, but thought more, the leſſe ſhee ſed.

30

Her hands were foule and durty, neuer waſht
In all her life, with long nayles ouer-raught,
Like Puttocks clawes: with th'ooe of which ſhe ſcratcht
Her curſed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a ſnake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might deſcry
The bloudy gore and poyſon dropping lothſomly.

31

Her name was *Enuy*, knowen well thereby;
Whoſe nature is to grieue, and grudge at all
That euer ſhe ſees doen praiſe-worthily:
VVhoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eate her gall.
For, when ſhe wanteth other thing to eate,
She feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dieat.

32

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gained a great ſtake.

33

The other, nothing better was then ſhee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did diſagree:
For, what-ſo *Envy* good or bad did find,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;
But this, what-euer euill ſhe conceiued,
Did ſpread abroad, and throwe in th'open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all ſhee ſought, was mens good name to haue be-

34

For, what-ſoeuer good by any ſaid,
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtraight-waies invent
How to depraue, or ſlanderouſly vp-braid,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe vſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

35

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great ioy to publiſh it to many,
That euery matter worſe was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe: for, her ſelfe ſhe onely vext:
But this ſame, both her ſelfe, and others eke perplext.

36

Her face was vgly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue (full ſharpe and ſhort)
Appear'd like Aſpis ſting, that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom-ſo ſhe wils:
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Vpon the which ſhe little ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faines to weaue falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throwe amongſt the good, which others had diſprad.

37

Theſe two now had themſelues combyn'd in one,
And linkt together gainſt Sir *Arthegall*,
For whom they waited as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares *Irena* thrall:
Beſides, vnto themſelues they gotten had
A monſter, which the *Blatant Beaſt* men call;
A dreadful fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

38

Such were theſe Hags, and ſo vnhandſome dreſt:
Who when they nigh approching had eſpide
Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had beene two ſhepheards curres, had ſcride
A rauenous Wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flocks.
And *Envy* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her breſt, & forhead knocks.

39

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throwes it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chaw'd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remained ſecretly;
And, as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40

Then, th'other comming neere, gan him reuile,
And foully raile, with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abuſion both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Iuſtice lent,
Had ſtained with reprochefull crueltie,
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traines hauing ſurpriz'd, he ſoully did to die.

41

There-to the *Blatant beaſt*, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore thoſe hags themſelues did paine,
To ſharpen him, and their owne curſed tongues did ſtraine.

42

And ſtill amoog, moſt bitter words they ſpake,
Moſt ſhametull, moſt vntighteous, moſt vntrew,
That they the mildeſt man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſlaunders at him threw.
And more, to make the pearce and wound more deepe,
She with the ſting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

43

But *Talus*, hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him, that well deſerued,
Would her haue chaſtiz'd with his iron flaile,
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preſerued,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerued.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerue
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

(··)

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.

OR

Of Curteſie.

1

THe waies, throgh which my weary ſteps I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wide,
And ſprinkled with ſuch ſweet varietie
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauiſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and cheares my dulled ſpright.

2

Such ſecret comfort, and ſuch heauenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred Imps, that on *Parnaſſo* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings threaſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies, where neuer foote did vſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſe;

3

Reueale to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſiluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdaine.
Sith it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furſt
From heauenly ſeedes of bounty ſoueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

4

Amongſt them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the blooſme of comely curteſie;
Which, though it on a lowely ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And ſpreads it ſelfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which, though preſent age doe plentious ſeeme,
Yet beeing matcht with plaine Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes miſdeeme.

5

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eyes of them, that paſs,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glaſs:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blind
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke gold that is braſs.
But vertues ſeat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward ſhowes, but inward thoughts defin'd.

6

But where ſhall I in all Antiquitie
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, ô ſoueraine Lady Queene?
In whoſe pure mind, as in a mirror ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeed an higher name:
Yet ſo from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soueraigne,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay, as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courteſies excell.

Canto I.

Calidore ſaues from Maleffort
a Damzell vſed vilde;
Doth vanquiſh Crudor, & doth make
Briana wexe more milde.

1

OF Court, it ſeemes, men Courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt vſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth, that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill converſation.
Right ſo in Faery Court it did redound,
Where courteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

2

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:
In whom, it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners milde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeech, did ſteale mens harts away.
Nath'leſſe, thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in battailous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

3

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vſage and conditions ſound,
The which in all mens liking gained place,
And with the greateſt, purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely vſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'euill to embaſe.
For, he loath'd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loued ſimple truth, and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

4

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vpon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
When-as by chaunce he met vpon a day
With *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt which he gotten had.
Who, when-as each of other had a ſight,
They knew themſelues, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing ſpright:

5

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploit, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man, ſaid then Sir *Calidore*,
Which haue ſo goodly, as ye can deuize,
Archieu'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for euermore.

6

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace withouten guide,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies vntride,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
In which, although good fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifide.
What is that queſt, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

The

7

The Blattant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet knowe I not or how, or in what place,
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beast, then he replide?
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

8

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9

Then since the saluage Island I did leave,
Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

10

That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keepe your body from the danger drad:
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall.

11

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When-as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:
Who, seeing him from farre, with pittious sound
Of his shrill cries bim called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painfull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staid,
But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said.

12

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captiued in this shamefull place?
To whom he answerd thus; My hapleſſe case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a straight there stands a Castle strong,
VVhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintaind with mighty wrong:
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)
By reason of the straight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies locks doe shaue away,
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage pay.

14

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.
Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

15

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mind,
Refused hath to yield her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

16

He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstond;
And whiles he her pursued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17

Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they straight way gheſt,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to leſt,
They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnbleſt
Haling that maiden by the yellow haire,
That all her garments from her snowy breſt,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

18

Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
With harts dismay, and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which bad reft
That pittious spoile by so iniurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride;
Leaue faytor quickly that misgotten weft,
To him that hath it better iustifide,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art defide.

19

Who harkning to that voice, himſelfe vp-reard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towards make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſterne count'naunce thus vnto him ſpake;
Art thou the caitiue that defieſt mee,
And for this Maid, whoſe party thou dooſt take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet ſhall it not her locks for raunſome fro me free.

20

VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as vnſtaid,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirit ſpar'd,
Lying in wait how him he damage might.
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelliug ſourſe
Shall driue a Mill, within ſtrong banks is pent,
And long reſtrained of his ready courſe;
So ſoone as paſſage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

22

The heauy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His hart gan faint, and ſtraight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge vſed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the Plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry
Vnto the ward, to open to him haſtily.

23

They, from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receiue him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carcaſſe tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entrance with a lump of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whil'ſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

24

With that, the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full ſightly ſwept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of ſommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Where, of the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymet: who with vncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and foule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25

False traytor Knight, ſaid ſhe, no knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall;
Now commeſt thou to rob my houſe vnmand,
And ſpoile my ſelfe, that cannot thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon vnderſtand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none doe, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame requight.

26

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not vnto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull dooer it afford.
Blood is no blemiſh; for, it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe that doe deſerue the ſame;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man, then inhumanitie.

27

Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
To all that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye ſeeke t'obtaine.
VVhere-with, all full of wrath, ſhe thus replide;
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that dooſt my loue deride,
Who ſcornes thy idle ſcoffe, and bids thee be deſide.

28

To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.
Coward, quoth ſhee, were not that thou wouldſt flie,
Ere he doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place.
If I doe ſo, ſaid he, then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to diſgrace,
With all thoſe ſhames that earſt ye ſpake me to deface.

29

VVith that, a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſte,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A priuy token which betweene them paſt)
Bade him to flie with all the ſpeed he could
To *Crudor*, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reskew her againſt a Knight,
Who through ſtrong powre had now herſelfe in hold,
Hauing late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

30

The Dwarfe his way did haſte, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight,
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornfull pride,
And foule entreaty him indigniſide,
That iron hart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guide,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did himſelfe from frayle impatience refraine.

The

31
The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Aboue the earth vp-reard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Brought aunſwere back, that ere he taſted bread,
He would her ſuccour; and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſcnet, as a faithfull band.

32
Thereof full blithe the Lady ſtraight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmaied was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerfull ſeeme therefore.
And hauing ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth, to meet his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when-as a Knight
He ſpide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

33
Well weend he ſtraight, that he ſhould be the ſame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne ſtaid to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in middeſt of the Plaine,
With ſo fell furie and deſpiteous force,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

34
But *Calidore* vp-roſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenſeleſſe ſound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* ſaw that direry ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood vpon the Caſtle wall,
She deem'd him ſure to haue beene dead on ground:
And made ſuch pittious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

35
Nath'leſſe at length himſelfe he did vp-reare
In luſtleſſe wiſe; as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbes: which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he reſted ſtill:
But when he ſaw his foe before in view,
He ſhooke off luskiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horſeback would enſew.

36
There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maiſtery of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight:
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breathe awhile their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

37
Thus, long they trac't and trauerſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had pot-ſhares been; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood;
That at the laſt, like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riuen ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

38
At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonce did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmoſt of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of ſight,
And nimbler handed then his enemy,
Preuented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerly,
That made him ſtoope to ground with meeke humility.

39
And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire advantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he grouelling caſt;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlac't
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who ſeeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not ſlay,
But ſaue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

40
VVith that, his mortall hand awhile he ſtayd,
And hauing ſome-what calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſaid;
And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more ſo rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vſage ſterne,
The which ſhall nought to you but foule diſhonour earne.

41
For, nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as armes profeſſe,
How-euer ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruelneſſe.
In vaine he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learnd himſelfe firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is fraile, and full of fickleneſſe,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, ſtill changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

42
VVho will not mercy vnto others ſhew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.
Yet ſith ye mercy now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſaue,
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, where-ſo on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in euery ſtead and ſtound.

43

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And what-soeuer else he would requere.
So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

44

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He vp arose, how euer liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vp-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45

Whereof she now more glad, then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearc't
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Loue restord.

46

So all returning to the Castle, glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

47

But *Calidore*, himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed whole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

Canto II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay a proud discourteous knight: He makes him Squire, & of him learnes his state and present plight.

1

WHat vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,
As Courtesie, to beare themselues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For, whether they be placed high aboue,
Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

2

There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For, some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforc't with paine.

3

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares;
Whose euery deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchauntment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descride,
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

4

An I them beſide, a Lady faire he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

5

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarce did ſee
Yet ſeauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belay dwith ſiluer lace;
And on his head an hood with agletsſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

6

Buskins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwaine,
Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwaine;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe bore-ſpeare,
With which he wont to launce the ſaluage hart
Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare
That firſt vnto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

7

Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,
At length beſpake; What meanes this, gentle ſwaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine?
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine.
Certes, ſaid he, loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather then let my ſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

8

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride & puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie, great blame, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*,
For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterue vp-rore.

9

That ſhall I ſooth, ſaid he, to you declare.
I, whoſe vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſaluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt, and wilde woody raine:
Where, as this day I was enranging it,
I chaunc't to meet this knight, who there lies ſlaine,
Together with this Lady, paſſing on the Plaine.

10

The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſe-back was,
And this his Lady (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horſe ſide did paſs
Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When-ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs moteſo,
He with his ſpeare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

11

VVhich when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Lady, whom with vſage kind
He rather ſhould haue taken vp behind.
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t'a child pertaine.

12

Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
His ſcornefull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he ſtraight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I, enforc't to beare, though to my paine,
Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

13

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well; but more admir'd the ſtroke
That through the mailes had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Lady, whether what he ſpoke,
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th'vnrighteous ire
Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

14

Of all which, when as ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th'imputed blame,
Staid then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For, what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſaue: (ſhame.
Againſt both which, that knight wrought knightleſſe
For, knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

15

But, ſith that he is gone irreuocable,
Pleaſe it you Lady, to vs to aread,
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,
To driue you ſo on foot vnfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead?
Certes, ſir knight, ſaid ſhe, full loth I were
To raiſe a liuing blame againſt the dead:
But ſith it me concernes my ſelfe to clere,
I will the truth diſcouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

This

16

This day, as he and I together roade
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loues, free from all iealous spies:
Faire was the Lady sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,
He inly gan her Lower to envie,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.
Where-to when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bade me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe frō his steed me throw'th,
And with presumptuous powre against that knight straight

18 (go'th.

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete
For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:
Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight
Himselfe to yield his Loue, or else to fight.
Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his Loue he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to try,
Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
No time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smote;
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
Vvhil'st they together for the quarrey stroue,
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
My knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,
And left sore wounded: but, when her he must,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauffe, he turned back
Vnto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wrack
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,
Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me vp (as this young man did see)
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But fore't to trot on foot, and foule misused;
Punching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complaining to be so abused.
For, he regarded neither plaint nor teare,
But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met;
And beeing moou'd with pitty of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
Vvhich had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admired it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,
Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* son,
After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don:
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely borne of some Heroick sead,
That in thy face appeares, and gratious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell
(Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
For loue amongst the woody Gods to dwell;)
I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfained zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee growe in worship and great weale.
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be
Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,
Harme may arise vnweeting vnto mee;
Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.
And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And

28

And *Triſtram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras*, which did raigne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues deſpeire
Vntimely dide, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine.
After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to bee.

29

The widdow Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emilne*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile ſafety, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Sceptre beare,
Whoſe iealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remoue ſome-where
Into ſome forraine Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30

So, taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to ſend me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lioneſſe* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight
Should weet of mee, nor worke me any wrong.
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe harkning, ſent me ſtraight
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

31

All which, my dayes I haue not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In idleſſe; but as was conuenient,
Haue trained been with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and ſuch like ſeemly leres.
Mongſt which, my moſt delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the ſaluage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the forreſt greene;
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that ev'r was ſeene.

32

Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting lowe,
But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our ioyes, which in theſe forreſts growe:
Onely the vſe of armes, which moſt I ioy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwaine to knowe,
I haue not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And beeing now high time theſe ſtrong ioynts to imploy.

33

Therefore, good ſir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſildome may;
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vſe them right;
The rather, ſith that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire child, the high deſire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35

There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaues ſmall,
Long ſhut vp in the bud from heauens view,
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmiling hew.

36

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Child *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture; vowing not to ſtart,
But wait on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight;

37

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To haue thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it aſſaid,
That in atchieuement of her high beheſt,
I ſhould no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye ſo greatly prayd.

38

But, ſince this Lady is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull ſtate
To ſuccour her, from danger of diſmay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Impe, of ſuch new ſeruice faine,
Ir gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former paine.

39

But *Triſtram*, then deſpoyling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright metall, ſhining like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand waies.
And after, hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raiſe
Vpon the ſteed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

There

40

There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who, ere he thence had traueil'd many a mile,
Came to the place, where as ye heard afore,
This Knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another Knight in his deſpiteous pride;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments, and the graſſe in vermeill dide.

41

And there beſide him, ſate vpon the ground
His wofull Lady, pittiouſly complaining
With loud laments that moſt vnluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtraining
To wipe his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſory ſight when *Calidore* did view
With heauy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mighty hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42

Then ſpeaking to the Lady, thus he ſaid:
Ye doleſull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
This knight vnarm'd, with ſo vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Lady, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heauy words forth ſigh't.

43

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom ſhe was for euer bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44

When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well vnderſtood, he gan of her demaund,
What maner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which bad this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could vnderſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Lady ou rough waues, row'd in a ſommer barge.

45

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtraightway,
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:
For, he that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now himſelfe in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw vpon the cold earth ſprad,
The meed of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought, and to your loued knight.

46

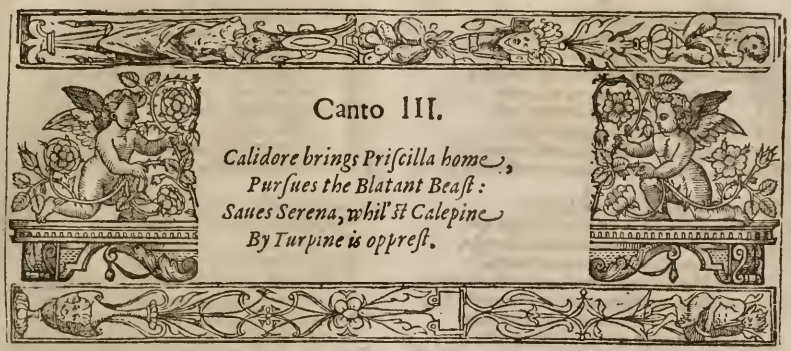
Therefore, faire Lady, lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
For that diſpleaſure; and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deuiſe for this your Louers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Loue, and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

47

Yet could ſhe not deniſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might conuay him to ſome place.
For, him to trouble ſhe it thought vnfit,
That was a ſtranger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
VVhich when as he perceiu'd, he thus beſpake:
Faire Lady, let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48

So, off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And pouring balme, which he had long purueid,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne.



Canto III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home,
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saues Serena, whil'ſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

1

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet ſayd,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.
For, a man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners: in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For, ſeldome ſeene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene, that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with courteous manners met.

2

But euermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcride,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Caſtle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

3

He was to weet a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares:
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous ſtill to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonnes *Aladine*.

4

Who when he ſawe his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a ſtranger knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo doolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth: Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? ale me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to ſad annoy?

5

Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace.
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky caſe.

6

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh't and ſorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her penſiue thought, (brought.
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be

7

For, ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affie
To a great Peere: but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lov'd this freſh young knight, who dwelt her nie,
The luſty *Aladine* though meaner borne,
And of leſſe liuelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanneſſe much, and make her th'others riches ſcorne.

8

So hauing both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckleſſe glade;
Where that proud knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalue with coloured diſguize.

9

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The penſiue fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening paſt, till time of reſt;
When *Calidore* in ſeemely good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndreſt,
Did ſleepe all night through weary trauell of his queſt.

10

But faire *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly ſleepe,
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe watcht him,
That of the deadly ſwoun, in which full deep
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpatcht him,
And droue away the ſtound, which mortally attach't him.

11

The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,
He alſo gan vp-look with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſawe his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deeply ſigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble bloud:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

12

Which ſhe perceiuing, did with plentious teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſaue whole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were paſt.

13

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beams forth bruſt
Through the thick clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkneſſe, duld with iron ruſt,
Calidore riſing vp as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe vnto his former way.

14

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued ſpeech to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to ouer-paſſe:
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe,
Of former dayes mishap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

15

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,
And all his diſaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.
In th'end his kindly courteſie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To ſafe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

16

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: ſo, after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the iourney dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Feareleſſe, who ought did think, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

17

Streight to the carcaſſe of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this euill, who was ſlaine
The day before, by iuſt auengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke therof did cut in twaine,
And took with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame.
So forth he paſſed thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came,
Moſt penſiue man, through fear, what of his child became.

18

There he arriuing boldly, did preſent
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſawe her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlome for vengement of his theft.

19

Moſt ioyfull man her Sire was her to ſee,
And heare th'aduenture of her late miſchance;
And thouſand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Ne leſſe the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Vnto his firſt exploit he did him ſelfe apply.

20

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,
In couert ſhade him ſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him ſelfe he thought from danger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him ſpight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did vpon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labourd to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He soon allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;
And of aduentures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23

Of which whileſt they discourſed both together,
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle weather,
And pleasance of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her head,
Without suspect of ill or dangers hidden dread.

24

All sodainly out of the forrest neere
The *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing vnaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfate
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Hastily starting vp, like men dismaide,
Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed mayde.

25

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,
Him ouer-tooke in middest of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might;
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
For, he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady sawe
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forc't him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

27

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both sides through grip't with griesly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away;
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

28

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile mansion of mortalitie.
Then vp he took her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steed, her did sustaine
With carefull hands softning foother beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

29

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In trauelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foot with heauy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers side,
He chaunc't to spy a faire and stately Place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,
In hope there for his Louesome succour to prouide.

30

But comming to the riuers side, he found
That hardly passible on foote it was:
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pass.
Thus whyl'st he was in this distressed case,
Deuising what to do, he nigh espide
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady linked by his side,
The which themselues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie in that his need
(For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,
Through that same perillous foord with better heed)
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

32

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,
And let thy Lady likewise do the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing paine,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vaine.
With which rude speech his Lady much displeased,
Did him reproue, yet could him not restraine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eased,
For pitty of his Dame, whom she sawe so diseased.

33

Sir *Calepine* her thankt; yet, inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the riuer goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie, vnfit for Knight:
And ſtrongly wading through the waues vnuſed,
With ſpeare in th'one hand, ſtayd him ſelfe vpright,
With th'other ſtayd his Lady vp with ſteddy might.

34

And all the while, that ſame diſcourteous Knight
Stood on the further banke beholding him:
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight,
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſawe his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeeches ſharpe and fell.

35

Vnknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that armes vpon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe thoſe armes forſake;
And be for euer held a recreant knight,
Vnleſſe thou dare for thy deare Ladies ſake,
And for thine owne defence on foot alight,
To iuſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight.

36

The daſtard, that did heare him ſelfe defide,
Seem'd not to waigh his threatfull words at all,
But laughr them out, as if his greater pryde
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall:
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himſelfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

37

But he, nought weighing what he ſayd or did,
Turned his ſteed about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke;
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beſeeke.

38

But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entrance boldly vnto him forbad.
Natheleſſe the Knight, now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan him entreat euen with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
Who to him anſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

39

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt vs needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both woſe ſides are peare't
With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghoſt:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch courteſie afford,
Vnleſſe that I were thereunto enforc't.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

40

His name, quoth he, if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſterne
In all aſſayes to euery errant Knight,
Becauſe of one, that wrought him fowle deſpight.
Ill ſeemes, ſayd he, if he ſo valiant be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight:
For, ſeldome yet did liuing creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood euer diſagree.

41

But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That houſe-roome craues, yet would be loth t'aſſay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or courteſie with rudeneſſe to requite:
Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42

The groome went ſtreight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage, which that Knight did moue;
Who, ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did nor his demand approue,
But both himſelfe reuil'd, and eke his Loue;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vſage did reproue
And earneſtly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

43

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groom, returning, brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did ſee;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He ſawe, the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th'vtmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her vnderneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he himſelfe all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

The

45

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as ioyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkneſſe drad, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd her head to ſee that chearefull sight.
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile deſpight;
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there lenger ſtay, forth on his iourney goth.

46

He goth on foote all armed by her ſide,
Vpſtaying ſtill her ſelfe vpon her ſteed,
Being vnhable elſe alone to ride;
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreameſt need,
He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to ſpie,
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeed;
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his miſery.

47

Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he neerer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betide.
Tho, when as he approched nigh in view,
By certaine ſignes he plainely him deſcride,
To be the man, that with ſuch ſcornefull pride
Had him abuſde, and ſhamed yeſterday.
Therefore miſdoubting, leaſt he ſhould miſ-guide
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keep him ſelfe ſo ſafely as he may.

48

By this, the other came in place likewiſe:
And couching cloſe his ſpeare and all his powre,
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand, t'abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeance, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but ſhun
The perill of his pride, or elſe be ouer-run.

49

Yet he him ſtill purſewd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;
And like a wilde goate round about did chaſe,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As euer he to Lady was affide,
To ſpare her knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifide.

50

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſſe him purſew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chance a cloſe aduantage vew'd,
He ouer-raught him, hauing long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his ſpeare
Strooke through his ſhoulder, that the bloud enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a Well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appeare.

51

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chac't him ſtill, for all his Ladies crie;
Not ſatisfide till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life pourd forth diſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great ieopardie,
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
And ſaued from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

Canto IIII.

Calepine by a ſaluage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whil'ſt an Infant from a Bear
He ſaues, his Loue doth miſſe.

1

Like as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Hauing ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome ſiſher barke doth neere behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Lady left in pittifull affright;

2

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3

The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much eminoued at his perils view;
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his euill plight,
Against his foe, that did him so pursew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

4

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpse with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
No more then for the strokes of strawes or bents:
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5

He stayd not to aduize, which way were best
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Vpon him ran; who, being well prepar'd,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare
Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,
That forc't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6

With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tigre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
The saluage nation doth all dread despise:
Tho, on his shield he gryple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wise
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprise.

7

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,
But hal'd and pull'd with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed:
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Been helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing vncomely for a knight.

9

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He weary woxe, and back return'd againe
With speed vnto the place, wher-as he last
Had left that couple, neere their vtmost cast.
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

10

For, though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile Sozell, which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill by this saluage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore.
Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope for lore.

11

But the wild man, contrary to her feare,
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deep compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For, other language had he none nor speech,
But a soft murmure, and confused sound
Of senseless words, which Nature did him teach,
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

12

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh; as moued with the sight,
He made great mone, after his saluage mood:
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanched thought.

13

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest by a hollow glade,
Couered with mossie shrubs, which spredding broad
Did vnderneath them make a gloamy shade;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trod, (bode.
Ne scarse wild beasts durst come, there was this wights a-

Thither

14

Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoary mosse bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,
And the fruites of the forrest was their feast:
For, their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast
Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

15

Yet howsoeuer base and meane it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all;
Which had them fre'ed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that caitiue thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselues awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His best endeuour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnsound.

17

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloody iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

18

The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,
And all the woods with pittious plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrieches shrill
Pearcing his heart with pities point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue the infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

19

Well then him chaunc't his heauy armes to want,
Whose burden more impeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20

So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,
Vpon him turned, and with greedy force
And fury, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd:
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward pass:
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22

Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
Striuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to (straine.

23

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The little babe, sweet relicks of his pray;
Whom pittying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wyp't away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray:
And euery little limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24

So hauing all his bands againe vp-tide,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he lookt about on euery side,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by aymé.
For, nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneyes end;
And euermore his louely little spoyle
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

26

At laſt, about the ſetting of the Sunne,
Him ſelfe out of the foreſt he did winde,
And by good fortune the plaine Champion wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote find
Some place of ſuccour to content his mind,
At length he heard vnder the forreſts ſide
A voice, that ſeemed of ſome woman-kinde,
Which to her ſelfe lamenting loudly cride,
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defide.

27

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceiued
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to haue been deceiued,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayed.
Whom when as *Calepine* ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her ſayd;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent.

28

To whom ſhe thus; What need me Sir to tell
That which your ſelfe haue earſt ared ſo right?
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by liuing wight.
Nath'leſſe, quoth he, it need do not you bind,
Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieued ſpright:
Oft-times it haps, that ſorrowes of the mind
Find remedy vnſought, which ſeeking cannot find.

29

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will knowe the grief I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Giant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30

So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to thoſe happy fortunes, cruel Fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe
All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to growe,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to ouer-flowe.

31

For, th'heauens, enuying our proſperity,
Haue not vouchſaft to grant vnto vs twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
Which we might ſee after our ſelues remaine
In th'heritage of our vnhappy paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our liues end.

32

But moſt my Lord is grieued here withall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth for-thinke.
Yet was it ſayd, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brook, by whom that feend ſhould be fordon.

33

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſide ſome noble childe ſhould riſe,
The which, through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud Giant ſhould with braue empriſe
Quite ouerthrowe, who now ginnes to deſpiſe
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth riſe.
Lo, this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaſeleſſe teares.

34

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
And when he had deuized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the preefe.
And hauing cheared her, thus ſayd; Faire Dame,
In euils, counſell is the comfort chiefe:
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

35

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children, to ſupply your place;
Lo, how good fortune doth to you preſent
This little babe, of ſweet and louely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What-euer formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him train in cheualry,
Or nourſle vp in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

36

And certes it hath often-times been ſeene,
That of the like whoſe linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue rayſed beene
(As their victorious deeds haue often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen)
Then thoſe, which haue been dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe braue imps were
Here by the gods, and fed with heauenly ſap, (ſowen
That made them growe ſo high t'all honorable hap.

37

The Lady, hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeech,
Found nothing that he ſayd, vnmeet nor geaſon,
Hauing oft ſeene it tride, as he did teach.
Therefore inclining to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place & ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liuery and ſeiſin;
And hauing ouer it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right-

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne ſne leſſe glad; for, ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her husband vnder hand ſo wrought,
That when that infant vnto him ſhe brought,
She made him thinke it ſurely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes ſo well vp-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deeds, the which elſewhere are ſhown.

39

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Vnder the green-woods ſide in ſorry plight,
Withouten armes or ſteed to ride vpon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heauens ſpight,
Albe that Dame (by all the means ſne might)
Him oft deſired home with her to wend,
And offred him (his courteſie to requite)
Both horſe and armes, and what-ſo elſe to lend;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thankt her as a friend.

40

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his Loue ſo luckleſſe now had loſt,
On the colde ground, maugre himſelfe he threw,
For fell deſpight, to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelfe in anguiſh toſt;
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,
Till that his Ladies ſight he mote attaine,
Or vnderſtand, that ſhe in ſafety did remayne.

Canto V.

The Saluage ſerues Matilda well,
till ſhe Prince Arthure find;
Who her together with his Squire
with th' Hermit leaues behynd.

1

O What an eaſie thing is to deſcrie
The gentle bloud, how-euer it be wrapt
In ſad misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched ſorrows, which haue oftē hapt?
For, howſoeuer it may growe mis-ſhap't
(Like this wyld man, being vndiſciplyn'd)
That to all vertue it may ſeeme vnapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mind,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

2

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood,
Mongſt ſaluage beaſts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer ſawe faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhew'd ſome token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vſage of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

3

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was ſtrayd,
Did wexe exceeding ſorrowfull and ſad,
As he of ſome misfortune were afrayd:
And leauing there this Lady all diſmayd,
Went forth ſtreightway into the foreſt wide,
To ſeeke, if he perchance aſleepe were layd;
Or what-ſo elſe were vnto him betide:
He ſought him far and neere, yet him no where he ſpyde.

4

Tho, back returning to that ſory Dame,
He ſhewed ſemblant of exceeding mone,
By ſpeaking ſignes, as he them beſt could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a ſtone,
That ruth it was to ſee him ſo lament.
By which ſhe well perceiuing, what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breaſt, and pitiouſly her ſelfe torment.

5

Vpon the ground her ſelfe ſhe fiercely threw,
Regardleſſe of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the floore imbrew,
As if her breaſt, new launc't with murdrous knife,
Would ſtreight diſlodge the wretched weary life.
There ſhe long groueling, and deep groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at ſtrife
With ſtronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous aſſay.

Whom

6

Whom when the Saluage ſawe ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her vp from the bloudy ground,
And ſought by all the meanes that he could beſt
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrowe and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7

At length, when as no hope of his returne
She ſawe now left, ſhe caſt to leaue the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeek ſome comfort in that ſory caſe.
His ſteed, now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could, ſhe got, and did bedight:
And being thereon mounted, forth did paſe,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

8

Whom when her Hoſt ſaw ready to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan him ſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about him ſelfe vnfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without ſword vpon his thigh to ſit:
Sir *Calepine* himſelfe away had hidden it.

9

So forth they traueld an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men ſeem an vncouth ſight;
A ſaluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoyle, then purchaſed aright.
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerue both day and night,
Withouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of foule diſloyalty.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunc't ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordered by ſome accident:
Which to redreſſe, ſhe did th'aſſiſtance need
Of this her groome: which he by ſignes did reed;
And ſtreight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſſe, and put in right array.

11

Bout which whil'ſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
Which ſeemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
After aduentures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtrange occaſion, that here needs forth be ſet.

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphœbé*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happy bliſſe he was full high vprear'd,
Neither of enuy, nor of change afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all, which did his ruine ſeeke,
Three mighty en'mies did him moſt deſpight;
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cald *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong, but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt *Defetto*.

14

Oft-times their ſundry powers they did employ,
And ſeuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt meanes they found,
To worke his vtter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did range the wood for ſaluage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a baite,
To drawe him from his deare beloued Dame,
Vnwares into the danger of defame.
For, well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wilde or tame,
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey oft-times out of their greedy holde.

16

The hardy boy, as they deuiſed had,
Seeing the vgly Monſter paſſing by,
Vpon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the vncouth ieopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That (his great force vnable to endure)
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

17

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to ouertake his flight;
Who through thick woods & brakes & briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight;
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whoſe couert ſtopt his further ſight:
There his three foes, ſnrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18

Sharply they all attonce did him aſſayle,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from pearcing thorough quite.
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard,
He leant againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

19

Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a maſtiffe and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On euery ſide, and beat about him round;
But moſt that curre, barking with bitter ſound,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe, and driue aſonder.

20

Him well behoued ſo; for, his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on euery ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe;
But moſt of all *Defetto* him annoyd,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to haue deſtroyde:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent:
But ſtout *Deſpetto*, in his greater pride,
Did front him face to face againſt him bent;
Yet he them all withſtood, and often-made relent.

21

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue eſcaped hard;
When-as vnwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteed, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the Squire, now nigh aghaſt,
Reuiued was, and fad deſpaire away did caſt.

22

Eftſoones he ſpide a Knight approching nie,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, himſelfe did faſter hie,
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him ouer-ſet.
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did view,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get:
Him booted not to think them to purſew,
The couert was ſo thick, that did no paſſage ſhew.

23

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias* his owne true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake; My liefe, my lifes deſire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin weft?

24

With that, he ſighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought anſwered againe;
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,
And ſhut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeeches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit, time to entertaine.
After all which, vp to their ſteeds they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

25

So now they be arriued both in ſight
Of this wild man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad *Serena* things to dight,
With thoſe braue armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoyle of ſome right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:
But he it ſeeing lightly to him lept,
And ſtemely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

26

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt vnwares on th'head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone vpſtarting much he gan repine.
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue ſlaine;
Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement ſtayd.

27

With that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight them to diſpart in twaine:
Who to them ſtepping did them ſoon diuide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſaluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band.

28

To whom ſhe thus; I am, as now ye ſee,
The wretcheſt Dame, that liues this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which moſt grieueth me,
And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery ſtound.
I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by ſome deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately loſt, vneath is to define.

29

In ſaluage forreſt I him loſt of late,
Where I had ſurely long ere this been dead,
Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
Had not this wilde man in that wofull ſtead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In ſuch a ſaluage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
Amongſt wilde beaſts in deſert forreſts bred,
It is moſt ſtrange and wonderfull to find
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

Let

30

Let me therefore this fauor for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
Small praiſe to proue your powre on wight ſo weake.
With ſuch faire words ſhe did their heat aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

31

So hauing all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceed;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need.
For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not paſs
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

32

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeek ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and vnknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had vnto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo traiterouſly did wound her weary knight.

34

Wherewith the Prince ſore moued, there avoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhameful knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came vnto a Plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

35

And nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtood,
Which being all with Yuy ouer-ſpred,
Deckt all the roofe; and ſhadowing the rood,
Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtreight obſeruance of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed:
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
When as theſe knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor how.

36

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreight way in did paſs.
Whom when the Hermite preſent ſawe in place,
From his deuotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking off, he toward them did paſe,
With ſtayed ſteps, and graue beſeeming grace:
For, well it ſeem'd, that whylome he had beene
Some goodly perſon and of gentle race:
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene.

37

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had been a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did diſauow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this worlds incombrance did himſelfe aſſoyle.

38

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteeds to graze vpon the Green:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and cleane,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay beſeene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fools, that courteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance plaine.

39

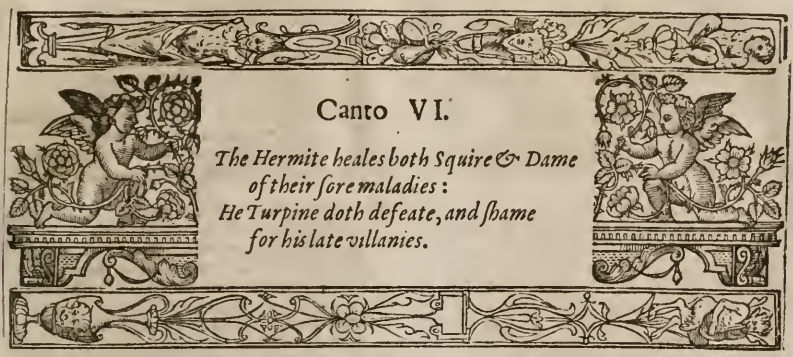
Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did vſe, his feeble body to ſuſtaine;
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had giuen thē, whoſe grief through ſuffrance ſore increaſt.

40

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight.
Then vp they roſe, and gan themſelues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:
Their harts were ſicke, their ſides were ſore, their feet were lame.

41

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind
Would not permit, to make there lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behind,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere
Seeing his royall vſage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)
Would needs depart, as ſhall declared be elſewhere.



Canto VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire & Dame of their ſore maladies: He Turpine doth defeate, and ſhame for his late villanies.

1

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It euer can recured be againe:
Ne all the skill, which that immortall ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts; ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

2

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heed vnto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became:
How-be that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines meet, to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duely dreſt.

3

For, he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene;
And through the long experience of his daies,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſaies,
He knew the diuerſe went of mortall waies,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which, with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heale, which wound the weaker ſpright.

4

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perilous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But beeing now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke himſelfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

5

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred priuily,
And rankling inward with vnruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery;
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With wholeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blind:
Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the mind.

6

So, taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit ſpeeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſaid; Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which heere thus long now lie
In pittious languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you apply.

7

For, in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your ſelues, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerue this one;
Firſt, learue your outward ſenſes to refraine
From things that ſtirre vp fraile affection;
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talke reſtraine
From that they moſt affect, and in due tearmes containe.

8

For, from thoſe outward ſenſes ill affected,
The ſeed of all this euill firſt doth ſpring,
VVhich at the firſt before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But beeing growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through euery vaine,
It neuer reſts, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

9

For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty iron, rankling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other meane
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
For, that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vp-brought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profesſe
A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresſe
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesſe.

11

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face
(In fearefull darkenesſe, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth appointed haue her place
Mongst Rocks and Caues, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company;
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes assuage.

12

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysnous gall forth; to infest
The nobleſt wights with notable defame:
Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

13

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to salue such kind of sore,
That rather needs wise read and discipline,
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no salues may vs to health restore?
But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

14

The best, said he, that I can you aduise,
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,
Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

15

Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients
Did gladly harken to his graue beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast;
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceaue
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue:

16

But each the other vow'd t'accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy Iade vnmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare,
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

18

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

19

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne staid, till that he came into the hall:
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very need
To moue one foot, but there must make abode;
The whiles the saluage man did take his steed,
And in some stable neere did set him vp to feed.

20

Ere long, to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
To whom, the Prince (him faining to embase)
Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiued had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But

21

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt:
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of doore, doing his worst assay.

22

Which, when the Saluage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew;
And running straight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So, miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whil'st he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

23

Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whil'st many vnderneath him fell.

24

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste: where, when-as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on hight;

25

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the pittious spoile
Of these poore folke, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
Was at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he vnwares him murther might:
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27

VVhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement:
So likewise turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke aside;
But joyning close, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

29

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whil'st euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase;
That made him euermore increase his speedy pase.

30

At last, he vp into the chamber came,
Where-as his Loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouer-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in senseless swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lite,
The tempred steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31

Which when the Lady saw, with great affright
She starting vp, began to shricke aloud;
And with her garment couering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32

Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discouer:
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his baseneſse did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who rising vp at last in ghastly wise,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

33

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmaid,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharp words did bitterly vpbraid;
Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitiue ſo vnworthy art;
That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart, (part.
And eke all Knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe

34

Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
For, firſt it was to thee reprochefull blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou dooſt reare;
Whom when thou maiſt, thou dooſt of armes deſpoile,
Or of their vpper garment which they weare:
Yet dooſt thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this euill vſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

35

And laſtly, in approuance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize,
Is greateſt ſhame: for oft it falles, that ſtrong
And valiant knights doe raſhly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through proweſſe & their braue emprize,
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight. (right.
For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

36

Yet ſith this life vnto this Lady faire
I giuen haue, liue in reproche and ſcorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer Knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe: for, ſhame is to adorne
With ſo braue badges one ſo baſely borne;
But onely breathe, ſith that I did forgiue.
So, hauing from his crauen body torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did gine,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to liue.

37

There, whil'ſt he thus was ſettling things aboue,
Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he granted for her Loue,
He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
He had behind him left that ſaluage wight,
Amongſt ſo many foes; whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo vnequall fight:
Therefore, deſcending backe in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were aliue, or to deſtruction brought.

38

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine;
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Vpon the reſt that did aliue remaine;
Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafety,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

39

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neere, his hand he ſtaid,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage:
Who, them perceiuing, ſtraight to him obaid,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,
As if he long had to his heaſts been trained.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
Into the chamber, where that Dame remained
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

40

Whom, when the Saluage ſaw from danger free,
Sitting beſide his Lady there at eaſe,
He well remembred, that the ſame was hee,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho, all in rage, he on him ſtraight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But ſtraight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

41

Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt;
Where him *Blandina* fairely entertained,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For, well ſhe knew the waies to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too inſeſt;
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill, (skill.
Trough tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

42

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fained,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trained
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
There-to when needed, ſhe could weepe and pray,
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmiling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, & all her teares but water.

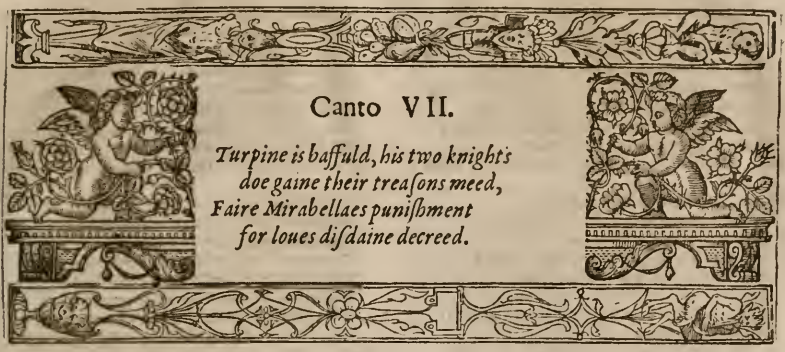
43

Whether ſuch grace were giuen her by kind,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not find.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applide
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifide
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
Who natheleſſe, not therewith ſatisfide,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell reuenge ſurceaſſe.

44

For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe await with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villainous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whil'ſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early riſe,
And paſſed forth, to follow his firſt enterprize.

Canto



Canto VII.

Turpine is baffuld, his two knight's
doe gaine their treaſons meed,
Faire Mirabellaes puniſhment
for loues diſdaine decreed.

1

Like as a gentle hart it ſelfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen ſo the baſer mind it ſelfe diſplayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull ſpight.
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcouering his baſe kind.

2

That well appeares in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, ſo ſoone as he was out of view,
Himſelfe in haſte he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

3

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ride,
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be deſcride,
Vntill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcathe and villeny.
At laſt, he met two knights, to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

4

To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtrange knight, that neere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady ſhent:
Which, if they would afford him ayd at need,
For to auenge in time conuenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5

The knights beleeu'd, that all he ſaid, was trew;
And beeing freſh, and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:
And eke deſirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?

6

Hee rides, ſaid *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
With a wilde man ſoft footing by his ſide,
That if ye liſt to haſte a little more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpide,
Riding a ſoftly paſe with portance ſad,
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

7

Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytor knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him defide.
VVith that, they both attonce with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ranne; but th'one did miſſe his marke:
And beeing carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heauenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens (darke.

8

But th'other, ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhiuered quite,
And (ſcattered all about) fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his beuer did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele, through-pearcing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

9

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie fowle his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th'other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Failes of her ſouſe, and paſſing by, doth hurt no more.

10

By this, the other which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where, when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let driue at him with ſo malicious mind,
As if he would haue paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could find,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he deſyn'd.

11

Not ſo the Prince: for, his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hold, and from his horſes backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And ga'nſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

12

The fearefull ſwaine, beholding death ſo nie,
Cride out aloud for mercy him to ſaue:
In lieu whereof, he would to him deſcry
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince ſoone harkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus, ſaid he; There is a ſtranger knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might.

13

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſaid; Now ſure ye well haue earn'd your meed:
For, th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Vnleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſe, but him, where-ſo he were, would ſeeke.

14

So, vp he roſe, and forth ſtraight way he went
Backe to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid; How now, Sir knight?
What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

15

Perdy, ſaid he, in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hire to ſell;
The which I earſt aduentur'd for your ſake.
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudy lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yield, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward; the which right well I deeme
I earned haue, that life ſo dearely did redeeme.

16

But where then is, quoth hee, halfe wrathfully,
Where is the boorie which therefore I bought;
That curſed caitiue, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lies, ſaid he, vpon the cold bare ground,
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards, my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſley againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

17

Thereof falſe *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtraight to the place would ride,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foe-man ſlaine;
For, elſe his feare could not be ſatisfide.
So, as they rode, he ſaw the way all dide
With ſtreames of bloud; which tracking by the traile,
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,
That other ſwaine, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18

Much did the Crauen ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pitty, where was none:
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found,
Where-as the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſely diſplayd vpon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweet ſleepe, that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

19

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had layd to reſt,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Feareleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whiles, his ſaluage Page, that wont be preſt,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whiles his Lord in ſiluer ſlumber lay,
Like to the Euening ſtarre, adorn'd with deawy ray.

20

Whom when-as *Turpine* ſaw ſo looſely laid,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had ſaid:
But when he nigh approcht, he more aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and liuelihead.
Where-at much grieu'd againſt that ſtranger knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would haue back retyred from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

But

21

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe, and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-ſo he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his puniſhment.

22

He, there-with much abaſhed and affraid,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entirely praid,
T'advize him better, then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray vnto a ſtranger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrariwiſe,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuiſe,
Whil'ſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

23

Nath'leſſe, for all his ſpeech, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
Ah were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie:
Great ſhame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus, whil'ſt they were debating diuerſly,
The Saluage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place, where-as his Lord he ſleeping view'd.

24

There, when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neere him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee:
And throwing downe his load out of his hand
(To weet, great ſtore of forreſt fruite, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himſelfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternely ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

25

Where-at, the Prince awaking, when he ſpide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He ſtarted vp; and ſnatching neere his ſide
His truſty ſword, the ſeruant of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar layd.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him ſaid,
But holding vp his hands, with ſilence mercy praid.

26

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled graſs,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of true ſubiect, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting his vnarmed like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,
And ſoule vile, and rate, and recreant call,
And laſtly, to deſpoile of knightly banneratl.

27

And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How euer they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and ſoole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

28

She was a Lady of great dignity,
And lifted vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29

But ſhee thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthy thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright.
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerued is of nobleſt knight.

30

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwiſe,
That ſuch proud looks would make her praiſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all loue deſpiſe,
The more would wretched Louers her adore.
What cared ſhe, who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?
Let them, that liſt, their luckleſſe lot deplore;
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

31

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt, through dreary dolour die:
Whil'ſt ſhee (the Lady of her libertie)
Did boaſt her beauty had ſuch ſoueraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or ſaue, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

32

But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whil'ſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all Louers doe reſort,
That of their loues ſucceſſe they there may make report;

33

It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,
In wich the names of all Loues folke were filed,
That many there were miſſing, which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoiled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

34

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont do ſuit and ſeruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld ſtreight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
To whom foule *Infamie* and fell *Deſpight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betraid,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35

Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crimes ſhe there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure, will'd a *Capias*
Should iſſue forth, t'attach that ſcornefull Laſſe.
The Warrant ſtraight was made, and ther-withall
A Bailieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
He which doth ſummon Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36

The Damzell was attach't, and ſhortly brought
Vnto the Barre, where-as ſhe was arrained:
But ſhe there-to nould plead, nor anſwere ought
Euen for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrained.
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordained
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which loue before diſdained,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37

The ſonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind
But where he is prouok't with peeuiſhneſſe,
Vnto her prayers pittiouſly enclin'd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He vnto her a penance did impoſe:
Which was, that through this worlds wide wildernes
She wander ſhould in company of thoſe,
Till ſhee had ſau'd ſo many Loues as ſhe did loſe.

38

So now ſhe had been wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet had ſhe not, in all theſe two yeeres ſpace,
Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,
Through her deſpiteous pride, whil'ſt loue lackt place,
She had deſtroied two and twenty more.
Ayeme! how could her loue make halfe amends therfore.

39

And now ſhe was vpon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole,
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands vncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

40

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vſe:
For, both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate,
That all her pittious plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beat and bruſe.
But moſt, the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead.

41

For, he was ſterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Giant monſtruous:
For ſooth he was deſcended of the houſe
Of thoſe old Giants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the heauen in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlaine
By *Arthur*, when as *Vnas* knight he did maintaine.

42

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pride;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a Crane, did ſtride
At euery ſtep vpon the tip-toes hie:
And all the way he went, on euery ſide
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horribly,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton, he was ſtrangely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore:
With which, his locks, as black as pirchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44

This was *Diſdaine*, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick & thin, through mountaines & through
Compelling her, where ſhe would not by force (Plaines,
Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reines.
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whoſe

45

Whoſe cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villaines her ſo vilely vſe,
His gentle hart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe,
As ſuch a Lady ſo to beate and bruſe;
But,to him ſtepping,ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That fore't him th'halter from his hand to looſe,
And mauger all his might, backe to relent:
Elſe had he ſurely there beene ſlaine, or foully ſhent.

46

The villaine,wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered himſelfe together ſoone againe;
And with his iron batton which he bore,
Let driue at him ſo dreadfully amaine,
That fot his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To giue him ground, and ſhift to euery ſide,
Rather then once his burden to ſuſtaine:
For,bootleſſe thing him ſeemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puiſſance of his pride.

47

Like as a Maſtiffe, hauing at a bay
A ſauage Bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſpetate danger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get;
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his diſdainefull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

48

Nath'leſſe, ſo ſharply ſtill he him purſew'd,
That at advantage him at laſt he tooke,
When his foot ſlipt (that ſlip he dearely rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him ſtrooke;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till he auy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him faſt: Tho, when he vp did looke,
And ſaw himſelfe captiu'd, he was diſmaid,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd.

49

Then vp he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:
Words ſharply wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

50

The faire *Serena*, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then ſurely thought
That ſtraine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeed ſhe mought,
To ſeeke for ſafety, which long time ſhe fought:
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to *Calepine* was brought;
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further ſay.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur ouercomes Diſdaine,
quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Saluages,
by Calepine is freed.

1

YE gentle Ladies, in whoſe ſoueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'harts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In iron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the ſame doe vſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Leaſt if men you of crueltie accuſe,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuſe.

2

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men, to hate.
Enſample take of *Mirabellaes* caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate,
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

VVho

3

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
VVhich ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to releaſe or mollifie;
For, aye the more that ſhe did them intreat,
The more they him miſus'd, and cruelly did beat.

4

So, as they forward on their way did paſs,
Him ſtill reuiling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore)
To whom as they approch't, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieue to ſee his puniſhment.

5

The Squire him ſelfe, when-as he ſaw his Lord,
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe, in place,
Was much aſham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue caſe;
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee, or to be ſeene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when-as *Enias*
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall,

6

And to the Prince thus ſaid; See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that euer eye yet ſaw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abus'd, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leaue awhile,
I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame aſſoile.

7

The Prince aſſented: and then he ſtraight way
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to ſay;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treaſon thralled vnto you
Theſe two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the death, that hard before you ſtands.

8

The villaine ſtaid not, anſwere to invent,
But with his iron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe vnto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay:
No more then lightning from the lofty ſky.
Ne liſt the knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death; but lightly ſlipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended deſtiny.

9

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued himſelfe, but that he there him ſlew:
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who there-with fleſht, vpon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke, thought certainely
To haue ſupplide the firſt, and paid the vſury.

10

But Fortune aunſwerd not vnto his call;
For, as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondiron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon himſelfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in ſelfe deſpight;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell dildaine.

11

With that, the foole, which did that end await,
Came running in; and whil'ſt on ground he lay,
Laid heauy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrait,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not wield him any way.
The whiles, that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two, & tame their courage ſtout.

12

As when a ſturdy Plough-man with his hinde
By ſtrength haue overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do binde
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteed to aide him neare;
And buckling ſoone himſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Vpon that Carle, to ſaue his friend from ieopardie.

13

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu'd, and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Some-times aloft he layd, ſome-times alowe;
Now here, now there, and oft him neere he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

14

But yet the Prince ſo well entured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth-right to paſs;
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wait advantage, when they downe did light.
At laſt, the caytiue after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoided quite,
Reſolv'd in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruthe or remorſe.

His

15

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of ire,
Thought ſure haue pownd him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire.
For, ere his ſtroke attained his intent,
The noble child preuenting his deſire,
Vnder his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crackt through-out, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt:
Whence he affaid to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

17

Eftſoones the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept;
And, leaſt he ſhould recouer foot againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to haue ſwept.
VVhich when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cride amaine;
Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abſtaine,
From that vnwares yee weetleſſe doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine:
For, more on him doth then himſelfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18

He ſtaid his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to ariſe;
But ſtill ſuppreſſing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reskew enterprize,
Yet heauens themſelues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

19

Then, burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, awhile ſhe ſtaid;
Till the ſharp paſſion beeing over-paſt,
Her tongue to her reſtor'd, then thus ſhe ſaid:
Nor heauens, nor men, can me moſt wretched maid
Deliuer from the doome of my deſart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20

In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloſſme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing ſight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſeruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſigh't,
And to the doore of death for ſorrow drew,
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21

But let them loue that liſt, or liue or die;
Me liſt not die for any Louers doole:
Ne liſt me leaue my loued libertie,
To pitty him that liſt to play the foole:
To loue my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with intereſt againe.

22

For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
VVhich I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wiſe, and this vnmeet array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I haue ſau'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay.

23

Certes, ſaid then the Prince, the God is iuſt,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples ſpoile:
For, were no law in loue, but all that luſt
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but awhile.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

24

Heere, in this bottle, ſaid the ſory Maid,
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne.

25

The Infant harkned wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudgement wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud harts auale,
And wreake himſelfe on them that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he *Diſdaine* vp to ariſe,
Who was not able vp himſelfe to reere,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feere
Was holpen vp, who him ſupported ſtanding neere.

26

But, beeing vp, hee lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with ſterne eye-browes ſtared at him oft,
As if hee would haue daunted him with-all:
And, ſtanding on his tip-toes to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from beeing ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraiſed.

Then

27

Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or ſeene at all,
Hee from thoſe bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainely found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne could, with ſeeing, ſatisfie his great deſire.

28

Meane-while, the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnwieldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight
Vnto ſome carrion offered to his ſight:
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with
So ſore him ſcourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

29

And ſure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:
But beeing checkt, he did abſtaine ſtraight way,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay;
Now Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your ſelfe I freely leaue to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leaue, or from theſe villaines loſe.

30

Ah! nay, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, it may not be,
But that I needs muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Leaſt vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſſe thanks to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, ſhe turn'd aſide;
But *Arthur*, with the reſt, went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt: in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them diuide.

31

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire *Serena:* who as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variance fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread,
And euery body two, and two ſhe foure did read.

32

Through hils & dales, through buſhes, & through breres
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares,
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And ſitting downe, her ſelfe awhile bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoiling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33

And euermore, ſhe blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:
For beeing of his loue to her ſo light,
As her to leaue in ſuch a pittious plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured, for her ſake,
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

34

Tho, when as all her plaints ſhe had diſplaid,
And well disburdened her engrieued breſt,
Vpon the graſſe her ſelfe adowne ſhe layd;
Where beeing tyrde with trauell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke her ſelfe to reſt.
There, whil'ſt in *Morpheus* boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray,
Vnto a ſtrange miſchaunce, that menac't her decay.

35

In theſe wilde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſaluage Nation, which did liue
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Themſelues to any trade (as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thriue)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And ſerue their owne neceſſities with others need.

36

There-to they vs'd one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men, whom they mote find,
And ſtrangers to deuour, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wind;
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kind.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To ſeeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all feareleſſe lay.

37

Soone as they eſpide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongſt them ſelues! but when her face
Like the faire Iuory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,
For ioy of ſuch good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuiſe what courſe to take:
Whether to ſlay her there vpon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38

The beſt aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For, ſleepe (they ſaid) would make her battill better.
Then, when ſhe wak't, they all gaue one conſent,
That ſith by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Vnto their God they would her ſacrifize;
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſſe bloud they would preſent:
But, of her daintie fleſh they did deuize
To make a common feaſt, & feed with gurmandize.

So

39

So, round about her they themselues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space;
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elbowes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

40

The Damzell wakes: then all attonce vp-start,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

41

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the prey each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of Nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

42

Her yuory necke, her alablaster breast,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For Loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides her belly white and cleare,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vp-reare,
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

43

Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,
Those vil'eins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their crafty spies;
And some of them gan mongst themselues deuise,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in measure.

44

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a little groue not farre aside,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the Euentide
His broad black wings had through the heauens wide
By this dispred, that was the time ordained
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few green turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowrs, which they nigh hand obtained.

45

Tho, when-as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being already dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approaching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t'aduaunce his arme,
Wher eat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46

Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples voice
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whiles she wayld, the more they did reioice.
Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chance, more then by choice,
The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

47

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had trauelld still on foot in heauy armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his Loue was lost, he stept full tast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

48

There by th'vncertaine glimse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a little dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire
He spide lamenting her vnlucky strife,
And groning sore from gricued heart entire;
Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife
Ready to launce her breast, and let out loued life.

49

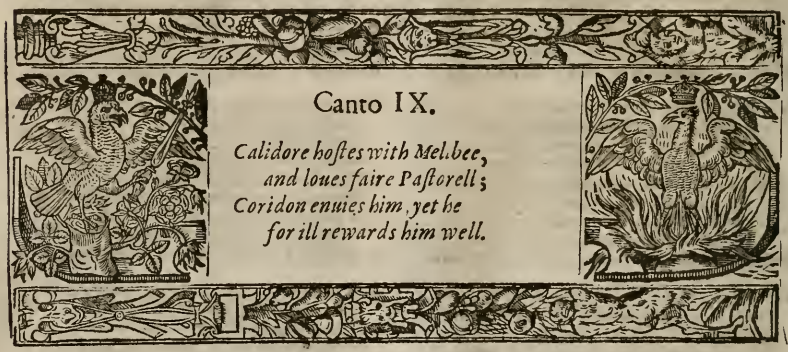
With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th'infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons view.

50

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbinde;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him awhit thereto.

51

So inward shame of her vncomely case
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
So, all that night to him vnknowen she past.
But day that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.



Canto IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
and loues faire Pastorell;
Coridon enuies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

1

Ow turne againe my teme thou iolly swain,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft:
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not
Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

2

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present haste.
Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,
Through hils, through dales, through forrests & through
In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

3

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest:
Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
If he for slouth or slackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the Cities to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the country forced,
And from the country back to priuate farms he scorsed.

4

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheep at night doe seat,
And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

5

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunc't to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

6

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor danger to them drawe:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise (that well he weend)
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

7

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And took their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as fernes the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made green that her owne hands had dyde.

Vpon

8

Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses: and them all without
The lusty shepheard swaines sate in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioice, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view,

9

And soothly sure she was full faire of face,
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day & night,
The fairest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

10

Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepheards swaine
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

11

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
And mark't her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtill bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gone;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And fate there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuerslly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his speech he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasie.

13

By this, the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to haste
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and head,
With shepheards hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fairest *Pastorell*,
And of her selfe in very deed so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and noursed well
As his owne childe; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

15

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And streight vnto her little flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whil'st euery one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pastorella*, home to driue
Her fleecy flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane; yet better so
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

17

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to dis attyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which, home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,
After her flock she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,
The which doth little craue, contented to abide.

18

Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19

How much, sayd he, more happy is the state,
In which ye father here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which toss the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Do them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse enuie,
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

20

Surely my ſonne (then anſwer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing ſmall, yet do I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But do my ſelfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

21

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to loſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The little that I haue growes daily more
Without my care, but onely to attend it.
My lambs do euery yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father dayly doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praiſe th'Almighty, that doth ſend it?

22

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhowes I leaue,
And to great ones ſuch follies do forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themſelues do driue
To ſad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue;
But all the night in ſiluer ſleep I ſpend,
And all the day, to what I liſt, I doe attend.

23

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Somtime the fawne I practiſe, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baites and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch or fiſhes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I downe do lay
My limbes in euery ſhade, to reſt from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirſt my throte doth (boile.

24

The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peeres
To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to royall court I ſought;
Where I did ſell my ſelfe for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden dayly wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vainenesſe, as I neuer thought.

25

With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my ſelfe excluded
From natiue home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my ſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare.
Tho, backe returning to my ſheep againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowely quiet life, which I inherite here.

26

Whil'ſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong ſtill vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierc't his heart ſo neare,
That he was wrapt with double rauiſhment,
Both of his ſpeech that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwaies bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27

Yet to occaſion meanes, to worke his minde,
And to inſinuate his hearts deſire,
He thus replide; Now ſurely ſyre I finde,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retire
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Fearleſſe of foes, or Fortunes wracksfull yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affrayd of euery changes dread.

28

That euen I which dayly doe behold
The glory of the great, mongſt whom I won;
And now haue prov'd, what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh th'heavens ſo much had graced me,
As grant me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29

In vaine, ſaid then old *Melibee*, doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuſe;
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For, they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they do knowe each can moſt aptly vſe.
For, not that, which men couet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

30

It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wiſe.
For, wiſdome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himſelfe his life may fortunize.

31

Since then in each mans ſelfe, ſayd *Calidore*,
It is, to faſhion his owne lifes eſtate,
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barke, which hath been beaten late
With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

Not

32

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
For, your meane food ſhall be my dayly feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer liue.
So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue.

33

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; Sir knight, your bountious proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.
But if ye algates couet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life, that Shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread.

34

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whil'ſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time, he did her entertaine
With all kinde courteſies, he could inuent;
And euery day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
With ſuch queint vſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had ſuch knightly ſeruice ſeene
(But being bred vnder baſe Shepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowely things)
Did little whit regard his courteous guize;
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ev'r deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes ſhe did them all deſpize.

36

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it beſt
To change the manner of his lofty looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,
In ſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a Shepheards hook;
That who had ſeene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
When he the loue of faire *Benoné* ſought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

37

So being clad vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Paſtorella* euery day,
And kept her ſheep with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whyl'ſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milk: loue ſo much could.

38

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtrangers guize,
And many iealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harueſt, ere it ripened were;
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Paſtorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwayne them him more dere.

39

And euer when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for iealouſie
Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,
Impatient of any Paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeem ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

40

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or little ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels, in the woods farre ſought,
Or other dainty thing for her addreſt;
He would commend his gift, and make the beſt;
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could finde to fancy in her breaſt:
This new come ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is little worth, when new is more prefard.

41

One day when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire ſun-ſhiny weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded be,
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as he
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

42

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
Took *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the dance, as was his faſhion;
For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond took from her owne head,
And plac't on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

43

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practice games, and maſteries to trie,
They for their iudge did *Paſtorella* choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For, he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſed was, and in the ſame (ſhame.
Thought ſure t'auenge his grudge, & worke his foe great

44

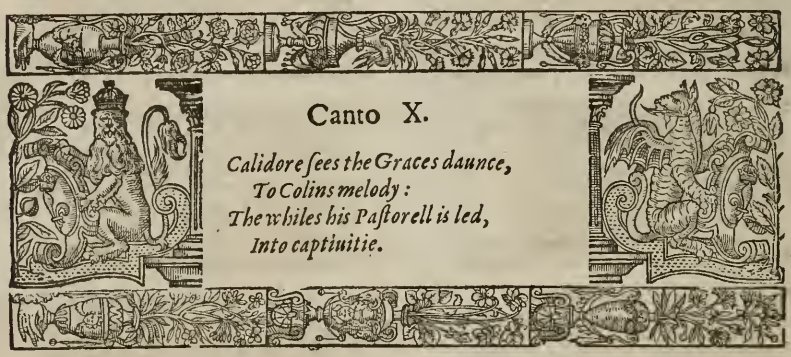
But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For, he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake:
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Paſtorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*, and ſayd he wonne it well.

45

Thus did the gentle knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For, courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and fauour. So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the ſeeds
Of perfect loue did ſowe, that laſt forth brought
The fruit of ioy & bliſs, though long time dearely bought.

46

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the loue of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Which hauing got, he vſed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what ſtrange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



Canto X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Paſtorell is led,
Into captiuitie.

1

WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant Beaſt*,
Whil'ſt *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high beheaſt,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchieued?
But now, entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (grieued;
With grace from her, whoſe loue his heart hath ſore en-

2

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toyle and paine;
Another queſt, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report
Of euery blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

3

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe vnto ſo lowe.
For, who had taſted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which doe growe
Amongſt poore hindes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted ſhowe
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4

For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight, which *Calidore* did view?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That neuer more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine, that makes them look askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew;
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

5

One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whil'ſt his faire *Paſtorella* was elſewhere,
He chaunc't to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whoſe pleaſance did appeare
To paſſe all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that euer was by natures skill
Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.

It

6

It was an hill, plac't in an open Plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiesty and powre.

7

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equall hight,
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowely vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vsed most to keep her royall Court,
And in her soueraine maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight
Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it bee;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11

He durst not enter into th'open Greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descride,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all, yet of them vnespide.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadné* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did them dismay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her beseeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunc't, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

15

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmayds of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed parauant,
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weet that iolly shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pyp't apace, whilst they him daunc't about.
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduaunc't to be another Grace.

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene:
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasance, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted showe,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resoluing, what it was, to knowe,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

18

But ſoone as he appeared to their view,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All ſaue the Shepheard, who for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no leſſe ſory wight,
For that mis-hap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19

And firſt him greeting, thus vnto him ſpake;
Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleaſant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayſt them freely ſee:
But why, when I them ſawe, fled they away from me?

20

Not I ſo happy, anſwerd then that ſwaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themſelues liſt ſo to grace.
Right ſory I, ſayd then Sir *Calidore*,
That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace.
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
Tell me, what were they all, whoſe lack thee grieues ſo ſore.

21

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou Shepheard, whatſoeuer thou be,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more, which ready be
Her to adorne, when-ſo ſhe forth doth wend:
But thoſe three in the midſt do chiefe on her attend.

22

They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Ioue,
By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant groue,
As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aecidee*,
In ſommers ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight mylde *Euphroſyné*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, laſt *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddeſſes all three which me in mirth do cherry.

23

Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtowe,
Which decke the body or adorne the minde,
To make them louely or well fauoured ſhowe:
As, comely carriage, entertainement kind,
Sweet ſemblant, friendly offices that binde,
And all the complements of courteſie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde
We ſhould our ſelues demeane, to lowe, to hie;
To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

24

Therefore they alwayes ſmoothly ſeem to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould milde and gentle be;
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblance all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eke themſelues ſo in their dance they bore,
That two of them ſtill forward ſeem'd to be,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelfe afore;
That good ſhould from vs go, then come, in greater ſtore.

25

Such were thoſe goddeſſes, which ye did ſee;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote ſhe be,
Whether a creature or a goddeſſe graced
With heauenly gifts from heauen firſt enraced?
But what-ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the fourth, with thoſe three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe.

26

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other leſſer lights in light excell,
So farre doth ſhe in beautifull array,
Aboue all other laſſes beare the bell:
Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well,
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

27

Another Grace ſhe well deſerues to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine reſemblance, beauty ſoueraine rare,
Firme Chaſtitie, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28

Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,
That all the earth do'ſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Majeſty,
Pardon thy Shepheard mongſt ſo many layes,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayſe;
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29

When thus that Shepheard ended had his ſpeech,
Sayd *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſs I made this luckleſſe breach,
As now the Author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare ſight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that, which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In

29

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which, the knight himſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedie fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red;
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſenſes rauiſhed,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

30

But that enuenimd ſting, the which of yore,
His poyſnous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rankle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart:
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auaile, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with loucly dart
Dinting his breaſt, had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore flies from the mayne.

31

So, taking leaue of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire *Paſtorella* did remaine:
To whom in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſeruice, voide of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

32

And euermore the Shepheard *Coridon*,
What-euer thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtriue to match, with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exerciſe,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunc't to arize
To him, the Shepheard ſtreight with iealouſie did frize.

33

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaun't to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Paſtorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

34

Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſte
To reſcue her: but when he ſaw the feend,
Through coward feare he fled away as faſt
Ne durſt abide the danger of the end;
His life he eſteemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſawe ready now to rend
His Loues deare ſpoile, in which his heart was praide,
He ran at him enrag'd, inſtead of being fraide.

35

He had no weapon, but his ſhepheards hooke,
To ſerue the vengeance of his wrathfull wil;
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt, that had her death preuented.

36

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpize him quight,
But vſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip, he colour might
Both his eſtate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

37

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſeruice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt vnto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,
And ioyed long in cloſe felicity;
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That enuies louers long proſperity,
Blew vp a bitter ſtorme of foule aduerſity.

38

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawleſſe people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vſde to liue by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepheards did inuade,
And ſpoild their houſes, and themſelues did murder;
And droue away their flocke, with other much diſorder.

39

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoild old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faire *Paſtorella*, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that euer ſigh't,
Now made the ſpoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

40

With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captiue by thoſe theeues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſcue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them cloſe conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Couered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appear'd for people in nor out to paſſe,
Nor any footing find for ouer-growen graſſe.

For

41

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caues, that no man mote discouer
For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkenesse drad and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with loner,
But with continuall candle-light, which dealt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seen, as felt.

42

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeues, she thought her selfe in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknes dwel.

43

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
And pittifull complaints, which there she made
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that theemish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

Canto XI.

The theeues fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her, Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

1

THe ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednesse.
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2

Like as is now befalne to this faire mayde,
Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
Amongst those theeues, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who-so heares her heauinesse, would rew
And pitie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

3

Whil'st thus she in these hellish dens remained,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,
It so befell (as Fortune had ordained)
That he, which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day as he did all his prisoners view,
With lustfull eyes beheld that louely guest,
Faire *Pastorella*, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

4

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other prey, which they had got,
And her in minde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kindnesse to her shewed,
And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

5

But all that euer he could doe or say,
Her constant mind could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.
Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6

At last, when him she so importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby more either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more with all.

7

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better teames she did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.
But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he preast;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her sore oppreast,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes beheast.

8

By meanes whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meet for remedy.
But she resolv'd no remedy to finde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.
Her sickenesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9

During which space that she thus sicke did ly,
It chaunc't a sort of merchants which were wont
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arriued in this Isle (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for slaues; where being ready met
By some of these same theeues at th'instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their requeast the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth be called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

11

Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did showe;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for the faire shepheardesse,
Which with the rest they took not long agoe,
And gan her form and feature to expresse,
The more t'augmēt her price, through praise of comlinesse.

12

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Little for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides, through sickenesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to pass.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

13

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadowe of the darksome night,
With starry beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

14

At last, when all the rest them offred were,
And prices to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,
Without en her, whose worth aboue all threasure
They did esteem, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his Loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15

Therewith, some other of the chiefest theeues
Boldly him bade such iniury forbeare;
For, that same maid, how-euer it him grieues,
Should with the rest be sold before him there,
To make the prices of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

16

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:
And the mad steele about doth fiercely flie,
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadfull shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candle light
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, striuing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confused heaps themselues assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray;
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old *Melibee* is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
Creeps forth of dores, whilst darknesse him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended:
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Lanc't through the arm, fel down with him in drery swound.

20

There lay she couered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many sone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the drery dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-hild:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd:
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggy night.

22

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applide,
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recouered her at last.
Who sighing sore, as if her heart in twaine
Had riuen been, and all her hart-strings brast,
With dreary drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to waile and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24

But when they sawe her now reviv'd again,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with vnkinde disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his Loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That euen his heart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
He chaunc't one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sory simple clowne,
With ragged weeds, and lockes vp-staring hie,
As if he did from some late danger flie,
And yet his feare did follow him behind:
Who as he vnto him approched nie,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hynd.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what meant that rufull hew:
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, sayd he then sighing sore,
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

30

Tho, when the ſhepheard breathed had awhile,
He thus began: Where ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe *Brigants* vile,
VVith cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Paſtorell* ſhould haue been ſold
To Marchants, but was ſau'd with ſtrong defence?
Or how thoſe theeues, whil'ſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31

In that ſame conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
VVhoſe heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
Firſt, all the captiues which they here had hent,
Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
Old *Melibæ*, and his good wife withall
Theſe eyes ſaw die, and deerely did lament:
But when the lot to *Paſtorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, & did her death forſtall.

32

But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boote; needes mote ſhe die at laſt:
I onely ſcap't through great confuſion
Of cries and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſſe, dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to haue been dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſte,
Deſpoiled of thoſe ioyes and iolly head
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepheards here I wont to lead.

33

When *Calidore* theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught;
That he his face, his head, his breaſt did beate,
And death it ſelfe vnto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th'heauens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there,
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had been to her ſuccour nere.

34

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt,
How he might ſaue her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

35

Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, ſith he well knew
The ready way vnto that theuiſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Vnto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne.
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;
But by all meanes the danger knowne did ſhonne:
Yet *Calidore*, ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

36

So, forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho, to the place when him approched nie,
They chaunc't vpon an hill, not farre away,
Some flocks of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

37

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelfe ſame flocks, the which thoſe thieues had reft
From *Melibæ* and from themſelues whyleare,
And certaine of the thieues there by them left,
The which for want of heards themſelues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pitty wept:
But when he ſaw the thieues which did them keepe,
His hart gan faile, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

38

But *Calidore*, recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for, nought may feare diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſeld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the ſpoile away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39

Tho, ſitting downe by them vpon the Greene,
Of ſundry things he purpoſe gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe aliue or ſlaine.
Mongſt which, the thieues them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine, (here
That they were poore heard-groomes, the which why-
Had from their maiſters fled, & now ſought hire elſwhere.

40

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:
For, they themſelues, were euill groomes, they ſaid,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the Land, or ſcoure the deepe.
There-to they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke,
To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
For, they for better hire did ſhortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

41

Tho, when-as towards darkſome night it drew,
Vnto their helliſh dennes thoſe thieues them brought;
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrailes ſought.
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That *Paſtorell* yet liu'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did reſt,
But chiefely *Calidore*, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

42

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
Hauing of late (by diligent inquest)
Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:
With which he straight went to the Captaines nest.
But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

43

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,
The dores assailed, and the locks vp-brast.
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight
Encountring him with small resistance slew;
The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately she did view.

44

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call;
Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)
She suddaine was reuiued there-withall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that beeing long in tempest tost,
Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,
At length, espies at hand the happy coast,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

45

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began some smack of comfort new to taste;
Like lifefull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*
When he her found; but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

46

But now by this, with noise of late vp-rore,
The hue and cry was raised all about;
And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,
Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought hauing doubt
Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,
And entertaining them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,
Through the dead carcasses he made his way;
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th'open light;
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
And fierce assailing him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48

How many flies in hottest Sommers day
Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,
And with their little stings right felly fare;
So many thieues about him swarming are,
All which doe him assaile on euery side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
But he doth with his raging brond deuide
Their thickest troupes, & round about him scattreth wide.

49

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choicest pray;
So did he flie amongst them here and there,
And all that neere him came, did hewe & slay,
Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay
Into their Caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victory to him envide.

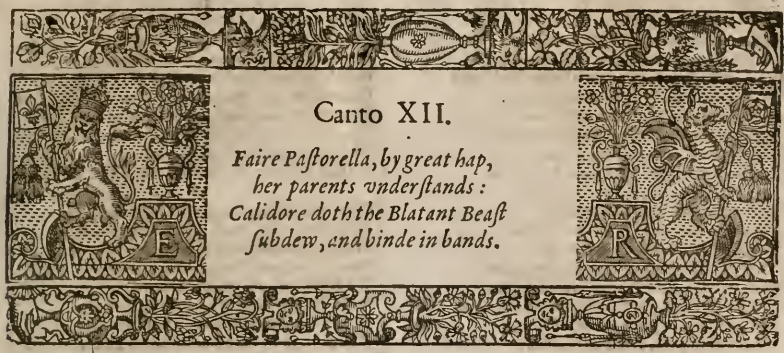
50

Then backe returning to his dearest Deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishful sight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So, her vneath at last he did reviue,
That long had lien dead, and made againe aliue.

51

This doen, into thosethieuish dennes he went,
And thence did all the spoiles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his Loue betake;
And also all those flocks, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ*, and from his Make,
He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

Cant.



Canto XII.

Faire Paſtorella, by great hap,
her parents vnderſtands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
ſubdew, and binde in bands.

1

Like as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her courſe vnto one certaine coaſt,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged ſpeed is let & croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt:
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtaid, yet neuer is aſtray.

2

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not been miſ-ſaid,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Euen vnto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchiuement of the *Blatant Beaſt*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whil'ſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

3

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Faire *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre
A luſtie Knight, as euer wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Lady deare,
The faireſt Lady then of all that liuing were.

4

Her name was *Claribell*: whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renownd
For his great riches, and his greater might.
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Pictland*, bordering nere;
But ſhee, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empearced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forraine feere.

5

And *Bellamoure* againe ſo well her pleaſed,
With daily ſeruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entirely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few.
VVhich when her father vnderſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
VVithout compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtraightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

6

Nath'leſſe, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through grace
Or ſecret gifts, ſo with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Loue ſometimes he came in place;
Whereof, her wombe vnwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which ſhe ſtraight way (for dread leaſt if her Sire
Should know thereof, to ſley he would haue ſought)
Deliuer'd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred vnder ſtrange attire.

7

The truſtie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a ſight.
Whom, whil'ſt ſhe did with watry eyne behold,
Vpon the little breaſt (like cryſtall bright)
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,
That like a Roſe, her ſilken leaues did faire vnfold.

8

VVell ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe;
But cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hide,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cride.

9

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoile, he softly it vnbound:
And seeing there that did him pitty sore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

10

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamoure* in bands, till that her sire
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retire.
Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entire,
VVithout disquiet, or dislike of either,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

11

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For, *Bellamoure* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

12

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared, least reprochefull blame,
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

13

Therefore resoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great atchieuement, hee bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,
VVith *Claribell*, whil'st he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So, taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*
(Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought)
VVith thanks to *Bellamoure* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

14

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

15

Who, in a morning, when this Maidenfaire
Was dighting her(hauing her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest)
Chaunc't to espy vpon her Ivorie chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

16

VVhich well avizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,
Was that same infant, which so long since past
Shee in the open fields had loosely laid
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her Mistresse, beeing halfe dismaid,
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,
To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac't.

17

The sober mother, seeing such her mood
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
And what the matter was that moou'd her so.
My liefe, said shee, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'st yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little maid, the which ye childed tho;
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

18

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it teach;
For, on her brest I with these eyes did view
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,
Where-of her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides, her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeeres, do surely prieue,
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

19

The Matrone staid no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
Whom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and bosome open laid;
In which that rose she plainely saw displaid.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping said;
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine?

20

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so strange eueuts,
A thousand times she her embraced neare,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

Who

21

VVho-euer is the mother of one child,
Which hauing thought long dead, she findes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath filde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
For, other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*; who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the track of his outragious spoile.

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauock, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chaced heere & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were irkesome to report; Yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransack all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
And the Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whil'st none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assailing, forc't him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Beares, that groynd continually;
And some of Tigres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloudy gere
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he staid,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spetting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloudy iawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on hight,
He ramp't vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

30

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and there-withall,
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And beeing downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and maistred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fured like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whylome over-threw,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whil'st *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load releast:
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

33

Tho, when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought auaile
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharply at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter tearmes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he neuer once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing ſo vnworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtraightly, that he choakt him neare.

34

At laſt, when as he found his force to ſhrinke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell ſtrong
Of ſureſt iron, made with many a linke;
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein ſhut vp his blaſphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:
And there-vnto, a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his owne deſpight.

35

Like as whylome that ſtrong *Tirynthian* ſwaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in iron chaine;
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hatefull ſunne; that he might tell
To grieſly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts, which dwell
For aye in darkneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne:
So led this Knight his captiue, with like conqueſt wonne.

36

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Strange bands, whoſe like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw back; nor once withſtand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

37

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-ſo he did goe,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him lead that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong;
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight:
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Reioyced much to ſee his captiue plight, (Knight,
And much admir'd the Beaſt, but more admir'd the

38

Thus was this Monſter, by the maiſtring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, ſuppreſt and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammage wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Vntill that (whether wicked fate ſo framed,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39

Thence-forth, more miſchiefe & more ſcathe hee wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maiſtred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is, that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking, and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime
Ne ſpareth he moſt gentle wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

41

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleareſt
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mightie Peeres diſpleaſure,
That neuer ſo deſerued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keepe better meaſure, (ſure.
And ſeeke to pleaſe, that now is counted wiſe mens threa-

The end of the ſixt Booke.

TWO

TWO CANTOS OF MVTABILITIE:

VVhich, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of ſome following Booke of the FAERIE QVEENE,

(··)

VNDER THE LEGEND OF

Conſtancie.

Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI.

Proud Change (*not pleaſd, in mortall beneath the Moone, to raigne*) (*things,*
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraine.

1

WHat man that ſees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
But that therby doth find, & plainly feele, (ſway,
How *MVTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruell ſports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whylome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt her ſelfe began to reare, (beare.
Gainſt all the Gods, and th'empire ſought from them to

2

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it regiſtred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongſt records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old *Titans*, that did whylome ſtriue
VVith *Saturnes* ſonne for heauens regiment:
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurviue.

3

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diuersly,
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

4

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,
And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad doings rewed.

5

For, she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest; and did at first prouide
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

6

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this world is waxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of *MVTABILITIE*!
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
And death in stead of life haue sucked from our Nurse.

7

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt th'empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

8

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story;
Whose siluer gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he liefe or sory:
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand;
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

9

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening-starre intend:
That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

10

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t'envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

11

Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

12

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

13

Yet nathemore the *Gientesse* forbare:
But boldly preating-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

14

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All

15

All ran together with a great out-cry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that ſuddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,
Doubting leaſt *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him ſorely fear'd.

16

Eftſoones the ſonne of *Maia* forth he ſent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhee did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arreſt
The Author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.

17

The wingd-foot God, ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came where-as the *Titaneſſe*
Was ſtriuing with faire *Cynthia* for her ſeat:
At whoſe ſtrange ſight, and haughty hardineſſe,
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe.
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt, he bade her (with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe)
Ceaſſe to moleſt the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her doings to diſcharge.

18

And there-with-all, he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed Mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both Gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
VVhere-at the *Titaneſſe* did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthias* ſiluer bower;
Sith ſhee his *Ioue* and him eſteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia's* ſelfe; but all their kingdoms (ſought.

19

The Heauens Herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th'higheſt ſky,
VVas placed in his principall Eſtate,
VVith all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Saue *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did vnto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe vnfold;

20

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers;
Ye may remember ſince th'Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their blond, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet deſpite.

21

Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire *Phœbe* from her ſiluer bed,
And eke our ſelues from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire:
VVherefore, it now behoues vs to adviſe
What way is beſt to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe,
Areed ye ſonnes of God, as beſt ye can deuiſe.

22

So hauing ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the higheſt Powers of heauen to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake:
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell graue and wiſe.
Meane-while, th'Earths daughter, though ſhe nought did
Of *Hermes* meſſage; yet gan now adviſe, (reck
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

23

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whil'ſt the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelues at ods,
Before they could new counſels re-allie,
To ſet vpon them in that extaſie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To *Ioues* high Palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: Good on-ſet boads good end.

24

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did paſs;
Where all the Gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe,
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe.
But *Ioue*, all feareleſſe, fore't them to aby;
And in his ſoueraine throne, gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe more full of grace and Maieſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, & foes mote terrifie.

25

That, when the haughty *Titaneſſe* beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld;
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe,
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himſelfe, her ſelfe beſpake:
Speake thou fraile woman, ſpeake with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what dooſt thou here now make?
What idle errand haſt thou, earths manſion to forſake?

26

Shee, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mothers ſide,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I buïld)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For,

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge muſt)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, ſonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniuſt
And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* ſlight,
The yonnger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriouſly haſt held
The Heauens rule from *Titans* ſonnes by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld:
Witneſſe ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

28

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the Gods that gaue good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of Steeres;
Mongſt whom, ſome beaſt of ſtrange & forraine race,
Vnwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus beſpake;
VVill neuer mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celeſtiall ſeates with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procuſtes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, taſting of our ire,
Would haue ſuffiz'd, the reſt for to reſtraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our skie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he ſhooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eſt his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace
(Such ſway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He ſtaide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtriue with fleſh yfere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ione* ſhould doe ſtill what he can:

32

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes haue neuer ſeene;
Or through enſample of thy ſiſters might,
Bellona; whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to beſtowe:
And ſure thy worth, no leſſe then hers doth ſeem to ſhowe.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaneſſe*,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens intereſſe;
Much leſſe the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by Conqueſt of our ſoueraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our ſelues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

34

Then ceaſſe thy idle claime thou fooliſh gerle,
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine
Haue *Ioue* thy gratious Lord and Soueraigne.
So, hauing ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſſe *Saturnes* ſonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, ô *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation ſeale.

36

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was, to weet, vpon the higheſt hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill*?)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hilles & woods, mongſt warres & Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* ſpights
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt Hill
That was in all this holy-Iſlands hights)
Was made the moſt vnpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Meane while, ô *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

38

Whylome, when *IRELAND* floriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe, far aboue the reſt
Of all that beare the *Britiſh* Iſlands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is ſoueraine Queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters, more thé moſt on ground.

39

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or boawe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this *Arlo*; where ſhee did reſort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft conſort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & ſport.

40

Amongſt the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And ſiſter vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
Vnto whoſe bed falſe *Bregog* whylome ſtole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire and beautifull then ſhee:
Yet as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

41

For, firſt, ſhe ſprings out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſom faire Bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes:
So, through the flowry Dales ſhe tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and ſhady coverts flowes
(That on each ſide her ſiluer channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine ſhe come, whoſe Valleyes ſhee doth
(drowne.

42

In her ſweet ſtreames, *Diana* vſed oft
(After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play)
To bathe her ſelfe; and after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe, her dainty limbes to lay
In couert ſhade, where none behold her may:
For, much ſhe hated ſight of liuing eye.
Fooliſh God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her Nymphes in priuity.

43

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to diſcouer for ſome ſecret hire:
So, her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
VVith which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady ſee
When ſhe her ſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

44

There-to hee promiſt, if ſhee would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as ſhee had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
Beſides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The leaſt of which, this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

45

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone;
And eſt him placed where he cloſe might view
That neuer any ſaw, ſaue onely one;
VVho, for his hire to ſo foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

46

There *Faunus* ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,
That for great ioy of ſome-what he did ſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought. A fooliſh *Faune* indeed,
That couldſt not hold thy ſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers vnworthy been of ſo diuine a meed.

47

The Goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke;
And running ſtraight where-as ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he ſought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as ſome wicked beaſt vnware
That breakes into her Dayr'houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine;
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deuiſeth in her vengefull mind:

49

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Vſe ſilly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought againſt their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he ſaid what euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

50

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to giue.
Some would haue gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The Wood-gods breed, which muſt for euer liue:
Others would through the riuer him haue driue,
And ducked deepe: but that ſeem'd penaunce light;
But moſt agreed and did this ſentence giue,
Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might.
To hunt him with their hounds, him ſelfe ſaue how hee

But

for mr Sam Egan in trying by collidge

51

But *Cynthia's* ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough, to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort,
That 'twas *Molanna* which her ſo bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

52

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any Deere: ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue braſt:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

53

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to *Molanna* againe,
They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)
Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues paſſe through a pleaſant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* ſhe her ſelfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelues in one faire riuer ſpred.

54

Nath'leſſe, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-looke
The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thouſand Salmons bred.

55

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Should harbour'd be, and all thoſe Woods deface,
And Thieues ſhould rob and ſpoile that Coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe Woods, and all that goodly Chaſe,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers ſince haue foũd.

Canto VII.

Pealing, from Ioue, *to* Natur's *Bar,*
bold Alteration *pleades*
Large Euidence: but Nature *ſoone*
her righteous Doome areads.

1

AH! whither dooſt thou now thou greater Muſe
Me from theſe woods & pleaſing forreſts bring?
And my fraile ſpirit (that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight, vnfit for her weake wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy ſoueraine Sire) his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory, in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that *Titaneſſe*,
That him of heauens Empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe.

2

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inſpire,
Fit for this turne; and in my fable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heauen ſo long ygone;
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne.

3

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods aſſembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heauenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land vnto their will:
Onely th'infernall Powers might not appeare;
Aſwell for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th'vnruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* were preſent there.

And

4

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* ſcarſly could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
They would haue cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

5

Then forth iſſewed (great goddeſſe) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maieſty;
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

6

That ſome doe ſay was ſo by skill deuized,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thouſand times did paſſe,
Ne could be ſeene, but like an image in a glaſs.

7

That well may ſeemen true: for, well I weene
That this ſame day, when ſhe on *Arlo* ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor finde like ſtuffe to that,
As thoſe three ſacred *Saints*, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſawe; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

8

In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pauilion;
Not ſuch as Craftſ-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes ſtates to faſhion:
But th'earth her ſelf of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe
Moſt dainty trees; that, ſhooting vp anon,
Did ſeeme to bow their bloſſming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did ſhew.

9

So heard it is for any liuing wight,
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well head of Poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* deſcrib'd it well:
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that *Alane* where he may be ſought.

10

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-ſtoole threw;
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11

And *Mole* himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire,
And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the loue of ſome new Nymph late ſeene,
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole*! ſuch ioyance hath thee well beſeene.

12

Was neuer ſo great ioyance ſince the day,
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Pelene*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* ſelf, that god of Poets hight,
They ſay did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauiſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, & Muſicks wondrous might.

13

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still mouing, yet vnmoued from her ſted;
Vnſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne as I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her preſence feld,
With meek obayſance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

14

To thee ô greateſt goddeſſe, onely great,
An humble ſuppliant loe, I lowely fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all doſt deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppreſſing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knitteſt each to'each, as brother vnto brother.

15

To thee therefore of this ſame *Ioue* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themſelues the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greateſt part is due to me,
And heauen it ſelfe by heritage in Fee:
For, heauen and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do ſeeme.

16

Then weigh, ô soueraigne goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole souerainty;
And that is onely dew vnto thy might
Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Ioue* vsurpes vniustly; that to be
My heritage, *Ioue's* self cannot deny,
From my great Grandsire *Titan*, vnto mee,
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knowen to thee.

17

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
And euery parts inholders to conuent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,
And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again vnto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
As thralls and vassalls vnto mens beheasts:
And men themselues doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly:
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20

Ne is the water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe.
For, th'Ocean moueth stil, from place to place;
And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; &, streight, like sluces, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all watry liuing wights
Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,
Neuer abyding in their stedfast plights.
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense
(For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still? and, with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre;
Which euery howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold:
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to shiuer and to shake:
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames & flashing lights that thousand changes make.

24

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
Wee see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;
So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And, with their death, his cruell life doth feed;
Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselues, and lose their natiue mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and souerainty:
As, *Vesta*, of the fire ætherealL;
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:
And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
Vouchsafe, ô goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold:
As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

So,

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufféd been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

29

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufféd been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne, of euery sort he bore:
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

32

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Monthes all riding came;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam:
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilded all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in sight
With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

34

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soueraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35

And after her, came iolly *June*, arrayd
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pace,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36

Then came hot *July* boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th'*Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37

The sixt was *August*, being tich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
She left th'vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle
Of harucsts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by *Dianaes* doom vniust
Slew great *Orion*: and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

40

Next was *Nouember*, he full full grosse and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,
The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Sauiours birth his mind so much did glad:
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th'*Iean* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42

Then came old *Ianuary*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
For, they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood;
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Romane (floud.

43

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
So past the twelue Months forth, & their dew places found.

44

And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darkenesse round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompast all with beames bright.

45

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed,
That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

46

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grisly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnseene.
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign & beare the greatest sway:
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to *Mutabilitie*?

48

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all dissceise
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which powre that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

49

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
And say they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what If I can proue, that euen yee
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

50

And first, concerning her that is the first,
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see, and sundry forms partake,
Now horned, now roũd, now bright, now brown & gray:
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vse to say.

51

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and always seeme as one;
Yet, he his course doth altar euery yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
And *Phœbus* self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now

52

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed moſt:
For, he ſome times ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to haue loſt,
And cleane without his vſuall ſphere to fare;
That euen theſe Star-gazers ſtoniſht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewiſe, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth ſpare
His ſterne aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks theſe haue, ſo many crookes.

53

But you *Dan Ioue*, that only conſtant are,
And King of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubiect eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? ſome ſay in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;
But whereſoeuer they comment the ſame,
They all conſent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

54

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be:
Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

55

Beſides, the ſundry motions of your Spheares,
So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares;
What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
Onely the ſtarrie skie doth ſtill remaine:
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein ſtill moue,
And euen it ſelf is mov'd, as wizards faine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubiect proue.

56

Then ſince within this wide great *Vniuerſe*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſuerſe:
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (ô thou greateſt goddeſſe trew!)
According as thy ſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57

So hauing ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground ſtill viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoueraigne place:
At length, ſhe looking vp with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gaue her doome in ſpeeches few.

58

I well conſider all that ye haue ſayd,
And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate
And chaunged be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being doe dilate:
And turning to themſelues at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection ſo by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their ſtates maintaine.

59

Ceaſe therefore daughter further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
And from thenceforth, none no more change ſhall ſee.
So was the *Titaneſs* put downe and whiſt,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And *Natur's* ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man wiſt.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

1

WHen I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare,
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe beares the greateſt ſway.
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And loue of things ſo vaine to caſt away;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short *Time* ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

2

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more *Change* ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things firmely ſtayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie:*
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths ſight.

FINIS.

1609.

AT LONDON,
Printed by H. L. *for* MATHEW LOWNES.